The Congregational Quarterly

EDITORIAL.

WITH this number the *Congregational Quarterly* begins its 15th year, and we have to thank our readers—especially the sadly diminishing number who have taken every issue from the beginning—for their sympathetic and loyal support. It is no easy task to edit a journal of this kind: the balance between the learned article which makes an addition to knowledge and the popular article which will please the untrained reader is not easy to reach and maintain. Our subscribers are, it is interesting to record, about equally divided between ministerial and lay: it is therefore only right that our pages should appeal to both. It is of great assistance to hear from readers how the different sections of the journal appeal to them. Even if criticisms cancel themselves out, it is good to have them, though what is an Editor to do when he hears in the same week, "No laymen would ever read those Conference papers" and "The Conference supplement was very useful indeed"?

One feature of the journal which seems to be found generally helpful is that dealing with books; perhaps naturally so, for it is the one which costs most in the way of labour. We suggested in a recent issue that it would lift a heavy burden if the "Shorter Notices and Descriptive List" could be discontinued. This met with a storm of protest, and when, again in one week, the most distinguished bookman in the religious world, the Librarian of an American Methodist Seminary, and a Professor of Science in Australia wrote saying that this feature was so useful that it must on no account be dropped, we could not but continue it.

On this and on all points outspoken comment will be welcome. An editor can sit in the same chair too long, even as a minister can stay in the same pastorate; his main ideas become familiar to his readers, and unless they give him help he can easily move along in familiar grooves, and even get stuck there.

One all-too-familiar word we must say. New subscribers are urgently necessary. Congregationalism has suffered many losses by death in recent years; every one of them means the loss of another subscriber to the *Congregational Quarterly*, and another gap to fill. We must be getting new and younger readers all the time, and it cannot be done without the help of the present subscribers. We have no wish to diminish the number of ministerial readers; very much the reverse; but we are anxious to multiply the number of

laymen and women who take in our journal. The Editor therefore makes a personal offer to his brethren in the ministry; he himself will pay the annual subscription for a year for the first 100 Congregationalist ministers in pastorates who send the names and subscriptions of five new lay readers for 1937. That will cost him £50; if there are more than 100 perhaps some friend will come to his aid! The increase of 500 subscribers will make all the difference to our financial outlook, for the cumulative loss of so many readers by death cannot but bring us in time to the point when losses result instead of profits. If ministerial readers will send to Independent Press £2 10s. 0d., with the names of five new subscribers, they themselves will receive the next four issues of the *Congregational Quarterly* free of cost.

* * *

THE demand for authority, for "something definite", is heard on all sides in this fluid age, when old standards have gone by the board and ancient landmarks have been washed away. Young people spring to the support of those who give them a cause to work for, to fight for, to live and die for. It may be Stalin and Communism in one country, Hitler or Mussolini and Fascism in another; but there is no doubt of the response of youth.

What are those who believe in democracy and freedom to say in the light of these facts? If they belong to the Free Churches there can be no doubt. We must somehow instil into the rising generation that passion for freedom of speech, of pen, of pulpit, of trade, which moved our fathers. The old rhetoric will not do it, but a call to recognize the value and sacredness of the individual in Christ's name will. Such a conception includes that liberty for which youth craves, enabling each to realize his full personality in a service which is perfect freedom.

Of course there are dangers on the other side, for men in authority are eager, even in the churches, to exploit the *Zeitgeist*. Is it fanciful to see in the demand for dogma another expression of the hunger for authority which marks our time? Are those who would tell us what is the faith—as if the faith were a static thing, and not living and developing—not unconsciously moved by the same spirit as the dictators? Is it more in line with our belief in freedom and in Christ to point to a Creed and say "That is the faith", or to remember that He had many things to say that men could not bear in His day, and He hath yet more light and truth to break forth? Let others with other traditions stand for authority and dogma and creeds: it is a witness which at times, no doubt, needs to be borne: but the children of John Robinson have not so learned Christ, and to-day of all times our witness to the converse is needed.

* * *

In our last issue we commended Commander King-Hall's News-Letters to our readers. This extract will show their calibre, and press home what has just been written about the call to youth :

> Look at it all how you will, and the general picture is nasty. Retreat, so to speak, from peering at the details and what does one see if one studies the international situation in a broad manner? To me, it looks as if a group of militarized powers (Germany, Italy, and Japan) are lining up to make a bid for world dominion. They are unscrupulous and whole-heartedly anti-democratic. They are ruled by men who have repeatedly, recently, and cynically broken their international engagements. They are arming night and day. Last week the Italian Grand Council announced a further speeding up and Japan now plans to spend 6,000,000,000 yen during the next five years on re-armament. At the disposal of these two dictators and the military party of Japan are the energies of nearly 300 million human beings!
>
> What is the chief obstacle to their joint and several ambitions? I will tell you. It is the British Commonwealth of Nations. Why? Because we are the psychological centre of all the ideas these totalitarian states fear and detest, such as the freedom of the individual, the ultimate curbing of national sovereignties beneath the yoke of a world law arrived at by agreement between free peoples . . . . . We (Great Britain in particular and the Dominions in general) are the heart of the thing which stands on guard over the freedom of mankind. It is a sobering thought; a grave responsibility, but we must not shirk its conclusions. We resisted and overthrew Philip of Spain, Louis XIV, Napoleon and Prussian Germany. We must stand firm against the totalitarian states. In contrast to this task our domestic political differences of opinion are as insignificant as the flicker of a match in the glare of the sun at noon from a cloudless sky. Nevertheless, national unity at home is so important in view of the menaces with which we are faced abroad that no stone must be left unturned to secure that result. A powerful and striking policy for the depressed areas is necessary. In this matter politics are more important than economics . . . . I want us to show the world and ourselves that when democracy is aroused it can tackle a national problem with as much vigour as the dictatorships put out. We must show our young people that democracy can be bold, that it can crusade joyfully and with a gay confidence in victory against social evils. If there is one thing for which one must give full credit to the dictatorships, it has been their ability to show that "where there is a will there is a way." We must also prove the truth of that old saying, but at the same show that many "wills" can voluntarily and by *agreement* after public discussion, find the "way".

* * *

It is difficult for those who were brought up in stable and prosperous

Edwardian days to realize how life appears to many young people born since 1910. Ministers who began their pastorates in the twenty years before the War look back with amazement at sermons they then preached, with their acceptance of the inevitability of progress, their belief in the "far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves", and their confident assumption that civilized peoples were far too sensible ever to go to war any more.

The post-Edwardians have lived all their lives under the shadow of war, their opportunities diminished in every way by the burdens left by the last war, and with the spectre of the next ever dogging their days. The air they breathe is infected by the noxious fumes of poison gas, and the fog is so thick that they cannot see any distance before them. What a debt those who accepted peace and happiness so easily owe to their children. Because of one generation's careless folly the next generation has never known joyful hope and full security, or been able gladly and confidently to plan for a future in which they could realize their ideals for themselves and for the world.

It is the hopelessness of the modern outlook that is so disquieting. Mankind, it has been said, suffered three knock-down blows—when Copernicus showed that the earth was not the centre of the Universe, when Darwin proved that man was not a special creation, and when Freud urged that human beings were merely creatures of complexes. Even before the War men had discovered that they were no longer monarchs of all they surveyed, and as for being little lower than the angels, the angels had long ago been abolished. Mere creatures of a day on an insignificant planet, just highly developed animals and the slaves of their instincts, men could no longer think of themselves as lords of creation or as captains of their own souls. And then this insignificance was driven home in the hard school of experience: and now the ordinary man sees himself but a pawn in a political or commercial game, mere fodder for cannon. He might get together a home and build up a business, but a decision taken half-way round the world destroys both in a week. He may be young and vigorous and eager to work, but no work is to be found. "No hope", that is the terrible plight of millions in our own day, so that young men say "What does it matter what I do? I shall probably be blown to bits in a few years". What has the Church to say to those who feel that Society has no need for them, who have been robbed of all the things that make life worth while, who have no prospect of work or of home, of self-development or of parenthood? It is unlikely that the hard-faced men who made money out of the War are kept awake at nights because of the stunted lives many of a younger generation are forced to live. It is unlikely that those who carefully gather in the spoils brought them under an economic system which is thus taking toll of life and youth are greatly disturbed. But all they sow they will also reap; for every idle word spoken, for every benefit heedlessly

accepted, they must give account. Meanwhile Christian must so live that through their practical sympathy a ray of hope may come even to the most hopeless.

* * *

THE Bishop of Croydon's *Moving Towards Unity* (S.C.M., 6d.), which summarizes the "Faith and Order" Movement, argues that Edinburgh, 1937 must not go over the ground covered at Lausanne in 1927: we know where the different Churches stand, and should move forward from that. We cannot but think there is a good deal of sentimentality and sloppy thinking about some of the "Friends of Reunion". It does not help the cause of reunion to shut the eyes to the very differing views expressed by the great Communions or to ignore, as the Bishop seems to do, the withdrawal by the Anglican leaders from the sympathetic approach made to the Free Churches in the Lambeth Appeal of 1920. A frank acknowledgment of differences and a new precision in discussion will in the long run help understanding between Christians much better than woolly and genial benevolence. That precision might extend to proof-reading too; we can forgive "Noncomformity"—a terrible bugbear; but it is surely time Dr. Bartlet's name was correctly spelt (and the initials of a Methodist are incorrect on p. 39). It would perhaps be well if all writers who spell the names of Dr. Bartlet, Dr. Moffatt, and Dr. Selbie wrongly would fine themselves a shilling for some worthy cause: we note that in both the Rev. George Snow's useful *Guide to Confirmation* (Centenary Press, 2s. 6d.) and Mr. Arnold Lunn's *Within That City* Moffatt is wrongly spelt: Mr. Snow's pupils at Eton probably got into trouble for less than this.

* * *

THE value of Prof. H. M. Relton's writings is always in their force and clarity. This is the case with *Church and State* (Allan, 3s. 6d.), an examination of the Report of the Archbishops' Commission. The chapters on "Views of the Eucharist" at the end are useful, but the rest is special pleading all the time. And sometimes there are ludicrous blunders as when Grindal's letter to Elizabeth is quoted to show the sense in which the Sovereign interpreted supremacy (she suspended him to show what she thought of it!). We mention the book here to quote a long passage which produced in turn amusement, indignation, and dismay. The italics are ours; "Calvanism" is Dr. Relton's:

> It is our bounden duty to-day as Church people to make every effort possible to bridge the gulf between ourselves and the Nonconformist religious bodies. When all is said and done, however, and when the bridge has been built, the people who will have to cross it are not ourselves but those who are at present separated from us. There can be no question of *Church people* abandoning any Catholic principle in the effort to accommodate

themselves to those whose very existence hitherto is accounted for as a "*protest*" against Catholicism. The real movement towards a lasting and healthy reunion must come in a return of Nonconformists to Conformity—a real repudiation of past errors and a genuine crossing over and return to the Church from which *their forefathers cut themselves off*. The more clearly we see why they acted as they did and the more whole-heartedly we commend them for their actions and discover weighty reasons in justification of what was done the more emphatically we must say to their descendants to-day: Whilst your forefathers were justified in actions which have *rent the seamless robe of Christ* there is no longer any justification for your prolonging the schism. The vindication of sectional aspects of the truth which your forefathers undertook *has now been accomplished*. You, their children, must plainly see where they erred. You can now return to a Church which is for you a better place because it has learned through their protests and therefore no longer constitutes a stumbling block to you as it did to them. The Church of England to-day is not the Church which lost the Wesleyans. To-day we could not lose a Wesley. He would glory in the privilege of our membership. If Robert Browne were to try to-day to start an Independency or Congregationalist movement and claimed Biblical authority for that peculiar view of Church polity, the liberal movement in Nonconformist circles would ridicule the *outworn and discredited verbal Inspiration theory* of the Bible, and an outstanding leader like Dr. Garvie would say quite frankly: "I cannot find in the New Testament any claim for the kind of independence for the local congregation, which has been so emphasized in the Old Independency. But I do find abundant evidence of the value attached to the unity of the Church as a whole, possessing in common the same Spirit, forming the one body of Christ, and being fashioned into one temple for God."

The truth is, of course, that to the extent to which English Nonconformity has broken away from its original moorings in *Calvanism*, its future must either be shipwreck upon the rocks of rationalism, a precarious existence inventing new reasons for remaining in *a state of schism* long after the justification for doing so is past and the old reasons are no longer sound, or, as we hope, coming back home to the *Mother Church* which waits in prayer and, dare we add, penitence, to welcome back those whose return will enrich and strengthen it.

We prefer this frank expression of opinion to the concealment of vital differences in a spate of sentiment. No union formed by hiding divergent views under ambiguous phrases which can be read in different ways will do anything but bring discredit upon Christendom. The kind of union which should be possible is that in which each party recognizes the reality of the other's faith and convictions even though unable to share them. It is possible for the most in-

transigent Free Churchman to recognize that the religion of the devout Anglo-Catholic has value for him, even though he feels himself quite incapable of understanding it. Is it possible for the Anglo-Catholic to make a similar recognition and realize that Nonconformists may, let us say, find help in worship conducted by a lay preacher on whom no bishop's hands have been laid? Even so with the Sacraments. Cannot those who feel the Sacraments central and essential and those to whom outward symbols are a stumbling block and not a help, recognize each other's sincerity, and acknowledge that both may find a place in the Church of One Who came to break down all walls of partition, and to reveal a God whose love is broader than the measures of man's mind?

* * *

THE unexpectedly easy acceptance by the Assembly of the Congregational Union of the College Commission Report was not altogether a good thing. The members of the Commission do not flatter themselves that all their conclusions were so convincing that they should be accepted without debate; we imagine, indeed, that they would have been better pleased had the Report been subjected to closer scrutiny and the whole question of the training of the ministry thoroughly ventilated.

As it was, the only proposal discussed was that for the establishment of a Leaving Examination, the value of which will depend entirely on the way in which the Ministerial Training Committee implement it. Perhaps the most important recommendation was that which, in urging the Federal Council of the Free Churches to appoint a Commission to consider the whole question of Ministerial Training, implicitly recognized that the problem was one not to be tackled by a single denomination.

It has often been urged in these pages that in the education of the ministry the Free Churches should give some practical expression to those desires for union which have so far ended in little more than talk. Many delegates to the Congregational Assembly were appalled at the disclosures of the Appendix of the Commission Report in regard to the cost of ministerial training—so much so that they were stunned into silence. When it is remembered that other denominations have parallel statistics, though perhaps nothing quite so hair-raising as those the Report presented, it is plain that the Free Churches are spending a staggering and altogether unjustifiable amount on the training of the ministry. Colleges with over 60 students may be too large; colleges with less than 20 are certainly too small. We hope that the Federal Council will grip the nettle firmly. Let us quote the text again:

> While we greatly welcome the growing co-operation between those Churches in ministerial training, we regret it is not of a

more radical and extensive kind. After all the discussions on Church Union we have to recognize that each denomination still demands its own Colleges. There are three Free Church Colleges in Cambridge, and in Leeds (and district), and in Manchester; two in Oxford and in Bristol; we cannot but think that life and training together would be both an advantage to all the students and a great saving in resources of men and money to all the denominations.

We recommend the Assembly to ask the Federal Council of the Free Churches to appoint a Committee to consider co-operation between the Free Churches in ministerial training with a view to increased efficiency and economy.

And let it be remembered that it was pointed out at Birmingham that the number of Colleges in some of these centres was under- rather than overstated.

* * *

It has become the fashion in recent years to blame Protestantism and especially Calvinism for all the faults of Capitalism. An interesting corrective to this view is an article by Dr. Albert Hyma in the October number of *Religion in Life*. He points out, among other things, that Calvin, although he permitted interest, held that no Christian should derive profit from lending money. Bankers were parasites, and poor people should not pay interest at all. Edward VI, advised by Latimer, passed a law against interest. The Calvinists in France declared a banker unfit for the position of Elder, while Dutch bankers were excluded from the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. In some regions the Calvinist churches refused to accept money from a banker, and a body of Calvinistic preachers assembled in Emden in 1571 declared that "the taking of interest and money-making pure and simple were unworthy of a Christian". In short, Dr. Hyma concludes that between 300 and 1650 not one important church in Europe fought so actively against capitalism as did the Calvinists.

* * *

One of the most interesting features of the Annual Report of the Board of Education deals with the award of open scholarships and exhibitions to Oxford and Cambridge. 372 out of 701 of these were won by pupils from grant-aided secondary schools. Of these 372 nearly 70% paid no fees, and 67% had started in public elementary schools. The ladder from the elementary school to the University is becoming a very real thing.

* * *

Murder stories are so much the rage that the *Times Literary Supplement* has taken to noticing them separately. We did not expect, however, that Dr. Inge and the late Mr. G. K. Chesterton would be among those guilty of the capital charge. To judge from his anthology, *Freedom, Love and Truth*, Dr. Inge apparently killed Mr.

Edward Grubb a few years ago, and Mr. Chesterton in his *Autobiography* likewise disposes of Mr. J. A. Hobson.

* * *

Is there any reason to look any further than the following reports to explain why Christianity does not win the world at a more rapid rate?

> Before celebrating a Pontifical Mass in the Cathedral at Addis Ababa on 25th October, Mgr. Castellani, the Papal Nuncio in Abyssinia, delivered an address. In the course of this he spoke of Italy as "the country appointed by God to carry ever higher into the world the civilization and glory of the Church". It was the Empire of Rome, he said, which would bear the Cross of Christ into the world, "thanks to the lofty work and the marvellous vigour of the Duce."—*World Survey Service.*
>
> The question frequently raised whether the Oxford group movement with its emphasis upon the individual has a contemporary social message of any kind received an authoritative affirmative answer last week from its founder and leader, Frank N. Buchman. "I thank heaven for a man like Adolph Hitler, who built a front line of defense against the anti-Christ of communism", he is reported as saying in an interview published in the *New York World-Telegram.* "But think what it would mean to the world if Hitler surrendered to the control of God. Or Mussolini. Or any dictator. Through such a man God could control a nation overnight and solve every last, bewildering problem . . . . The world needs the dictatorship of the spirit of God, . . . They (all social problems) could be solved within a God-controlled democracy, or perhaps I should say, theocracy, and they could be solved through a fascist God dictatorship". Thus as plainly as it could be done Frank Buchman points to fascism as the way out of our social difficulties.
>
> —The *Christian Century* (U.S.A.).

* * *

PERHAPS one of the spheres in which progress has been most marked is that of children's books. Once more the Religious Tract Society has published a wide selection of reward books for boys and girls, and its ever-welcome *Annuals*; parents and teachers looking for presents could not do better than turn to its lists. The Annuals include *The Boy's Own, The Girl's Own* (10s. 6d. each), *The Woman's Magazine Annual, The Sunday at Home* (12s. 6d. each), *The School Boy's Annual, The School Girl's Annual* (3s. 6d. each), and *Light in the Home* and *Little Dots* (2s. 6d. each).

From the R.T.S. also come this year's volumes (Nos. 104 and 105) of *Great Thoughts*, which are notable for the departure of Mr. James A. Craig, the Editor for so many years. His successor, Mr. Robert Colville, whose name appears on the title-page of Vol. 105, has no easy task in following Mr. Craig, who has maintained the journal on a very high level. The denomination might sometimes

recognize the sterling service done by Congregationalists in the world of journalism, perhaps one of the most thankless of callings. Mr. Craig we have already mentioned, and Mr. Arthur Birnage, as many readers of these pages know, has made the weekly journal, *Public Opinion,* which recently celebrated its seventy-fifth anniversary, specially useful to ministers. Mr. Birnage, by the way, makes a very practical proposal in the December number of the *Congregational Church Monthly*. He suggests that deacons should give to their minister a sum of money yearly to be spent on books and so provide him with the tools of his trade. It is an admirable suggestion which we hope will be widely adopted. A subscription to the *Congregational Quarterly* for the year would also make an acceptable Christmas present.

* * *

We hope none of our readers will be stampeded into protesting against the film "The Green Pastures" before they have seen it. It is, from beginning to end, entirely reverent, and we wish the average sermon preached in our churches were one-tenth as effective. The words in the choruses were often as indistinguishable as the average choir anthem, but that is the only valid criticism. The plea that the film is unsuitable for the ordinary cinema crowd certainly did not apply to the audience under our observation. Everybody seemed subdued by the film, and there was less sniggering at the wrong time than in the ordinary play or film.

* * *

We refuse to say to which office in the Memorial Hall the following conversation relates :

> "How d'you like your new boss, Sylvia?" asked one typist of another.
> "Oh, he's not so bad, only he's kind o' bigoted".
> "What do you mean, bigoted?"
> "He seems to think that words can only be spelled in his way".

Or which Sunday School can claim the following :

> The young son of the family was proudly displaying the beautiful Bible he had won for regular attendance at Sunday school. A friend of his mother's, who was far from old, spoke up. "I remember that I won a Bible for the same thing when I was your age".
>
> The youngster looked her over critically for a moment and then commented, "Well, that must have been the Old Testament".

THOMAS YATES.

By the Rev. A. C. Hill, D.D.

Thomas Yates was born 6th March, 1873; he died 12th Nov., 1936. During forty of those sixty-three years I knew him about as well as one man can know another. He came of good Lancashire stock, had for father a gentle godly man who knew sufficient of the world to realize that it can be a roughish arena for sensitive souls; for mother a woman of strong character and saintly life. These strains were commingled in the son and showed themselves in the happy blending of strength and gentleness which marked him.

During forty years he was a Christian minister, becoming by degrees one of the well-known pulpiteers of the country. That was his life's work. His training for it was good and sound, and as he continued the discipline throughout the greater part of his life, never making the mistake of supposing that his education was finished, he attained at last a position where he could speak with some authority on those themes which supply the fibre for the endless disputations of thoughtful men about life and its meaning.

As a man and a friend I had for him an affection a little short of idolatry, finding him always loyal, wise, considerate, and dependable beyond what is customary in the give and take of ordinary human intercourse. Here I make no claim to a monopoly, for he had the gift of friendship, and there were numbers of men who rightly counted themselves within the circle of his chosen companions. His easy manners, free without ever being vulgarly hearty, his humorous outlook upon the world, his interest in the pageant of life, his sympathy with all classes of humanity, made him welcome wherever men gathered. He was genuinely clubbable, liked human society, and was never bored, save perhaps when Nature's scenery became a little overpowering, or when human loquacity demanded more attention than even his large stock of tolerance could stand. He once listened, in the City Temple, to an eloquent Professor dealing with the life of Moses, but after fifty minutes, when Moses was still on the wrong side of the ford, he gave up and tried the open air.

As a preacher I reckoned him amongst the best of his time. Possibly the epithet of great is not one that should be applied to the religious teachers of our age, since the making of "a few bits of Sermons", to use the phrase Scott applied to his novels, seems, in popular opinion, the task of anæmic youths and agitated spinsters rather than of the massive and masculine mind. But if there has been great preaching during my time I should say that Thomas Yates might claim to have done his share of it.

He never attempted to re-make Christianity into something that

would win the approval of the average sensual man. Nor did he take it for granted that the physicists, the biologists and the ethical thinkers had the right to pick out the plums from religious literature and reject, at their pleasure, what did not strike their fancy.

He believed and preached a full-blooded religion, strong to command, rigorous in its claims, but he did this with an open mind, with a freshness of outlook, a skill in adapting eternal truth to changing needs, a variety of phrasing, and a warmth of verbal colouring which made him one of the most distinctive preachers of his time. Few men who have carried on a ministry in the same building for a score of years can have been less likely to weary their audience. The man of science and the man of letters, as well as the man of affairs, would realize that they were listening to one who was not entirely ignorant of what was to them the chief concern of life and, by what he left unsaid as well as by his uttered word, they would know that when he spoke of religion he had the right to be heard. Others were better known, had a larger following, were more often quoted. I know of none who, in public discourse, speaking to men as one mariner to another caught in the swirling gulfs of time, could more justly or more bravely bid them be of good cheer.

Like the rest of us, he will be forgotten, since the immortality of the spoken word is brief as the summer day. But if the heart-beats of humanity mean anything at all in the sum of things, his work will remain, a contribution, however small, to that trinity of goodness, truth, and beauty which alone can outstay the everlasting night.

FAITH, PROBABILITY AND IMMORTALITY.[1]

By Prof. H. H. Farmer, M.A., D.D.
(*Westminster College, Cambridge*).

In casting about for a suitable theme for this lecture I found my mind drawn to a phrase in the foundation deed. The founder expresses his belief that lectures delivered by competent people on the subject of immortality "might give instruction, assurance, and inspiration, and remove doubt and strengthen faith". It was the collocation of doubt and its removal on the one hand and faith and its strengthening on the other which drew my attention. Why did not the founder say "remove doubt and strengthen *conviction*", or, since as a rule to remove doubt is *eo facto* to strengthen conviction, why did he not say simply "remove doubt" and there leave it? Why introduce this category of "faith"? What is faith in this connexion and its relation to doubt? Is it a state of mind in which there is no doubt at all, in which case why call it faith and not conviction or certainty? Or is it a state of mind which requires for its very existence an admixture of doubts, in which case, if it is faith we wish to strengthen, we had better take care not to do our work so thoroughly that we remove doubt altogether? Or is faith a state of mind which has no connexion with doubt or certainty in the ordinary sense, but is an altogether different functioning of the spirit of man whose roots are quite untouched by a merely argumentative disposal of difficulties, so that we have in fact to do two things—remove doubt and then, in addition, strengthen faith? Yet if that be so, why trouble to do the two things, why trouble to remove doubt, why not simply seek to strengthen faith? Which raises the question, what does strengthen faith in respect of a life beyond the grave?

We may put the same point another way. The rational case for immortality, as it is argued by the philosophers, never really succeeds in getting beyond a probability judgment, beyond the judgment, that is to say, that on the whole the hypothesis of the survival of the individual person after death makes more sense of our experience taken over its whole breadth than the hypothesis of its non-survival; that therefore it is reasonable to believe in it. The argument usually has two steps. First, the negative rebuttal of arguments against immortality. It is agreed that there are a number of empirical considerations, mainly connected with the close association of man's mind with a physical organism, which *prima facie* point to the impossibility of personality surviving the dissolution of the flesh, but, it is said, none of these considerations prove, on examination, to have logical finality. Wherefore, the door is left open for belief in

[1] The Drew Lecture; printed by permission of the Trustees.

survival as at least a possibility. Second, the positive affirmation that whilst admittedly there is no empirical evidence for even temporary survival after death, still less for that permanent survival which is what the word immortality strictly means, none the less without immortality life becomes so meaningless and frustrated that reason in the broad sense may be said to demand, and to lead us to, belief in it as a fact. The value and importance of this line of thought I would be the last to minimize, but that it cannot lead strictly to anything more than a judgment of probability, the degree of which will be differently assessed by different people, is shown by the fact that it rests on a pre-supposition which is not self-evident, namely that our values as personal beings and the ultimate values of the universe coincide with one another. There is no logical absurdity in the idea of persons perishing at death; but, so runs the argument in effect, there is teleological absurdity, that is to say, such an idea leaves our values without adequate support in the real world, which thus from our point of view becomes unreasonable. But, says the sceptic, why should not it be from that point of view unreasonable? It is at least a possibility that the universe is indifferent to our personal values, and so long as that possibility remains open, the rational case for immortality falls short of complete cogency. Immortality remains still only the "grand perhaps", a possibility at worse, a probability at best.

Yet, and this is the point, how far short such a conclusion falls of the profound conviction of a life beyond death which has in fact manifested itself in the souls of men in the course of history. What a quiet certitude, for example, breathes through the words of Socrates in Plato's *Phaedo*! And in the New Testament the conviction that the grave has no victory is not only quiet, but also at times joyous and triumphant to a degree far surpassing anything that could attach to a "grand perhaps", to a mere probability judgment however high the degree of probability might be judged to be. And the New Testament writers, I suppose, would not hesitate to place this conviction within the realm of faith. It is a faith-certainty. We ourselves have met fine Christians grown old in what would be called the "life of faith", who have a conviction that death is but an incident in personal history so deeply assured that to equate it in any sense with the judgment that life beyond the grave is highly probable would be grotesque. What then is faith in this connexion, and what its roots in the human spirit? Is the certainty of this conviction of immortality merely the result of emotion outstripping reason and lending a false compellingness to it, which it is not intrinsically entitled to claim? Is that all faith is—a mere heightening, by feeling, of probability into apparent certainty, or is it another and deeper way of knowing the reality of our world, a way which exists in its own right and shines in its own light?

It is into the area of such questions as these that I invite your thought. I wish to maintain that faith in general is another and deeper way of knowing the world than the way of abstract philosophic reasoning which can only lead, in respect of those matters with which faith deals, to a probability conclusion; yet, because of those matters with which it deals and the part it is called upon to play in our life, faith has affinities with the probability judgment, with the result that the two are often confused with one another. I shall wish further to maintain that belief in immortality has at least one root in faith. In going into these matters we shall for a considerable part of the lecture leave the specific question of immortality on one side, coming back to it again at the end. Yet if our specific interest in the question of immortality be borne in mind, I think the general relevance to it of what we say meanwhile will be obvious before we make the application.

Suppose we begin with the philosopher Descartes, from whom the so-called modern period of scientific and philosophic thought is usually dated. In his *Discourse on Method* Descartes tells how, dissatisfied with the current teaching of the time, which he found confused, contradictory, and little more than the mere repetition of authoritarian dogmas without any attempt to verify them in the world of facts, he resolved to think things out for himself. Accordingly he laid down four principles for arriving at assured knowledge. I will not burden you with them. Suffice it to say that they were based on the model of mathematics and in effect made the final criterion of all knowledge the abstract, analytical methods with which the whole work of science since Descartes' time has made us increasingly familiar. Now comes the interesting thing. Descartes seems to have realized at once that in the actualities of daily life no man does live, or indeed could ever live, by the standards of knowledge set forth in his four analytical principles after the mathematical model just referred to. He seems to have realized that whilst you are trying to decide what is true by these methods, life has to go on, and does go on, presenting you sometimes with life and death issues, and never waiting while you reach properly certificated conclusions. So in addition to his four principles for finding truth he lays down some maxims for living. One of them is as follows:

> I decided to be as firm and as resolute in my actions as I could and to follow the most doubtful opinions when I had decided on them no less constantly than if they were very certain. In this I acted as travellers who find themselves astray in some forest should do, for they ought not to wander about, turning now to one side, now to another, still less to remain in one place, but to walk as straight as they can in one direction, and not change it for trivial reasons although it were chance alone which determined their choice to begin with; for by this means if they

> do not go precisely where they desire, at least they arrive in time at some place, where they will probably fare better than in the middle of the forest. And as the actions of life seldom permit of any delay, it is a very certain truth, that when it is not in our power to discern the most truthful opinions, we ought to follow the most probable. And even though we remark no more probability in these than in those, we ought nevertheless to decide upon some, and then no longer consider them doubtful in so far as they correspond to practice.

This then is the position: we cannot run life on the basis of real knowledge, as defined by the four analytic principles; therefore, we must run it on what? On the basis of probability, Descartes says, and he quite clearly regards the probability judgment as a makeshift, a sort of guess or hypothesis, an inferior, incomplete knowledge, which may or may not later pass over into real knowledge, and on which we meanwhile act for prudential reasons with a confidence which we do not really feel. But is that the only alternative? Surely in view of the way in which we do as a matter of fact conduct our lives in the real world of daily affairs it is necessary to go a little deeper. Doubtless situations do sometimes arise in which, in default of soundly based knowledge, we have to make a rough estimate of probabilities and act accordingly in the full awareness that we are taking a chance—hoping for the best and prepared for the worst—and without any of the feeling of certitude in our mind, however much we may act as though we had. A good enough example is Descartes' own illustration of the man lost in the forest. But there are many other situations, situations which are much more the very stuff and marrow of our daily existence, in which, though we lack, and necessarily lack, exact knowledge according to Descartes' standards—for such exact knowledge is in the nature of things quite unattainable—none the less we act not by an estimate of chances but by a species of intuitive grasp of the meaning of the situation in relation to our own personal history and of the way in which, therefore, we must walk. Such an intuitive grasp lays holds of the future with a confidence quite different from the artificial confidence of Descartes' wanderer in the forest; yet it is as little able to forecast in detail the outcome of the adventure or in any way to justify itself on the basis of scientific principles of knowledge. Perhaps the best illustration of this lies within the sphere of personal relationships. In proportion as friendship to one another is realized by two persons their knowledge of one another and trust in one another in any common situation become less and less capable of being brought under a methodology of knowledge of the type indicated by Descartes' four principles; indeed any attempt to do so would destroy the whole relationship. Yet the relationship does not for that reason pass into the other sphere indicated by Descartes—the sphere where, having to act in one way

or another, you act boldly on the most probable hypothesis. Nothing could be more inimical to the growth of friendship, or destructive of it, on the one hand to want to have your confidence in the other man continually certificated and guaranteed by carefully devised cross-examinations and experimental tests, or, on the other hand, in default of that, to give the impression that your trust in him is merely a decision, forced on you by necessity, to take a risk on a more or less high probability. In neither case is it genuine trust in the other man.

Descartes, then, overlooked this other mode of apprehension, or if he did not altogether overlook it, he too lightly assimilated it to the sphere of the rational estimate of chances. Suppose we call this other mode, anticipating a little what is yet to come, "faith" or belief, what the Germans call *"glauben"*. We may then perhaps say that Descartes set a fashion which has since been followed by far too many inquirers, especially those whose thought is of a positivistic type, the fashion, namely, of regarding "faith" as a sort of inferior substitute for real knowledge, an inferior substitute of the order of a guess or hypothesis or probability judgment forced upon us by the necessity of acting before knowledge can be obtained. Something of this mistake appears even in the far-seeing Butler. Butler points out how much we have to guide our lives by an estimate of probabilities; well, he says in effect, we must expect the same to hold in the sphere of religion and morals. He makes, however, a significant qualification in respect of this sphere, for he sets at the heart of it the absolute authority and supremacy of conscience, not perceiving apparently that by so doing he has taken the whole thing out of the sphere of the pure probability judgment altogether. Where then has he put it? Not in the sphere of complete knowledge, for he rightly insists that such knowledge is not given to us in this world, and that it would be very bad for us if it were. He does not seem to have perceived that there is a third sphere which has at one and the same time something of the luminous certainty of final knowledge and something of the uncertainty that attaches to the probability judgment, yet which is neither of these.

In more recent times we might cite Leuba, the very able American psychologist who is in so many ways typical of the laboratory-trained American mind; for him all belief is of the same order in respect of its relation to knowledge—whether it be religious belief or what the scientist calls a working hypothesis, it is an incomplete and problematical substitute for, and anticipation of, real knowledge, which real knowledge he identifies with that which is reached through substantially the same methods as Descartes first sketched out so many centuries before. Yet if Leuba ran his life strictly according to such a theory of knowledge, it is doubtful if he would make, or keep, a single friend. The state

of confusion in which many minds are in relation to this point is further illustrated by the well-meant endeavours which we have more than once heard speakers make to bring religion on the one hand closer to science by assimilating religious faith to the projection of scientific hypotheses, so that belief in God or immortality becomes merely a testing out, or embracing, of the nobler hypothesis, and on the other hand to the instinct after risk and adventure—perhaps we should say the gambling instinct—which is in humanity, so that religion becomes a betting your life that there is a God in circumstances where you are forced to make a bet one way or the other. The fact that such statements find such ready response in our minds shows that they are not altogether wide of the mark; yet none I suppose has ever felt that they are quite on the mark. They cry out for further examination and more careful statement.

It is not difficult to see in a preliminary way the reason for both the plausibility and the inadequacy of thus assimilating faith to the probability judgment, to the projection of a hypothesis. It is plausible because faith is in one sense a running in advance of what is as yet actually and fully realized; it is a grasping of the future along with the present in one system of meaning and value; being the future it still has something of the unpredictability, the fluidity, the capacity for surprise which only disappear when the future has passed into the fixed finalities of the past. It is on the other hand inadequate in that faith, paradoxical though it sound, in the midst of its uncertainty, its incapacity to demonstrate that which is not yet fully realized experience, is none the less quite sure. It has its own quality of certitude in the here and now. It is the blending of these two opposites, certainty and an experimental adventuring into the unknown, a going out not knowing whither you are going and yet in another sense knowing well enough whither you are going (one thinks of Paul's words in another but not altogether unrelated connexion: "as unknown and yet well known") that makes faith the peculiarly creative thing it has been in human experience.

Now the question inevitably arises what is the status of this type of response to the world in respect of truth; is it a genuine and trustworthy source of knowledge of the real? Obviously we cannot regard it as infallible, as exempt from the error which infects all our human apprehensions. Yet equally obviously we cannot hope to demonstrate in the case of any particular instance of faith-judgment by reasons extraneous to it that it is as true and trustworthy as it seems to the one making it; first because faith-judgments arise precisely where that sort of demonstration is impossible, and second because in any case no purely rational argument can reach more than a probability conclusion as to the future, and even then the degree of probability will be differently assessed according as you do or do not feel under a prior compulsion to make the faith-judgment in

question. It seems to me that there are only two things to be done when the question of the reliability of the faith-judgment is raised. The first is to consider whether in general this type of response to our world has been and is central and fundamental and creative in the whole experience of the race in all its stages; if that should prove to be the case, then it becomes very difficult to entertain the idea that it is not an organ of real knowledge, except indeed at the price of a pretty deep-going scepticism. The second is to try to uncover the internal conditions which govern the faith-judgment; it is at least possible that this will afford some guidance as to when a true faith-judgment is being made as distinct from one which is a mere projection on to the external world of our clamorous desires.

Taking up each point in turn:

(1) First we point out how basic, indispensable, creative in all experience this type of response has been and is. We might do this in three ways:

A. In the first place we might insist on the critical importance of faith as a factor in evolution generally, along the lines with which James Ward made us familiar in his *Realm of Ends*. "And now", says Ward,

> if we take a wider sweep and glance back at the history of the organic world, describing it analogically in terms of experience rather than in the language of biology, the parable will not be uninstructive. We shall find that almost every step forward in the progress of life could be formulated as an act of faith—an act not warranted by knowledge—on the part of the pioneer that made it. There was little, for example, in all that the wisest fish could know, to justify the belief that there was more scope for existence on the earth than in the water, or to show that persistent endeavours to live on land would issue in the transformation of his swimming bladders into lungs. And before a bird had cleaved the air there was surely little, in all that the most daring of saurian speculators could see or surmise concerning the untrodden element, to warrant him in risking his neck in order to soar; although when he did try, his forelimbs were transformed to wings at length, so the biologists inform us, and his dim prevision of a bird became incarnate in himself. So put, these instances will seem largely fanciful. . . . . Still they serve to bring out the one fact, that when we regard the development of living forms as a continuous whole, we are forced to recognize as immanent and operative throughout it, a sort of unscientific trustfulness that from the first seems to have been engrained in all living things. This trustfulness is comparable to the faith of Abraham, who, "when he was called to go out into a place which he should after receive for an inheritance, obeyed and went out not knowing whither he went".

"In keeping with all this", Ward says in another passage,

> is the place of faith on the higher plane of religion where we contrast it with intellectual sight: it is like a new sense that brings us face to face with the unseen world. Here as everywhere—in its highest as well as in its lowest form—faith is striving and striving faith. The whole conscious being is concerned: there is not merely the cognition of what is, there is also an appreciation of what it is worth, a sense of the promise and potency of further good that it may enfold; there is a yearning to realize this; and there is finally the active endeavour that such feeling prompts.

Dr. J. W. Oman, in an article which appeared many years ago in the *Journal of Theological Studies* in criticism of Otto's *Idea of the Holy*, has substantially the same thought as Ward. Otto makes the central thing in religion to be what he calls a sense of a divine *mysterium tremendum et fascinans*. But, suggests his critic, this is none other than the sense of a great, strange environment which calls to the living creature as that in which it is to find a fuller and more satisfactory life and yet at the same time scares him a bit because it is as yet unknown and unexplored. It is a *mysterium tremendum*, frightening, yet also *fascinans*, fascinating, drawing him to trust himself to it. Some dim sense of the *mysterium tremendum et fascinans* may go down, Oman suggests, taking over substantially Ward's thought,

> as low as the first living creature that ventured, in any conscious way upon the unknown, the reptile, let us say, that ventured out upon the land, a creature of enormous significance for all higher evolution. Would it not be with a sense of a tremendous mysterious, in which yet the creature hoped to find its own?

B. In the second place we might, following up Ward's hint, insist on the centrality of the faith-judgment in the whole religious awareness of mankind. We might here find it useful to take note, as Otto does in his book translated recently into English under the misleading title of *The Philosophy of Religion*, of the work of the two German thinkers, Jacobi and Fries, sometimes referred to as the faith-philosophers, though I confess I know little of their work at first hand. Jacobi first—and Fries after him—were profoundly dissatisfied with Kant's doctrine that belief in God could have no other basis for the reflective man than as what he called a postulate of the practical reason. He felt, and rightly felt, that the religious man's awareness and certitude of God are more direct, immediate, profound than Kant's doctrine really accounted for. He was driven therefore to go deeper and to uncover a primordial religious response in the soul of man to his world in what he called "*Ahnung*." It is a difficult word to translate. In its ordinary usage it means "presentiment", the obscure prevision of some coming event not based on clear grounds and merely felt. Perhaps we might describe it in some such

terms as these: an awareness of an overshadowing reality which is not perceptible to the sense nor demonstrable by logical inference from anything given through the senses nor as yet expressible in precise terms, but which is known with an inescapable certitude to be somehow the basis and the source of all that has been experienced and will even yet be more fully experienced of all that is sublime and beautiful and good and intelligible in man's world. It is faith-awareness of God. These are dull, abstract terms in which to express it. A much finer expression of the essential religious form of *Ahnung* or faith is in Santayana's lovely sonnet:

> O world thou choosest not the better part!
> It is not wisdom to be only wise
> And on the inward vision close the eyes
> But it is wisdom to believe the heart.
> Columbus found a world and had no chart,
> Save one that faith deciphered in the skies;
> To trust the soul's invincible surmise
> Was all his science, and his only art.

Faith is the soul's invincible surmise. Both words are important. It is surmise, not in the sense of a bare hypothesis, a mere probability judgment, for otherwise it would not be invincible, but in the sense of leaping beyond, without any loss of certitude, what is immediately given or is as yet fully explored and possessed. Yet an even better expression is in the familiar words of *Heb.* 11:

> Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God, so that things which are made are not made out of things which do appear. These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded of them, and embraced them, and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth.

C. In the third place, we might insist on the centrality of faith in the three great cultural activities of man, science, morality, and art. This is much too large a subject to allow of more than one or two hints, but if there were time I should wish to seek to maintain that all these functions of man's spirit, if you consider them at their highest moments of absorbed and dedicated and creative activity, seem to have within them something of this faith or *Ahnung,* this awareness of an environment which is utterly real and yet which is not yet fully realized, which we rest upon in our activity yet do not fully possess, which offers us, and indeed invites us, to launch out upon infinite and inexhaustible possibilities of exploration and achievement.

Concerning science I will content myself with quoting the words of so careful and accurate a thinker as Dr. Tennant. At the end of a long and exhaustive discussion he concludes with the words:

> We have established in the case of science what was long ago discerned in the sphere of religion and theology: that faith and hope are more fundamental than the knowledge which is to vanish away. Whether as scientific knowers or as religious believers we must be content to feel that we are greater than we know; to recognize that it is trust of some such feeling as this, that in all our knowledge, such as it is, and in all our reason (whatever that be) has prompted and guided our intellectual search; that the superficial successes of the reason which is in fact everywhere baffled in its quest for final knowledge about the world, is the substantiation of things hoped for; while if it be the evidencing of things not seen, that evidencing is in the last resort a matter of psychological certitude, not of logical certainty.

Concerning the moral life, it is sufficient perhaps to call to mind the radical distinction we all draw between action determined by genuinely moral considerations and action determined merely by considerations of prudence or expediency. The difference rests on the fact that into the former there enters the element of faith, the readiness to launch out on the path indicated by righteousness, no matter how appalling it may be, damning the consequences, whereas into the latter there enters no such element, the definition of expediency as a principle of action being precisely that all consequences are calculated so far as may be and that path that promises to be the easiest is chosen. Of course the worst opportunist cannot foresee all consequences of his acts and sometimes has to bank on a chance and risk the results, but how different his damning of the consequences is from that of the high-minded man; the one is a mere gambler's fling on the probabilities, the other has that quiet confidence in it, in spite of all the unknown possibilities ahead, which is characteristic of all faith. Indeed, in one sense he doesn't damn the consequences at all, he knows they will be all right; yet in another sense he does. They are unknown, yet well known. It is faith, and men of such faith have been the organs of all the moral progress of the race.

As for art I speak with diffidence, for I cannot claim to know what goes on in the artist's mind at the highest and most absorbed moment of creative activity. But I very much suspect that here also there is *Ahnung* or faith, there is the sense of an ideal world of beauty which is real, utterly real out there in the beyond calling to us to go out and seek it at any cost, yet which we do not and perhaps cannot fully possess. This is the very nerve of the artistic enterprise at its best, to be ever seeking to grasp that which in its infinity is beyond our grasping, to make real that which none the less we know to be already real enough to justify any cost of search.

> O world invisible, we view thee,
> O world intangible, we touch thee,
> O world unknowable, we know thee,
> Inapprehensible, we clutch thee.

Or in the words of Keats's "Ode on the Grecian Urn," which surely express with delicate allusiveness the same thought:

> Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
> Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
> Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,
> Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone.
> Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
> Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
> Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
> Though winning near the goal—yet do not grieve;
> She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss
> For ever wilt thou love and she be fair.
>
> When old age shall this generation waste
> Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
> Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou sayest,
> Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all
> Ye know on earth, and need to know.

Or, as we might say, beauty is reality, though never realized, reality beauty.

(2) Turning now to our second question, namely that of the internal conditions which govern the faith-judgment, it seems clear that, as Ward suggests in the passage already quoted, it is in some sense or other a function of the whole personality of man as it seeks to realize fully its own highest life. To repeat Ward's words:

> The whole conscious being is concerned; there is not merely the cognition of what is, there is also an apprehension of what it is worth, the sense of the promise and potency of further good that it may enfold; there is a yearning to realize this; and there is finally the active endeavour that such feeling prompts.

This is why faith is so fundamental and underlies in the way we have suggested all our major activities, and yet is so elusively difficult to isolate and to state in rational terms. The personality grows by faith, because by faith it grasps in advance the larger world in which it will find fulfilment. Inasmuch as this fulfilment is still ahead, and the world which will make it possible is therefore not yet fully realized —"it doth not yet appear what we shall be"—the faith-judgment has something of the quality of the probable, the untested, the unverified, so that to the intellect functioning abstractly it is always theoretically conceivable that the whole thing is illusion; on the other hand, inasmuch as the faith-judgment is rooted in the deepest, most fundamental, most inclusive urge of the whole personal being, namely, its urge towards its own fulfilment, it can take on the quality of the profoundest certitude which rises above and defies all the doubts and demurrers that the merely theoretical intellect can raise. This in a sense is but to repeat Pascal's dictum that the heart has reasons of which the head knows nothing; but the value of our line of thought,

if it has any, is that it insists that by heart we mean not merely emotion or sentimentality as against sound thought, but something deeper than both and holding all together in an organic unity of the whole person; we mean also something basic to our whole dealing with the world so that if we could in an act of ultimate scepticism consistently doubt its veracity and trustworthiness, the very life impulse within us would dry up.

This being so, the inference seems to me to be permissible that in proportion as the personality is at least moving along the lines of its true development so its faith-judgments will tend to be both sounder and more certain; on the other hand, in proportion as the personality is, as we should say, off the lines, seeking false values, internally divided and frustrated and incoherent, so its faith-judgments will be intermittent, mixed with phantasy and error and subject to destructive scepticisms and doubts. This is not a logical inference, but it seems a probable one, and there is much in experience to support it. It seems reasonable to suppose that an awareness which is in some sense the personality acting as a whole must depend for its quality on the extent to which the personality is whole or at least is moving and growing along lines which will lead to its true fulfilment.

Now the application of all this to the subject of immortality, to which thus at long last we come, is obvious enough. Belief that there is something beyond death is, of course, one of the most widespread of human beliefs. Many different explanations have been offered of this fact, dream-experiences of primitive man, inability to contemplate one's own extinction, the natural extension and growth of the idea of the soul, the desire for a better time than this world affords most of us, and so on. It is not necessary to deny that these factors may have entered in, but I for one, when I set this belief in the context of the facts we have been sketching in this paper, and when I seek to grasp its roots in my own soul and in the soul of infinitely more sensitive people than myself, cannot avoid the conclusion that something deeper is involved. The belief that there is a world beyond death has somewhere at the heart of it the sort of faith-intuition of which we have been speaking: it is a laying hold in advance, however dimly and with however little of definite concepts and images, of a real environment which in another sense is not yet realized; it is a grasping on the part of man, especially at moments of crisis in his destiny, of the unfulfilled significance of his own being and of the certainty of its not remaining thus for ever unfulfilled. This thought seems to find expression in Mr. Charles Morgan's last novel, *Sparkenbroke*, in which death and poetry and love are linked together under the single idea of fulfilment, and I am glad to cite the author, if I have rightly understood a somewhat obscure book, in support of my thesis. But whereas Mr. Morgan makes that kind of conviction characteristic of a highly sensitive artistic nature, I would

wish to find place for it, albeit in a much more dim and intermittent and inarticulate form, in the life of more ordinary and commonplace and coarse-grained men and women.

Yet, on the other hand, undoubtedly there is no belief of like importance which, if it do not flicker out altogether, can become so feeble, so intermittent, so liable to paralysing doubts, so little directive and formative of the whole tone and quality of the life, so easily turned to puerile and even corrupt phantasy. Why should there be a Drew lecture on immortality in this country, an Ingersoll lecture on the same subject in the States, and not on say the love of God or the atonement? All this dubiety cannot, it seems to me, be due simply to the fact of the impenetrability of death, to the fact that if belief in a beyond be a faith-judgment it is in the nature of the case and necessarily a faith-judgment which has never yet been verified in any experience to which we have access. The beyond, whatever it be, is that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller has returned. There is, I would suggest, a deeper reason, along the lines already indicated, namely a fundamental disorganization of human personality, a lack of wholeness and integration around right values, not indeed always sufficient to destroy the faith-awareness of a larger world beyond death, though it may even do that, but sufficient to cloud, confuse, weaken, misdirect, again and again inhibit it in countless different ways. Here I would wish to drop quite frankly into the categories of specifically Christian experience and theology and talk about *sin*, though I should hate to argue about a term. That our human nature is deeply and disastrously out of gear, internally divided and disintegrated, unwholesome in the literal sense of the term, I take to be a manifest fact. Wherefore if the faith-judgment be a function of the whole being, and if conviction of a life beyond death be of the order of faith-judgment, then man's sinful state is bound profoundly to affect the latter. From this point of view we might see a new meaning in St. Paul's statement that the sting of death is sin. It is the sting of death because amongst its other effects it injures the soul's power to grasp and to be grasped by, to have the *Ahnung* or faith-awareness of, that which lies beyond death, that which is as yet unknown and yet so well-known that one can commit oneself to it in confidence and peace.

And in particular this concerns the question of personal, individual immortality, for sin is indissolubly bound up with the personal world, our relations to and responsibilities for and to persons, the divine person and human persons. I am impressed by the fact that so many in these days, unable apparently to escape the deep *Ahnung* of the soul that there is a beyond of death, affirm some sort of immortality, but they cannot rise to the conviction of personal immortality; they speak rather in philosophical terms of the imperishability of values, or in mystical terms of the absorption of the soul into the eternal being,

or in semi-biological terms of the immortality of the race. There are doubtless many contributory causes for this, but one cause at least I am minded to think is that there is a blindness and mal-adjustment to what is the fundamental and basic fact of human existence, namely that God has set us in a dimension of personal relations with one another and with Himself, a blindness and mal-adjustment due to what I do not hesitate to call sin. To gain a living conviction of the immortality of persons, which is proof against and triumphant over every contrary consideration, one must be at least beginning to see the world of persons for what it is; and to be rightly related to it one must be beginning at least to have wholeness in that sphere. One must in short be lifted out of the isolation and self-centredness of sin into that which we call love, meaning by love not that sentimental and partial gush of feeling which is often only egotism disguised, but the love of which the New Testament speaks, the love which arises out of the vision of the love of God to men in Jesus Christ. Here as elsewhere it is the cleansing of the inner life which is the indispensable thing. This is doubtless not the only sense in which it may be said that Christ brought life and immortality to light, but it is one sense and a very fundamental one. The founder of this lecture spoke of strengthening faith; a lecture can do very little to that end. It can only perhaps point to that which can alone in any final way strengthen faith, if faith be in any sense, as we have maintained, something far more deeply assured than a mere banking on a high probability, namely the cleansing of sin and the setting of us in right relation to persons. There is, therefore, perhaps a deeper meaning than some of us have realized in the fact that Paul's great disquisition on love, which is what we mean by right personal relations, should have passed at the end so naturally into the thought of the fuller life which lies in the beyond: Now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known. And now abideth faith, hope, love; but the greatest of these is love—greatest because for one thing only as we enter into that sort of world of personal relationships which love means can faith and its insights be set free within us and remain undefeated in face of all the challenges of this confused and troubled and sinful world.

REVIEW OF RECENT DEVELOPMENTS IN CHINA.

By William Band, M.Sc.
(*Yenching University, Peiping*).

DIAGRAM SHOWING JAPAN'S ADVANCE INTO CHINA.

Regions entirely under Japanese domination—black.
Regions under pro-Japanese elements, with part Japanese control —heavy radial lines.
Regions of Japanese intrigue for further expansion—light radial lines.
Autonomous regions unfavourable to Japan—light vertical lines.
Light radial lines have also been inserted to suggest Russian influence in Sinkiang and Mongolia.

In this brief review we discuss under separate sub-titles the various episodes which have attracted the world's news readers during the last few months. We also summarize some of the less publicized activity which has been going on behind the screen, in which those of us who live out here find a great deal more significance.

It might be as well to glance at a map, and recall that China is a nation comparable in area and population with Europe. The population of China is three times that of the United States of America. The journey from Peiping to Canton is about the same length as that from London to Moscow. Each of the eighteen

provinces of China proper would, on European scales, count as a separate nation, with its own language, history, and patriotism. On Chinese ideas, these provinces are all united by a common written language and a common racial and cultural heritage dating back for more than three thousand years. To realize this ideal unity politically and economically is the task of the National Government, and this modern Chinese scene is essentially the struggle of the Government towards the achievement of this immense union against both internal and external disruptive forces.

Although in the earlier days of the impact of East and West the western military forces were the chief hindrance to China's self-development, particularly in their demand for extra-territorial rights for western individuals, in later years it has been almost entirely Japan's military forces and imperial schemers who have been deliberately spoiling as much as possible of China's efforts towards unity through reconstruction. Wherever possible Japanese military have occupied territory by force, and either handed it over entirely to the Japanese administration or created an independent State dominated by Japanese interests. All recent efforts of western experts for co-operation with China have been blocked by the Japanese authorities, while continuous propaganda has been distributed throughout China urging the Chinese people to throw over all western aid. The Chinese know well enough that to throw in their lot with the Japanese in a Pan-Asiatic Union could only be done at the cost of complete domination by the Japanese military, and most of them are not willing to pay that price.

During the past year or so there has been a fierce struggle in progress between the Japanese idea of an Asiatic Union and the Chinese idea of a free united China modernized sufficiently to bargain on terms of equality with Japan or any other power. This struggle did not actually come to the surface until January of 1935, when Tokyo publicly announced its revised aggressive policy in China, based on the idea of forcing China into agreement with the Pan-Asiatic doctrine. Actually this process has been going on for thirty years, but it is only during the last few years that Japan has had anything more serious to overcome than the natural inertia of an immense population. Now that the National Government has begun organizing opposition, Japan realizes that her schemes are in danger of failure; this probably is part of the explanation of Japan's recent hysterical hurry.

During the three years ending with 1934, the Japanese military were sufficiently engaged in maintaining some semblance of order along the railway zones in Manchuria, and in protecting their interests from attack by organized groups of patriotic Chinese volunteers. The Tangku Truce, under the terms of which a demilitarized zone known as East Hopei was formed, checked the flow into

Manchuria of men and munitions for these volunteers, and both sides spent the year 1934 consolidating their positions.

Chiang Kai-shek, the Nanking Generalissimo, made use of the existence of a comparatively small but well organized group of Communists financed by Russia, encamped somewhere in the central province of Kiangsi. Under the nominal slogan of an anti-Communist campaign, this red group was forced by strategic manœuvres from one province to another, wherever the local loyalty to Nanking was in doubt. Each time the Nanking troops were able to "save" the local authorities from the "red" menace, and so were able to consolidate the central authority, to compel local contributions to the central treasury and local co-operation in the national reconstruction schemes. This nation-wide campaign was successfully carried through in almost all the western provinces after the province of Kiangsi had first been cleared and rehabilitated.

By the end of 1934 the National Government had united the whole country, with the exception of semi-independent areas still under the control of local military factotums whose loyalty had still to be bought at a price. These remaining provinces were Fukien, Kwangtung, and Kwangsi in the south, Hopei and Chahar in the north. It was in these provinces that Japanese spies and agencies were most active in their efforts to bribe away the local loyalty from Nanking.

Political Developments in the North.

The new aggressive phase in Japan's policy first bore fruit in the North, where by the middle of last year the army of occupation in Hopei was able to clear out all the agencies of the Kuomintang party under threat of violence. This meant that in the province there remained no organized opposition to the pro-Japanese factotums. By the month of September demands were made by the Japanese military under the leadership of Doihara that the whole of the five northern provinces, Hopei, Chahar, Suiyuan, Shansi, and Shantung, should be formed into one pro-Japanese block, independent of the Nanking National Government. However a direct appeal from Nanking to the Tokyo Foreign Office early in November had the effect of halting Doihara's threatened aggression. During the third week of November Doihara succeeded in persuading the head of the special police in the East Hopei demilitarized zone to set up an independent *régime* to intercept taxes and customs receipts in the region. One week later the Japanese spies had observed a considerable movement of freight cars south, and had all the railway stations occupied by gendarmerie. It appeared that, owing to the threat of separation from Nanking, the government railways had taken the precaution of running as much of their rolling stock south of Tsinan as possible.

By the end of the month Doihara had pushed things so far, in spite of the initial check from Tokyo, that Nanking was forced to send a high authority to Peiping in order to negotiate with Doihara and the local factotums in an effort to save as much as possible from the autonomous landslide. The Foreign Minister, General Ho Yingchin, arrived on December 3rd, and on the succeeding three days twelve Japanese bombing planes roared over the city, concentrating on General Ho's residence. Finally a compromise was announced, indicating Nanking's consent to an autonomous council for the two provinces of Hopei and Chahar, the other three provinces remaining as before. This new council was inaugurated on December 18th; the personnel, nominally appointed from Nanking, was composed entirely of the pro-Japanese party under General Sung Chehyuan.

One of the first tasks before the new Council, according to its own professions, was the absorption of the East Hopei antonomous district. This absorption was never achieved; in fact, at one stage of the negotiations the Japanese military actually stated that any absorption would have to be the other way round, and the new Council disappear into the East Hopei Council with its entire independence of Nanking.

During the first two months of 1936 Diohara and his agents were busily engaged in both Shantung and Shansi, but to very little effect. The governor of Shantung, General Han Fuchu, refused all interviews with Japanese, and arrested all Chinese subjects observed to have any connexions whatever with the Japanese agents. In Shansi the situation was not quite so clear, General Yen Hsishan being less inclined to call upon Nanking for assistance. But here the Generalissimo was able to follow his previous policy. On the third of March a report was published that seven counties in Shansi were overrun with Communist bandits, and on the ninth, six divisions of central troops were ordered into Shansi to "help General Yen" to suppress them. By the end of that month the province was cleared of bandits, and the Government troops had established their position, thus saving the province from Japanese intrigue. The bandits fled into the neighbouring province of Suiyuan, and a few appeared in the southern part of Hopei; a report appearing in the Japanese press asserted that these bandits were transforming themselves into anti-Japanese volunteers and threatening the peace of the new autonomous districts.

In February Japanese advisers were appointed to each committee of the Hopei Chahar Council, and by the end of March things had stabilized so much that Doihara was able to leave North China, leaving a successor to inaugurate the new epoch of co-operation between Japan and China in the region concerned. Relations between the new Council and Manchukuo improved rapidly, and through goods traffic was resumed on the Peiping-Mukden railway by the end of

April for the first time for four and a half years. At the end of May the Japanese were building a military air field at Fengtai, a few miles south of Peiping, and had increased the number of their troops in the Province by six thousand.

Japan's Special Trade through East Hopei.

Besides intercepting taxes and customs receipts, the East Hopei Council, at the demand of the Japanese, lowered the duty on imported Japanese goods to one quarter of their previous level. A tremendous trade gradually appeared in Japanese goods imported through small fishing ports on the coast, and smuggled through into China proper. In March it was reported in the Chinese press that 13,000 tons of Japanese sugar had appeared on the market which had not been through the Customs Office. In April there was another report to the effect that 50,000 tons of sugar had been smuggled through from East Hopei during the previous month. Customs officials in the north had been disarmed as a result of the Tangku Truce, and were powerless to interfere with the growing tide of contraband, supported as it was by armed groups of Japanese. Legitimate trade in many commodities was seriously hit; so much so that early in May the British Government corresponded with Tokyo, only to receive a reply that Japan had no concern in the question. Shortly after this Nanking accused the Japanese Government of actively assisting the smugglers through military interference with Chinese Customs officials, and a long list of instances was given where Japanese soldiers had by threat of violence prevented efforts of Customs officers to check the transport of smuggled goods.

Naturally a great deal of publicity was given to this episode, much to the detriment of Japan's prestige. The whole thing was obviously a very Japanese method of trying to undermine the foreign credit of the Nanking Government, based very largely upon Customs receipts. Unfortunately for the Japanese military the weapon of "special trade", as they called it, was two-edged. The thousands of Japanese subjects in Tientsin, Shanghai, and so forth, who depended for their livelihood upon normal and legitimate trade through the treaty ports, discovered that this "special trade" through East Hopei was anything but beneficial to them. By July the "special trade" reached saturation point, and according to recent reports the Chinese officials have been allowed to check transport of smuggled goods more thoroughly, thus stemming the flow of contraband south. We may now write "finis" to this contribution of the Japanese military to the peace of the Far East and to China's welfare.

The "Anti-Japanese Revolt" in the South.

To appreciate the significance of the recent rebellion in the southern provinces of Kwangtung and Kwangsi one must go back a little. Late in January an old political opponent of the present

Generalissimo Chiang, Mr. Hu Hanmin, returned to Canton from an extended tour of Europe. He had been exiled in the usual Chinese diplomatic manner, but had been invited back in the hope that he would now co-operate with the Government in bringing the southern provinces into closer union with the rest of the country.

On his arrival in South China he was urgently requested to travel to Nanking to take office in the Government. On the plea of ill-health he refused this invitation, presumably expecting that he would be kept a virtual prisoner in the Capital and therefore unable to use his very considerable influence in Canton for any move he might wish to make. In February a diplomatic mission was sent to Canton, but without any tangible results, and relations between Canton and Nanking continued to become more and more strained. This was disturbing, for it had been confidently hoped that the breach could be healed and a united front formed against Japan.

During the following two months there was some military activity in the neighbouring provinces of Kweichow and Yunnan, where the Generalissimo was further making sure of his strategic control under the cloak of anti-Communist campaigns. At the same time Nanking was pushing ahead as rapidly as possible towards the completion of the Hankow-Canton railway; the construction was actually finished before schedule—on May 12th. This alone was apparently sufficient to precipitate the crisis. The trial run which had been previously announced for May 15th was postponed until October 10th because "the track had been found too weak in several places", and Mr. Hu Hanmin's political sickness became so serious that he actually died the day after the railway was finished. This was a great misfortune to the country; by the beginning of March rumours were running wild to the effect that civil war was looming in the South. The military leaders in the South, fearing the worst, made easy fortunes by issuing millions in paper currency through their banks: the currency in Canton slumped dangerously, and the general populace became exceedingly nervous. While both sides were sending telegrams to the country ridiculing the possibility of civil war, the National Government troops were pouring through Changsha on their way to take up strategic positions on the borders of Kwangtung and Kwangsi.

Within a week of the first definite news of conflict, the commander of the Kwangtung forces declared loyalty to Nanking, but the Kwangsi forces continued north. Their slogans were anti-Japanese, but their equipment, advisers, and financial resources were from Japan. Towards the end of June Nanking officially accused the southern generals of having intrigued with the Japanese in order to embarrass Nanking. The reply to this accusation was a set of five demands made by the Kwangsi group giving details as to how Nanking should organize an anti-Japanese war.

For the following few weeks the conflict was kept in the telegraphic stage of appeals and counter-appeals to avoid civil warfare. In the middle of July the Kwangtung commander fled to Hongkong, taking with him the immense personal fortune he had made at the expense of the Kwangtung people by his inflationary tactics. On August 11th Generalissimo Chiang landed in Canton by airplane from Nanking, the first visit since 1926, marking a most significant victory for Nanking. For three more weeks the Kwangsi generals were still unable to agree, but under threat of advance by both Nanking troops and Kwangtung troops now turned against them they finally agreed to peace, and were granted posts with the National Government in order to form the long desired united front against Japan. The southern crisis was declared closed on September 6th, and fighting which had begun to break out in Suiyuan between pro-Japanese troops from Manchukuo and Suiyuan troops switched the government's attention directly from extreme south to extreme north. Japan's advance was immediately checked, but it was only a few days ago at the time of writing (November 10th) that Nanking publicly announced the intention of supporting armed resistance to further advance into Chinese territory. Since the successful unification of the country there have been immense troop movements around strategic points, particularly in the neighbourhood of Shanghai, and in Shantung province. Their exact numbers and positions are not known publicly, but their purpose is fairly obvious. Symptomatic was the nation's gift to Generalissimo Chiang on his birthday, October 29th, of five hundred fighting planes from abroad, bought by private contributions.

Popular Reactions to the Situation.

During November, 1935, when Doihara was hatching his plot for the autonomy of the five northern provinces, one of his schemes had been press publicity to the effect that the common people of the north ardently desired separation from the authority in Nanking. Gangs of unemployed ruffians were hired by the Japanese to make "demonstrations" for autonomy, carrying placards bearing slogans written by their Japanese employers. Several times appeals were made by such gangs to the mayoral authorities in Peiping and Tientsin. The Japanese press carried news items describing the "popular movement" towards autonomy, and claimed that the Japanese forces in North China were planning to deliver the people from their subjugation to Nanking.

The "man in the street", the peasant and the ordinary business man, are exceedingly indifferent to accidents of government, but this Japanese propaganda disturbed the educated public so much that opposition was organized to give the lie to Japanese claims. What we might term the Teachers' Union in Peiping and Tientsin

published a definite statement denying the existence of any popular feeling of discontent with Nanking's government, and exposing the artificial nature of the Japanese-financed autonomy demonstrations. In reply to this open defiance of Japan's wishes, two of the leading university professors were arrested and taken before the Japanese military tribune. At separate "interviews" they were warned to cease their opposition, and advised to take trips abroad; otherwise the Japanese military would not be able to hold themselves responsible for their subsequent safety. Both gave their captors vigorous lectures on the futility of trying to suppress the facts, and pointed out that any harm done to them would serve only to increase popular condemnation of the whole movement, thus leading to even greater publicity of the real truth of the situation. Even the Japanese militarists were able to see their point, and both have continued in their opposition unmolested, in co-operation with the other teachers in the region.

Following the declaration of the compromise arrangement made by the Foreign Minister with Doihara, university and middle school students organized a series of strikes and demonstrations, publicity work in the press, and lecture tours among the villagers denouncing Japanese plans. This movement spread rapidly throughout the whole nation, interrupting the educational work in all principal cities for a month. Early in the new year, in an attempt to calm down the excitement, the Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek invited representatives from the teachers and students of every educational institution in the country to Nanking for a conference on the Japanese situation. At this conference he pointed out how useless were mere anti-Japanese demonstrations at a time when actual armed resistance was impossible owing to inferior equipment. However he also gave assurance that the government was preparing for such armed resistance to any future aggression which may be contemplated by the Japanese. The actual proceedings were not published, but the delegates returned with a definite idea of getting back to their normal preparation for life, and "biding their time" in confident hope that something would reasonably soon be done to remedy matters.

In Hopei, meanwhile, things were being made rather uncomfortable for the anti-Japanese element. Japanese-inspired orders from the Autonomous Council caused the arrest of upwards of two hundred students during the various demonstrations; the student union was ordered to dissolve, as were later all student organizations whatever of a non-academic nature. These measures had the effect of prolonging the strikes and intensifying feeling, so that only very few of the schools and colleges were able to wind up the year's work in the usual way. Many universities actually planned to move south, some even going so far as to ship equipment out of the province. Finally, however, it was decided to stay in Hopei, partly because of

the assurances given by Nanking of continued support in spite of political disturbances, and partly because the presence of large numbers of educationalists and educated people would act as a deterrent through publicity of Japanese ambitions.

The Autonomous Council has suspended all military training in schools—previously organized and operated by Nanking; it has ordered a revision of all textbooks containing any reference to Sun Yat Sen and the patriotic Kuomintang Party. It is difficult to predict exactly how far the Council will try to interfere with academic freedom in what has for thousands of years been the cultural centre of the Orient. The student public is evidently optimistic, because recent reports indicate a record number of applicants for admission to the universities in Peiping for the coming academic year, 1936-37.

National Reconstruction.

Despite all these disturbances, reconstruction work has been proceeding more rapidly than ever.

Last November the Minister of Finance nationalized silver, making the paper currency issued by the government banks the only legal tender. This revolutionary financial re-adjustment was a courageous effort to recover from the disastrous effects of the silver-buying policy of the United States of America; it was carried out in the teeth of bitter opposition from Japan, who had apparently hoped that China would be so embarrassed by the American programme as to be thrown back upon Japanese support and control. However, all other foreign banks in Shanghai co-operated with the National Government, and all silver stock throughout the country is now deposited in government banks, except that which is being held in Japanese-controlled banks or districts.

With the major part of the silver stock in its own control, the National Government achieved a better bargaining position in its dealings with the American buyer. The confidence inspired by the Finance Minister's success enabled him to negotiate a loan for the equivalent of £100,000,000 with which to finance reconstruction schemes. Trade has also been encouraged by the stabilization of the Chinese dollar in its rate of exchange with the British pound.

As part of the reconstruction programme there has been considerable activity on the various inter-provincial highways. This has been especially true in the South and South West. The highway connecting the distant province of Yunnan with Kweichow is nearing completion. Together with the new railroad connecting Kweichow with Shanghai, this highway forms one of the most important of the new strategic arteries which are rapidly penetrating hitherto inaccessible areas in the interior. The total length of this particular artery will be something like 1,500 miles.

During the year five different extensions of main railway lines

have been put under construction, the aggregate length being about a thousand miles. But the most important achievement has been the completion of the Hankow-Canton railway. This work had been held up for several years owing chiefly to political differences between North and South. Traffic began on October 10th. This marks the first opening of a through route from extreme north to extreme south, covering from Peiping to Canton a distance of 1,500 miles in three days. The strategic importance of this route can hardly be exaggerated.

The most spectacular event in communications was the regular Trans-Pacific air service established by the American "China Clipper" which arrived at Manila on December 16th. Landing rights have now been granted at Hong-Kong for China's terminus.

About forty of the important cities of China are now linked by regular air services operated by three concerns. One of these is purely Chinese; the others are shared by Chinese with American and German interests respectively. What this means in a country with China's background can be better realized from an example: a branch line was recently added to the regular route from Shanghai to Chengtu in Szechwan, connecting Chungking with Yunnan via Kweichow. Although this distance is only 500 miles, the overland journey used to take anything between three and four weeks' arduous travel. The semi-weekly air service has reduced this time to four hours. The machine, by the way, is fitted with all the latest blind-flying devices and radio equipment.

It might be worth while to add a few notes on what one could call cultural developments.

The New Life Movement was inaugurated a couple of years ago as an attempt to revive the ethics of Confucius with some slight modifications suited to modern conditions. With industrial and social revolution in progress, cultural strengthening was recognized as essential. Instead of importing western (*i.e.*, Christian) ethics along with western industrialism, the National Government leaders realized that the classical ethics of Confucius not only had a better chance of "going over" in China, but would probably prove considerably more suitable to the Chinese of to-day. It should be borne in mind that a considerable number of the people in the National Government, including the Generalissimo himself, are converted Christians, or sons of converted Christians; and it is also noteworthy that the Confucian ethics advocated by the New Life Movement are really Christian ethics—the two actually coincide in principle although certainly not in practice. Personally the writer would say from a mere westerner's point of view that the practice of the Confucian ethic has been vastly superior to that of the Christian ethic, and the Nanking leaders are eminently wise in their choice of a name to their scheme!

The birthday of Confucius has been officially fixed as August 27th on the Solar Calendar; the one just recently celebrated was the 2,487th anniversary, but to conform with the rest of the world the year is still called the year 1936. Local organizations or clubs have been springing up all over the country to sponsor the spread of the New Life Movement; mass education, general publicity, Boy Scout activity, and so forth are all used. Its influence has been felt most of all in Nanking and the major cities, and this is where it was most needed.

One important cultural event was the publication of a masterpiece of English literature by a Chinese writer, Lin Yutang, entitled *My Country and My People*. This was one of the year's best sellers, and should do a great deal to increase the westerner's understanding of the Chinese. Dr. Lin was the son of a converted family, and was educated entirely in missionary schools until he went to Harvard and Leipzig. He had so much forced religious instruction in his youth that he now describes himself as a confirmed heathen.

In conclusion we may fairly say that during the past few months China has made great strides towards entering the comity of modern powers, politically, economically, and culturally; although we should hasten to add that all the evidence toward such a conclusion is not to be found in the present inadequate survey. We might also fairly state that up to the present year China's attitude towards other nations has been almost entirely receptive where it has not been merely indifferent; but an aggressive spirit has begun to show itself quite recently. This great and highly civilized people has been gathering itself together, patiently learning and reconstructing. Very soon she will go beyond all our expectations and make a tremendous contribution to humanity.

THE PROBLEM OF COMPROMISE.

By Edgar Sheffield Brightman, Ph.D., LL.D.
(*Boston University*).

I.

How far is it justifiable to compromise convictions for the value of social co-operation or social success? The anarchist has his answer: No compromise! No yielding to society when it compels the individual. The totalitarian (whether Fascist or Communist or other "hundred percenter") has his answer too: No compromise! No yielding to individual desires when society commands.

Compromise is unpopular in times like ours, yet it is just as necessary as life itself, and just as unavoidable as death and taxes. If we are to challenge a popular delusion, we shall need to proceed carefully. What could be more careful than the dictionaries? *The Shorter Oxford English Dictionary* defines the compromise as follows: "Partial surrender of one's position, for the sake of coming to terms". *Webster's New International Dictionary* (Second Edition) reads: "A committal to something derogatory, hazardous, or objectionable". If we add to both definitions, the idea that the surrender or committal may be involuntary, we have the concept of compromise fairly clear. Compromise is a voluntary or involuntary partial surrender of principle or committal to something objectionable.

The classic treatment of compromise in English is, of course, John Morley's, whose essay ought to be required reading for every minister of religion. His problem arose in a situation like our own, in which, as he said, "the coarsest political standard is undoubtedly and finally applied over the whole realm of human thought"[1]. Over against this attempt to stifle individual freedom, Morley lays down the rule that "in forming opinions, a man or woman owes no consideration to any person or persons whatever", for "truth is the single object"[2]. The whole essay is a stirring presentation of the rights and duties of the individual conscience. Morley is free from the touches of smartness and bombast which Bertrand Russell manifests in *A Free Man's Worship*. He is a veritable prophet of individual liberty, and his works in 1914 were in accord with his prophetic faith.

But it is evident that Morley over-simplified his problem and hardly touched the edges of social ethics in his essay. Although nobly right in the field which he defined, he dealt chiefly with the individual's intellectual conscience. He failed to confront the moral

[1] John, Viscount Morley, *On Compromise*, 1928 ed., p. 7. Hereafter referred to as Morley.
[2] Morley, 121.

implications of the economic order. The common responsibility of all for the social order which all use, by which all profit, and from which all suffer, is an axiom in the thinking of a Rauschenbusch or a Reinhold Niebuhr; it lies beyond Morley's horizon. In an economic system, life is impossible without a certain amount of compromise with what the individual conscience must condemn. The problem is far more complicated than Morley saw[3].

In order to clear the ground, we must make a simple ethical distinction as a start in understanding the problem of compromise. Every moral act is a choice of something by someone. The "someone" chooses, let us assume, in all honesty the best he knows; his will is then said to be good. But the "something" he chooses may be actually harmful to himself and to others; "the best he knows" may turn out to be pretty poor. "Someone" may quite honestly oppose total abstinence and favour moderate drinking; but the "something" he chooses, in this instance moderate consumption of alcoholic beverages, may be, and I believe is, harmful both biologically and socially.

Choosing of the sort described is called "formal" by ethical theorists. The "something" chosen is called "material". It is clear from the illustration that moderate drinking may be formally right, but materially wrong; whereas total abstinence, if practised by a person who did not sincerely believe in it, would be formally wrong, but materially right. The formal has to do with the intent of the will to be consistent in one's principles of choice; the material has to do with the ends or values chosen.

If we thus make a clear-cut distinction between formal and material, it is evident that the formal is in the realm of the individual (for only the individual can choose), while the material is in the realm of the social (for all values chosen eventually produce social results and usually arise from social origins). Formal rightness is what it is regardless of consequences. Material rightness can be determined only after consequences have been taken into account[4].

Formal rightness allows no compromise. The sincere man who is honestly in error is often a fanatic; he cannot compromise. Utopians, Puritans, rigorists, Kantians, Lord Morley, Fascists, and Communists—all are formally right in uncompromising loyalty to their convictions. On the other hand, material rightness not only allows, but often demands, compromise. Thus one pole of the moral will is formal and allows no compromise; the other is material and requires compromise.

3 The problem of compromise is faced brilliantly by Reinhold Niebuhr in *Moral Man and Immoral Society* (1932). Recent brief and illuminating discussions are to be found in John Bennett's *Social Salvation* (1935), 81-87, and in Henry P. Van Dusen's *God in These Times* (1935), 171-183.

4 See E. S. Brightman, *Moral Laws* (1933). On formal and material rightness, 121-124; on consequences, 142-155.

If the socially-minded formalist thinks he can avoid compromise, let him confront an electric light and consider what to do. If he turns it on, he will aid and abet the power trust; if he turns it off, he will have lessened his ability to combat the power trust. Or let him purchase a copy of *The New York Times*—surely a moral act! But no—he will have aided and abetted liquor advertising. Or let him purchase instead the anti-alcoholic *Christian Science Monitor*; he will then have compromised with a form of religion of which he may disapprove. He is always aiding and abetting the enemy.

In real life, accordingly, the separation between the formal and the material is neither so neat nor so decisive as it is for abstract analysis. One can be a formal absolutist either by a ruthless disregard for social obligations and social consequences, or else by an equally ruthless assumption that one has all knowledge of values and all power to control consequences. It is therefore regrettable when a great leader like Dr. Charles Clayton Morrison, editor of *The Christian Century*, wearied by the inaction of the Church, should write that "the book on the social gospel for which many of us are waiting will completely break with this 'both—and' school of writers"[5]. In so far as we abandon the attempt to find a just compromise between the individual and the social, the formal and the material, in short, among all the possibilities of good and evil that confront us, with a fair "both—and", we also abandon the attempt to realize the rational good in an irrational world. Dr. Morrison does not intend to do this; formally right, he is materially wrong.

II.

Having seen a theoretical source of moral conflict and compromise, let us look at some typical cases. Wherever we turn, we find ourselves implicated in situations which we did not create and of which we do not approve. Our attitude toward these situations always involves a certain amount of compromise. Each individual must share responsibility for the society he accepts, for the social products he uses, and for the social choices he makes, even though both horns of his dilemma are forced on him by society.

The most obvious field of necessary compromise for the moral individual is the economic. The pacifist pays taxes which support the war system; or else he refuses to pay taxes and thus undermines the many activities of government which he endorses. Some hold that the payment of interest is unjust; but interest affects every member of the economic order. To take a humbler illustration; if the average housewife were to know the conditions under which many of her purchases were manufactured, she would shudder in horror at what amounts to human slavery. Yet if she buys no products of underpaid labour, she cannot make her cash cover her needs. If the

[5] In a review of Bennett, *Social Salvation* (*Christian Century*, 12 June, 1935).

problem of household purchases is solved by Co-operative Societies, which offer only goods made under conditions fair to labour, the inevitable result is that friends and neighbours who are in business for themselves are crowded to the wall by the competition of the Co-operative Societies.

No one can run a successful news stand without selling newspapers and magazines which are socially detrimental. One cannot operate a bookstore without selling books of which one is ashamed. There are few kinds of business in which a person can be employed without being forced into associations and practices which are unjust and often abhorrent, unless he owns the business and combines high ability with equally high courage. A mere mention of restaurants, hotels, factories, mines, shipping, railroads, theatres, or even post offices speaks volumes to one who knows the facts from the inside. Or consider one's personal income. It is doubtless larger than that of some others working in the same profession or trade. Should one therefore join a movement for equalization of incomes, irrespective of the number of persons one employs, the debts one has charged against future income, or the social uses to which one can put one's income? Should one share with needy colleagues in one's profession or with causes one deems needier and more worthy? Any answer is a compromise.

Compromises are forced on a man whatever his views about public and private ownership of property. The need for compromise arises first of all in the theoretical sphere. No socialist denies all private ownership; no capitalist denies all public ownership. Every possible solution is a compromise. Every possible change from the present order to a better one is through a series of compromises.

Political life teems with compromise. Graft is notorious. There are the obvious "deals" and "trades" among groups or individuals, by which Bills are passed in legislative bodies; and evils ensue whether one enters into deals or abstains from them. The nobler the end in view, the more unscrupulous the pursuit of that end may become; no one is less restrained by delicacy than a reformer.

To take a different illustration; let war be declared by the properly constituted authorities; then every moment of life is a challenge to compromise, whether one is a pacifist or a militarist. But political life in times of peace is equally a challenge. Suppose an official is elected whose character is untrustworthy, whose reputation for dishonesty is widespread and is undenied; suppose he is able to control the legislative body so that large sums of money are appropriated which will inevitably be corruptly expended; what then is the good citizen to do? However law-abiding he is, as long as he supports democracy, he will frequently have to obey corrupt officials and corrupted laws. Democracy is essentially compromise. But suppose the citizen, relying on the American Declaration of Inde-

pendence, asserts his moral right to rebel and becomes a Fascist; thus perhaps he suppresses all corruption. Then he has purchased his freedom from corruption at the price of freedom from freedom, and his last state is worse than his first. Still worse than the Fascist, however, is the citizen who is so pure and so sensitive that he will have nothing to do with politics; he will not soil his hands with their filth. The compromise achieved by such a person is best described as treason, for he is doing his best to betray his country into the hands of its vilest enemies.

Whether we will or no, we all belong to some race or, more probably, to some mixture of races. This fact has its inevitable biological and social consequences. Here is another realm in which compromises abound. Let us suppose that Mr. A., a Frenchman, feels prejudice against the Japanese or the Teutonic race. He must nevertheless live in the same world with Japanese and Teutons; sell to them when possible and buy from them when necessary; and by his attitude sow the seeds of a race war which may destroy all races, not to mention his business. Prejudice cannot separate us from relations with the objects of our prejudice; and prejudice always leads to stupid compromise, never to enlightened compromise. Or let us suppose that Mr. B., an American (and hence of mixed blood), asserts that he for his part has no race prejudice at all. His high-minded assertion may lead him to courteous and Christian conduct toward all Jews, Englishmen, Negroes, Italians, Japanese, and Polynesians whom he meets; but his personal attitude, even if adopted by everyone, would not solve the race problem unless wise compromises were formed on such questions as inter-racial marriages and racial traditions. What does the personal brotherliness of a truly Christian "Aryan" in Germany contribute to the dilemma of the Jew who must choose, as Frederick T. Birchall wrote to *The New York Times*[6], "to stay and endure, or to go facing unknown but certain hardships"?

The phenomenon of a compromising choice among evils is further illustrated in the field of education. There are, of course, those who believe that conscience should allow no compromise in this field. Exhibit A is Mr. Silas H. Strawn, who is quoted as having spoken at the 1935 Commencement of Middlebury College (Vermont) as follows:

> I am unable to sympathize with the elastic conscience of those who inveigh against the capitalistic system while on the pay roll of a college or university whose budget, or whose existence, is due to the philanthropic generosity of those whose industry and frugality have enabled them to make an endowment.

That is to say, every educator is in honour bound to furnish what will gratify and sustain those who provide the funds for his salary.

[6] 24 July, 1935.

According to report, Mr. William Randolph Hearst has furnished a large part of the endowment of Oglethorpe College in Georgia; other institutions are financed by oil kings, by the Church, and by the State. If Mr. Strawn is right, the professors in Oglethorpe ought to supply ethics, economics, literature, and governmental theory with an eye single to the glory of Mr. Hearst. Other professors in other institutions are obligated to support the interests of oil kings, of ecclesiastics, or of the current administration. Uncompromising singleness of purpose this—through prosperity and depression, through peace and war, endorse those who pay you! But Mr. Strawn errs in supposing that this rigorous ideal is wholly uncompromising; for it compromises not only the formal ideal of sincerity which Morley interpreted, but also the material obligations imposed by the ideals of scientific investigation, the love of truth, and academic freedom.

On the other hand, let us suppose that the academic don thinks that he can flee all compromise by sole devotion to scientific and philosophical truth mingled with contempt for Mr. Silas H. Strawn. Is he able to succeed in that laudable ambition? Not perfectly. Anyone who knows anything about the practical reasons which determine the selection of professors for chairs in universities knows that such selection is never solely determined by the candidate's love of and contribution to objective truth. What of the man's personality, his morals, his tact, his influence on students, his acceptability to the alumni, his congenial relations to colleagues; yes, and his influence on the endowment? The educational institution and all of its members are affected to some extent by considerations such as these, as well as by devotion to the truth. Nowhere is the failure of the academic ideal to maintain its integrity more sadly and vividly illustrated than in countries controlled by a dictator. But before others point the finger of scorn too self-righteously at professors in Russia, Italy, and Germany, they should ask themselves the questions, "What did you do in the Great War? What are you doing in the world conflict between property and personality?" Few educators can deny that they have been guilty of an unjust compromise. Yet some fail to see that the most unjust compromise of which an educator could be guilty would be for him to devote himself entirely to the investigation of objective truth with no regard to the actual social situation of misery and corruption in which humanity so largely finds itself.

Religion, of all human interests, might naturally be expected to be freest from worldliness and hence from compromise of every sort. Yet the Christian Church, from which alone our illustrations will be drawn, is as truly built on compromise as is every other social institution. It may be objected that "church" and "religion" are at least as far from being synonymous as are "university" and "truth", to

which it may be replied that our interest just now is not in the relations of abstract ideas or ideals, but rather in the actual arena of human choice and action. In that arena such religion as we have lives chiefly in the churches. There religious men find their inspiration and there they make many of their religious decisions—decisions often fraught with compromise.

The Church, for example, is an owner of property. Without such ownership, in the present order of society, it cannot function as a social institution. Church property is, however, in a privileged position, being exempt from tax. Here at once is a compromise. Shall the Church claim social privilege or shall it practise social obligation? As regards taxes, it has compromised duties for the sake of rights, which is the contrary of its teachings. A church may own sufficient property to be a landlord, like Trinity Church in New York City; or it may have an endowment. In either case, it has, as we say, "a stake" in the capitalistic order of society, and, if it is to be successful, must be guided by the very profit motive which Christian ethics challenges. In so far as such a church is an investor, it will usually oppose legislation which may tend to lessen the income from investments, even though that legislation is socially beneficial. On the other hand, all investment places on the conscientious investor the obligation to know the conditions under which profits are earned in the industry in which he is investing—the adequacy of wages, the hours of labour, regard for the safety and health of the worker, unemployment insurance, child labour, and the like. Yet we have seen the spectacle of some Protestant and Catholic leaders joining in the cry that attempted restriction of child labour by constitutional amendment is a blow at the sanctity of the home emanating from Moscow. "Suffer the little children" is taken to mean, "Let the little children suffer"—from the greed of employers and the need of parents in a sinful social order. Anything rather than face squarely the obligation of working to change the order!

The Church as an employer faces many compromises. It is notorious that many churches not only pay a pittance to a hard-working sexton, not only require him to work long extra hours without extra pay, but also pay him his pittance with painful irregularity. The inadequacy of pastors' salaries, and the discrepancies among them, is a problem which many churches are trying to solve, but which can never be justly solved without wholehearted co-operation of all ministers and all churches. Meanwhile, compromise. Churches contract other bills than those of wages or salaries to employees. They purchase coal, light, gas, and other supplies; and they pay for these goods with a tardiness that would discredit any other institution. Because the Church is supposed to be better it craves the privilege of being worse. It may be properly said that the conditions criticized are a result of the voluntary basis of giving in

Free Churches. True. Yet, knowing the reliable unreliability of this basis, the Church goes on incurring economic obligations to saints and sinners. The whole situation is one of compromise.

Like a government, a church is controlled by elected and appointed officials. Who can say that the election and appointment of church officials is free from compromise? Where is there a local church in which all the officials could be appointed with sole regard to their fitness for the position without breaking up the church? Where is the church which does not compromise its highest interests with the jealousies, the ambitions, and the ignorance of its members? Where is the church that is free from the compromises of political chicanery?

Surely everyone will agree that the primary function of the Church is religious—the worship and service of God. To that end, the ideal church aims to help the sinners to be saved and the righteous to be edified and rebuked (when necessary). Its function is both priestly and prophetic. On the other hand, the secular masses have no interest in the priestly function and very little in the prophetic (except when the sins of others are the subject of denunciation). Hence the Church feels the need of drawing the masses; and, having forgotten or denied the word that "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me," seeks to "draw" by every modern form of amusement—motion pictures, bridge parties, dances, and gambling devices. A cynic once commented that the motive of a Prince of the Church in boldly denouncing a Bill that proposed a State lottery was to protect the "racket" of some of his own churches that conduct many a pious "raffle" and other gambling scheme. From these remarks the reader is not to infer that every amusement offered in connection with church life is as reprehensible morally as is gambling. The point is rather that even the most innocent amusement is in danger of compromising the main function of the Church if too great attention be paid to it; moreover, it is self-defeating, for few persons drawn to the church by amusements will fail to observe that those amusements may be found in a better form outside the church. If the compromise between worship and amusement is to work, it must be more skilfully thought out than is usual.

To mention a final illustration without developing it: the Church must exercise its function within the State. Whether the Church is free or established, and whether the State is democratic or totalitarian, there arise necessary relations between Church and State. Questions of taxation, of war and peace, of religious freedom, of political corruption, of social wrongs, inevitably arise; and some compromise between the justified rights and duties of each party must be found. Sad to say, that compromise too rarely errs on the side of ecclesiastical courage. The martyr-like heroism of protesting

German pastors at the present time in both Protestant and Catholic ranks is a shining exception to the rule.

Perhaps we have shown sufficiently that our whole civilization is a structure of compromises and that this situation is inevitable, as long as society is imperfect. The data of the problem are before us.

III.

We are now ready to ask why compromise is so necessary in a world in which almost every person feels a yearning for perfection. Whether the yearning for perfection is the main drive of a person's life or is almost negligible in the presence of conflicting purposes, every act of every person is directed toward some sort of end. The attempt to achieve any end is sometimes entirely frustrated by conditions, is often only partially successful, and is always attended by collateral consequences, some of which are, from the point of view of the end desired, evils. The "good" man and the "bad" man and the morally neutral man (if such there be) are all in the same boat; their striving entails necessary consequences which conflict with their purposes.

Almost all effort is, in the very nature of the conditions, a compromise either unconscious or conscious. The moral indifferentist and the moral rigorist, for very different reasons, agree that it is better to be unconscious of the fact and the effects of compromise rather than to face it consciously with intelligence and moral purpose. The indifferentist takes compromise for granted so completely that it is no problem to him. The rigorist detests it so heartily that he either flatly denies its existence or glories in ignoring it; his rejection of compromise feeds his martyr-complex.

But is it not the duty of moral reason to confront the necessity of compromise with a firm resolve to make *the best* of it? Can moral reason evade what I have called "The Law of the Best Possible"?[7] If compromise is necessary is not intelligent compromise obligatory? By intelligent compromise I mean the attempt to achieve the maximum attainable value in the situation and its consequences, while always, of course, refusing to compromise the formal obligation to sincerity. Any conscious compromise (if formally right) is better than any unconscious compromise; for at least it recognizes a problem and makes an attempt at a solution. Even an unwise compromise is superior to the pride of inaction, and to the boast of "no ready-made blue print of Utopia", which the incompetent or desperate use to rationalize their failure to participate in the remaking of society. Thus compromise is inherent in reason itself.

Compromise is also necessary for survival. If one believes that the capitalistic order is so wrong that no compromise with it is tolerable, the path of duty is clear. Nothing can be bought or sold or used that has been made under that system. If in the past one has

[7] See Brightman, *Moral Laws*, Chap. IX.

profited by the system, it is now one's duty to eradicate all traces of that profit from existence—not by giving it to others (for that would inject life into the system), but by destroying it. Not material profits alone should be destroyed, but also psychological ones. Every memory of every printed book, of every idea imparted by an educational system with paid teachers, of every sermon preached by a pastor with a salary, all this and more must be blotted out. He who would not compromise with capitalism must, therefore, live apart from civilization, spending his time largely in an effort to forget everything he knows. Such a person will soon perish in misery. He cannot survive. Some degree of compromise with the system in which we live is necessary to life.

Furthermore, compromise is necessary for social co-operation, until all men are endowed with spontaneously harmonious social desires and with equal intelligence which arrives at identical results in all. Where is there a group with which an alert and thoughtful individual can agree completely? Our survey has not revealed any such. Certain noncompromisers have supposed that membership in a church, especially in the clergy, was in some uniquely sinister sense a compromise of ideals. But where is there an institution—university, legislature, court of law, newspaper, nation—the official acts and deliverances of which do not do violence to the convictions of many of its best members? And is not the refusal to co-operate with a church an even worse compromise with the social ideal than is co-operation with a church with which one does not wholly agree?

For yet another reason, compromise in social matters is necessary. All social action is by individuals under more or less social restraint. There is therefore bound to be a conflict between freedom and authority. Either a certain amount of freedom must be surrendered; or authority will occasionally be disobeyed. Thus social process embodies a movement that may be called the dialectic of liberalism. Social authority always leads sooner or later to individual revolt. The revolting individuals form a new social authority and so on for ever in every liberal institution. Wise indeed is the institution which, understanding this law, provides the means for its own change. Only democracy possesses this wisdom to any useful extent.

But the necessity for compromise arises also from a very different source. It follows from any belief in God or in objectively valid ideals. On the one hand, there is the Truth, God's will, the Platonic Idea of Justice. On the other hand, there is my knowledge, the only finality in which is that it is not final. Every act of mine must in some measure fall short of the ideal truth. The Roman Catholic believes that he can largely avoid the need of compromise by submitting to the authority of the Church; yet not even the Catholic believes that the Pope himself is infallible in all matters. Whether

one is Catholic or Jew, Protestant or "German Christian", humanist or atheist, one must necessarily compromise the absolute truth about the Good by virtue of his ignorance. Morality, of course, cannot ask us to perform the impossible. "We ought, therefore we can". But the best possible too often not only violates the will of God, but also leads to tragic results for human welfare. Here we have objectively necessary compromise.

IV.

We may now conclude by stating a few possible inferences from our survey of compromise. These inferences are not intended as any adequate solution. They are only suggestions growing out of an essay which has had to be confined to a statement of the problem.

1. Everyone should face and acknowledge the necessity of much compromise in the sense of responsible participation in social systems, institutions, and processes, of which the conscientious individual cannot wholly approve.

2. The worst compromises are the blind ones, the unconscious betrayals of the ideal.

3. The pretence of absolutism should be abolished. No one can be an absolutely uncompromising supporter of Capitalism, Communism, Fascism, War, the Church, or any other social process or system.

4. Within any situation of compromise, degrees are possible. Some compromises are shameful, some praiseworthy. Every morally justifiable compromise is one judged to be the best possible in itself and in its consequences.

5. Liberals need to learn to compromise consciously and co-operatively. Without surrender of independent judgment, they must prize and achieve agreement on social questions with as much enthusiasm as they have traditionally prized and achieved difference of opinion. Otherwise social leadership will be wholly taken over by those whose compromises are made without regard to ideal values.

6. A more detailed definition of the goal of social process is needed; if you please, a "blue print of Utopia"—economic, political, moral, religious. Without it, social endeavour is "blind empirical groping".

7. The technique of democracy requires new applications for the enforcing of new and radical social compromises. It is not within the province of this essay to attempt to draw the precise line between justifiable violence in self-defence or defence of one's family or in the use of the police power, on the one hand, and the self-destructive violence of class war and international war, on the other. Suffice it to say that every possible decision is a compromise, since the non-resister is undeniably responsible for the deaths which occur through his inaction.

8. In a world of compromise, the social mission of religion cannot be to preach withdrawal from that world, either into monastic seclusion or into doctrines which identify religion with ritual or with other-worldly interests. Any such religion is a counsel of despair and can serve only to encourage evil forces. The social mission of religion, rather, is to acknowledge the communal responsibility of each and all for the sinful order of society and to accept the social task thus imposed. The legitimate inference from our study of compromise is not acquiescence in the *status quo,* but heightened obligation to improve it. For the Christian this means co-operation with God and trust in Him, yet with no supine eschatological quietism, for the signs of the times cry aloud for a Christian social revolution. What this might be in detail is another story; a story on which the future course of history depends.

THE MUSINGS OF A SEMI-VICTORIAN.

By H. F. Keep, J.P.
(*Carrs Lane, Birmingham*)

A "Semi-Victorian" is a person who has lived half his life in Queen Victoria's reign and half outside it. But what of the "Musings"? There are so many fields in which the occupation of musing—so satisfying to the aged muser, but so boring to everyone else—can be indulged. So may I at once relieve readers of any fears that I am going to try and show that the Victorian age was immeasurably better than our age: or that, in spite of the speed-merchants and road-hogs, the film-fans and the jazz-fiends, the sun-bathers and the hikers and the caravan-campers, the nudists and the cubists and the wearers of shirts of many colours, I want to put the clock back. I believe, in spite of all these little troubles, that England in 1936 gives far greater opportunities for a fuller life to the vast majority of the population than it has ever done before. But because of the greater freedom that has come to us I think we must all have observed that it is not uncommon to find a sort of tolerant pity for those unfortunate people who endured the limitations of hansom-cabs and growlers and knife-board omnibuses, of crinolines and wasp-waist corsets or frock coats and stove-pipe hats, of bathing machines, of a sport-less world that knew nothing of lawn tennis or golf, and whose speediest method of locomotion was first a bone-shaker and then a velocipede; a world where week-ending was almost unknown and where respectability and convention were the gods whom all were expected to worship and obey, and where people lived in houses and not in flats.

I want to recall to myself, and create for you, something of the atmosphere into which those of us who were born in say the eighteen-sixties entered. As I can only speak with first-hand knowledge of that which I have myself experienced, I am afraid this means that my article will strongly resemble an autobiography, which will probably be very similar to that of the great mass of my contemporaries who lived in the same middle-class Nonconformist sphere of life.

My father was born in 1831 at Newport Pagnell, a little town in Buckinghamshire, then a much more important place than it is to-day. My grandfather (born in 1790) was the ironmonger in the little town, and to judge by his likeness in the vestry at Carrs Lane, he was a stern and distinctly unsentimental old gentleman. I think my father told me once that he never remembered him playing with his children. He was a pillar of the Congregational Church at Newport Pagnell. The old chapel has been pulled down, but one wall still stands. I was told that against it the pulpit stood, and behind the pulpit there are traces of a door which they say was the means of escape for the minister in times of persecution. In the chapel grave-

yard there is a small thatch-covered hovel which was the original meeting house for the first little company of men and women who dared to stand for freedom, and for a purer conception of what church membership meant. Church rates were compulsory and I believe my grandfather refused to pay them and had his goods distrained upon in consequence.

In such places, with the atmosphere kept at a high temperature by the parson and the dissenting minister, who can wonder that there was little love lost between Church and Chapel? My grandfather, showing Canterbury Cathedral to my father when he was a lad, said: "My boy, that is the very home of the Beast". I will not say that bitter spirit persisted in my father, but he was always suspicious of "Churchy" people, who seemed to him to be well on the way to Rome!

In 1840 old John Keep moved to Birmingham with his family of six sons and two daughters. He had purchased a hardware factoring business, in Russell Street. He immediately joined the Church at Carrs Lane and became a devoted disciple of John Angell James. My father, then only a schoolboy, followed in due course, but soon settled in Northampton, where he became apprenticed to a miller. It was a hard and dusty occupation, but at any rate it was healthy, and he owed much of his physical health and strength to those years. But he owed more than that. He joined the Congregational Church at King Street, Northampton, and so became acquainted with many smaller churches in the district. One of these was at Creaton—eight miles away—and one of the stalwarts there was a gentleman named Bunting. He was a wool stapler at Spratton, another little village close to Creaton, and also was blessed with a large family—eight sons and three daughters. My father lost his heart to one of old Mr. Bunting's daughters, named with prim appropriateness Mary Georgiana. Here are two healthy family stocks out of which any man may be proud to have sprung. Severely limited in all material resources, they lived self-reliant, God-fearing lives and found their happiness in the pleasures of their homes, and their little village chapels.

My grandfather's business, Keep & Hinckley, prospered, and as no opening was available in the milling trade my father—Frederick—moved to Birmingham and entered the firm. My grandfather shortly after retired and moved to Selly Oak where he died in 1857 at Griffin Hill, one of the houses incorporated, I believe, into the Selly Oak Colleges. Early in the 1850's Australia began to attract many settlers, and several of my uncles went out to try their fortunes there. Some succeeded: others failed to make good. But to my father, who had now joined his brother Joseph as Keep Brothers, it meant the opening up of an exporting business, which, in a few years, justified them in concentrating all their energies on its conduct and in

disposing of the factoring business. Here again is an element that was typical of the times. To-day we are all travellers and the ends of the earth are only a few days distant. But then my uncles used at rare intervals to come home with bronzed faces and bushy beards, bringing with them not only curios that were not made in Birmingham and exported to sell to credulous tourists and "cruisers", but a spice of the romance of colonial life, with its adventures and stories of fortunes made and lost in the newly discovered gold diggings. My own father, too, was a considerable traveller on the Continent. Business took him to the Balkans at a time when travelling was no "joy-ride". He lay at death's door, in Kustenje, with what I was always told was "Turkish Fever", but was probably typhoid. He went abroad for his summer holidays and tramped and roamed about Central Europe year after year. In 1870 he was at Oberammergau, and sat next to the Prince of Wales who was there in strict incognito.

As my father was a man of strong character and individuality I must try to indicate to what extent he charged the atmosphere in his home with his energy and zeal for good works. In 1857 the Chapel at Francis Road was built to celebrate John Angell James's ministerial jubilee at Carrs Lane. My father was one of the members transferred to the new church, in exactly the same way as we continue to transfer members to-day to Hall Green, Kingstanding, or any of the new churches Carrs Lane has helped to found in the ever widening circle of suburbs.

It was a happy event for him, for much as he admired Dr. Dale, soon to become sole pastor at Carrs Lane, I don't think he appreciated him as a preacher: he was too theological and "modern" for my father's very simple evangelical faith. Anyway, henceforth Francis Road formed the centre of all his interests outside his family and his business. Society meant nothing to him: I don't remember that he ever went out to a dinner party; theatres and public entertainments were an abomination to him.

He was a fluent speaker, and gave an immense amount of time to a Mission Room in Sherborne Street, Ladywood. He was a devoted and welcome visitor among the poor, and there was hardly a courtyard in the very poor streets of that part of Ladywood that did not know him well.

For over 40 years he was the Superintendent of the Francis Road Sunday Schools, and morning and afternoon saw him the first to arrive and the last to leave. Strange to say, one of my earliest memories is of the teachers he brought home after Sunday School in the afternoon, when they enjoyed fruit and a glass of wine! (This was before afternoon teas became a social habit.) But this could not have lasted long, for he soon became an almost fanatical teetotaller and wore a "Blue Ribbon" for years. He used to say that as a

young man engaged in hard manual work there was nothing he enjoyed so much as a glass of beer and bread and cheese, thus forestalling the modern slogan "Beer is Best!" This is a very significant indication of the strength of his convictions when any moral issue was involved. In all matters of personal expenditure he was most economical. He only used hansom-cabs to carry luggage, and hardly ever did I see him in an omnibus. It is strange how that type of economy becomes a real and almost tyrannical matter of principle. In our dining room, which was also the common sitting room (the "drawing room" being used only for visitors, and "lounges" unheard of!) there was a three light gasolier. He would never allow more than two burners to be used, and as soon as the last of us had gone up to bed he jumped up and turned out one of the two we had been using. With this narrowness in the matter of personal expense, he was a generous donor to philanthropic and denominational causes, but his benefactions were never advertised.

He cared nothing for "Sport" and played no games outside his home and garden. He was stern in his puritanism when any question of indulgence or extravagance was involved: but he was full of fun with us children and joined in all our table and garden games.

Of my mother I can say little. She was a truly saintly woman: utterly unselfish: giving her whole life to the service of her husband and children and such Church work as her strength and leisure allowed. Her religion was inseparably bound up with her daily life, and literally and actually it was at her knee that we were told the simple stories of the Bible.

So, into a home warm with the personalities and spirit of such parents I was born in 1864.

To my great loss I never went to King Edward's School—the "Grammar School" as it was always called. But from 1872 to 1876 I was at a Quakers' School in Gough Road kept by a gentle and strictly orthodox Friend named George Ashford, who "thee'd" and "thou'd" us in true Biblical style. From 1876 to 1880 I was at Tettenhall College, then in the heyday of its most prosperous times.

I succeeded in passing the Cambridge Local Examination three times, the last with First Class Honours. But just after I was 16 and beginning to make some educational progress there was an opening in my father's office for a boy and I was taken away to begin my commercial career for a salary of 5s. a week, which I have no doubt was as much as I was worth.

In considering the influences that worked on me during those Victorian years my school days must be credited (or debited) with their full share. I was happy in the friends I made at Tettenhall, and in my work and the school games, and yet I shall never be convinced that it is the best thing in all cases to take a boy of 12 years

out of his home and throw him into the company of a crowd of lads, many of whom must necessarily be undesirable companions. Of Tettenhall at the present time I hear nothing but good, and I doubt if a healthier or better school can be found. But I cannot suggest that in any marked degree, whether favourable or otherwise, my days at school were remarkable. We were left very much to ourselves out of school hours. Cricket and Rugby football and fives were played with enthusiasm; the small boys played marbles and swopped stamps; and there was a swimming bath and a good gymnasium.

But in those days there were no School Clubs, or Holiday Camps, or lectures from distinguished visitors; Scouting of course was unheard of.

On Sundays we were marched down to Queen Street, Wolverhampton, in the morning, and at evening we went to the School Chapel, where I never remember anyone else preaching in those four years except the School Secretary, a little dried-up old man, the Rev. Philip P. Rowe. He was a complete nonentity, and not a single word that fell from his lips ever held my attention for an instant. Chapel was, frankly, a horrid bore and filled no higher place in my estimation than any other part of the school routine. In many respects, boarding schools in 1935 are run on better lines than they were in 1876. School life is always a great adventure, and probably some of the best things we learn there are outside the ordinary curriculum.

But Tettenhall gave me one priceless treasure, through my casually meeting an old schoolfellow named Bidlake, ten years afterwards. I was invited for a week-end to his home near Leicester, and before I got out of the wagonette that carried me to that delightful home I knew that my fate was sealed. Intimacy with that home during 1889 and 1890 widened my outlook considerably. My friends there were Church people, and through them I saw something of the happiest side of Anglicanism. Quiet evangelical country churches, free from the bustle and activities of Chapel life at Francis Road or Carrs Lane, presented a form of worship which was quite new to me, and, in some respects, strangely attractive. I think this epoch in my story is very typical of the period I am trying to describe. To leave behind, on alternate Sundays, the crowded services at Carrs Lane where Dr. Dale in the plenitude of his powers was proclaiming his message of Life in Christ, and sending out under its inspiration hosts of men and women to undertake all kinds of public work: to leave, too, the work in the Slum Mission rooms where I helped on Sunday evenings, and to pass to the serenity of a village church which we reached by field-paths, and where what is called "Church Work" seemed to be confined to decorating it at

Easter and Christmas—all this meant a change of atmosphere that provoked very distinct reactions. It is only typical of the changes within and without the Church that that particular church is now surrounded by houses, and its old-world serenity has been washed away by a flood of bricks and mortar.

My mother died in 1896, and not long afterwards my father had to undergo an operation that crippled him, and left him an invalid until he died on Easter Day, 1904. Two trips to South Africa in 1889 and 1891 stand out in memory. The Witwatersrand Goldfields had only been discovered in 1887, and Johannesburg, which it took me three days to reach by coach from Kimberley, was a city of galvanized iron houses, standing on the virgin soil of the veldt, which was distributed in clouds of red-dust by every breeze from heaven.

I married in June, 1891, and spent five happy years at Kings Norton. During those years I attended the Parish Church and taught in the Sunday Schools there. It was a valuable experience that left me a more convinced and, I hope, more intelligent Nonconformist than I had ever been before. In 1896 we moved to Edgbaston, and there seems every probability that I shall end my life within a few hundred yards from the house where I began it.

All that I have said can do nothing more than to present a sketchy picture of my uneventful career. But I now want to try to get behind the canvas and describe the sort of life that I lived. Naturally it was conditioned by my own temperament and tastes as well as by the circumstances I have tried to describe.

At the end of the century Queen Victoria passed away: the South African War crashed into the orderly development of the British Empire, and was the forerunner of vital changes in its constitution. Edward VII's brief reign witnessed amazing demonstrations of the wealth and luxury of the aristocratic classes, and of those who had made fortunes during the long period of Britain's pre-eminence in, and practical monopoly of, world trade.

The era of the motor car was just dawning, but for a time few foresaw the immense repercussions which that invention would have upon civilization throughout the world. And the most awe-inspiring and creative event that has ever happened in our history, the War of 1914 to 1918, was still undreamed of, and would have been pronounced as inconceivable. Personally I find it increasingly difficult to relate those Victorian days to this world of cinemas and radios, and the ceaseless flood of motor vehicles in town and country: to a world of revolution and the ruthless bloody annihilation of old dynasties and forms of government, and the setting up of despotisms that deny liberty of thought and exalt the autocracy of the State: to a world where the Christian religion as it has been expressed in organized

Churches both Catholic and Protestant is flouted and challenged, and is now in many places on the defensive: to a world where the old maxims of political economy and all the inherited rules of international trade, are scrapped, and confusion introduced by "managed currencies" and artificial barriers erected between the nations: and where our leaders walk in confessed darkness that no previous experience or precedents can illumine. And yet in this strange world that seems to be ushering in some new social revolution, family life goes on: children are born and grow up and pass out to make their own ways, apparently quite indifferent to the ominous clouds that the generation which is passing away fearfully anticipates. If, therefore, the simple records of my life may seem trivial, perhaps, on reflection, they may be found of some value in suggesting how one generation almost imperceptibly leads into another, and that the most modern ideas are really only the development of other people's thoughts.

Let me assume that our lives can be fairly divided into three main sections. One of these must be that portion which has to be devoted to the duties and obligations that cannot be avoided if we are to provide for ourselves and our dependants. A second part is concerned with all the social, recreational and cultural activities of life: and the third (while closely allied to both the others) relates to that part of our lives given to the claims of the spiritual part of our natures with its unwritten but real demands, and its cultivation by fellowship with others. My daily work, my home life, and the life of my soul—they all mingle with one another to make up the complete life, it is true, and yet may be analysed and described separately in their relation to my so-called Victorian period.

Business as carried on from 1880 to 1900 was in many ways widely different from modern practice. There was a striking and lamentable absence of efficient mechanical help. If a letter or an invoice had to be duplicated it was not a matter of putting a number of carbon sheets between your paper and tapping the keys of a typewriter. Every line was hand-written in thick copying ink, and the letter, or document, was then placed against a judiciously damped tissue sheet and squeezed in a copying press. For a larger number of copies a still thicker ink was used, and the sheet pressed on a gelatinous mixture from which further impressions were taken. These processes called for good handwriting, and great care in copying, or the results were disastrous. When figures had to be added up the only way of doing it was by putting into practice the rules of addition. Similarly the human brain alone could subtract, divide, or multiply, and the clerk who was quick and accurate in such operations deserved all the remuneration he received! There were no telephones, and the office boy had to know his way all over Birming-

ham and be sharp in getting from one end to the other. Mails from abroad did not pour in by air and mailboats on every day in the week. There was a fortnightly mail to and from Australia, and a monthly one from New Zealand. Cabling was very expensive, and elaborate cable-codes were used to economize words and so save cost. Business was much more personal than now. There were few Limited Companies with Secretaries and Managing Directors, and when I say that I well remember the original Joseph Lucas coming into our office carrying a new type of hurricane lamp called "The Tom Bowling" he had invented it will be understood what I mean.

It was the merchant's job to know the heads of the manufacturing firms personally and on the Exchange, and on those great occasions which were known as the "Ironmasters' Quarter Days" negotiations were settled verbally between principals, which led to an intimacy and personal intercourse which was very pleasant.

But I cannot dwell longer upon the details of business life fifty years ago. My own general impressions are that it involved a good deal of hard work, and long hours, and very small pay compared with what boys and young men receive to-day. For myself I lived near enough to walk into town and out, as I still do; but whereas to-day the majority of the young men and women who work all day in the city live in suburbs which may be five or six miles away and consequently have to travel back and fro by bus or tram, in 1880 to 1900 the migration to distant suburbs, although it had begun, was not very serious. The country lanes and fields lay much nearer the centre of the town, and when once you had cycled past Small Heath or Sparkbrook or Moseley Village or beyond the Fountain in Hagley Road, you were well on your way to fine country, and so, on many an evening, I used to get on my "penny-farthing" bicycle and ride out on the Coventry Road to Stonebridge and get home in time for supper. This of course was not "business", but it colours my memory, and these bicycle rides, or rambles with a friend in fields and lanes say near Harborne which are now lost under a wilderness of houses, seem to me to "round off" a tiring day's work in a quiet way that would be impossible to-day.

The transition from this section to some account of our amusements and recreations is easy. But I must go back to earlier days. As a lad, with my brothers and sisters to provide company, we found most of our amusements at home. We were fortunate in having the garden as our playground, and when lawn tennis first began to "come in" we followed the craze by hitting a ball over a cord stretched between two sticks. A proper net followed later. But in the winter evenings it was almost unknown that we should go to town to seek amusement. Theatres and even pantomimes were on the parental "Index" and I never saw a play till I had left school. We played

a good many simple table games, and at rare intervals an ancient folding bagatelle board was produced. We were all fond of drawing and painting; and music was going on at all hours. There were no gramophones and no wireless, of course, so we had to manufacture our own music, and everybody was brought in to do something. Do families now ever sing glees or part songs, or hymns on Sunday evening? or do they sing their way through the great oratorios of Handel and Mendelssohn? or do they take their music when they go out to a friend's house? In the Christmas holidays there were children's parties, functions which I confess I rather dreaded, at any rate until the first stiffness had worn off and we got down to the charades which invariably formed the climax! There was a wonderful show called "Hamilton's Panorama" which came to Birmingham (Curzon Hall) every winter. It was quite innocuous or we should not have been allowed to go. A long roll of canvas on which was painted Niagara Falls, or street scenes, or even mountain scenery, was slowly wound across the stage. In the sense that this was certainly a "moving picture" it was a precursor of the Cinema—but the resemblance began and ended there! "Pepper's Ghost", a conjuring illusion; and lectures illustrated by magic lanterns, or "Dissolving Views"; and on rare occasions a Circus (also at Curzon Hall) I think complete the modest list of entertainments that we visited.

Later I became what in modern slang would be called a "Concert Fan". Apart from the Great Triennial Festival which enjoyed a national reputation, there were at least three sets of concerts to patronize: Stockley's Philharmonic, Harrison's, and The Festival Choral. Harrison's, which was considered extremely fashionable, was too expensive for me to subscribe to, but occasionally I went to hear some great star performer—Sims Reeves, Maas, Edward Lloyd, Foli, Santley, Patti, Madame Patey, Trebelli, Albani. The men, with white kid gloves, declaimed with their glorious voices songs like "Come into the Garden, Maud", Tosti's "Good-night, Beloved", "The Last Watch", and a host of other melodious ballads which are never heard to-day. But it was to the Festival Choral Society and its performances of the great oratorios that I was a devotee. Oratorios are quite out-of-date now, a significant sign of the times. Operas, whether "Grand" or "Comic", are to my semi-Victorian mind a poor substitute. I sometimes think that we must look to the fine choirs of some of our Nonconformist churches to sustain the tradition of choral singing.

In describing my social life at this period I must pay something more than passing tribute to a memorable friendship. That, fortunately, is a common and joyous possession of mankind in every age, and I do not know that my intimate association with Thornton Thomson from 1880 till he died in 1886 was marked by any

"Victorian" characteristics. Hardly a day or a night in those six years separated us. We tramped with our cumbersome old knapsacks in Scotland, Ireland, and the Vosges in days before hiking was fashionable. My friend was a young man (he died when he was 26) of truly remarkable personality and great gifts, which never found their natural expression in his clerical work at the Birmingham Joint Stock Banking Company. But there was close friendship between his family of four sisters and my own, and for several years we "ran" a magazine called "Pleasant Pages" between the two homes. It was in manuscript, and indeed the principal function of the so-called editor was to copy out our contributions. I never heard that the editors (they changed by rotation) ever rejected any contributions, though they applied a lot of pressure to obtaining them! But to turn over those old magazines now is to put the clock back as nothing else can do. It is not the merit of the articles, poetry, and illustrations—brilliant as many of those by the Thomson family are—that speaks of the age when they saw the light, but the whole-hearted, carefree, spirit in which two families found their most boisterous hours of merriment; not in turning on the radio, or changing a gramophone record, or seeing the latest screen star, or making up parties for (say) the *Palais de Danse*, but in the exchange of wit and repartee and good-natured personalities, and jokes about the things that went on at Francis Road, which formed the subject of many a screaming farce.

Holidays? From my earliest infant days when we were taken to Barmouth or Llandudno (and I remember we always took a tin bath with us, because seaside lodgings in those days, however superior, rarely boasted a bath room—any more than our own house in Westbourne Road did for many of my earliest years) I have continued to look upon my summer holiday as the crown of all the year's happiness. And so, through the years when I went on my own with some friend, about England or Scotland or the Continent, to the time when I took my wife and my own children to Tenby or Bude or Seascale or Cromer, there is no more delightful memory to link with Victorian days. The reserved railway carriage, the picnics in a wagonette or brake whose two, or three, horses always waited at the bottom of any steepish hill for the passengers to dismount and "push behind" to help them up: the sailing boats (not to be named in the same breath as a modern boat with a raucous "out-board" engine): these, and many indescribable memories, all speak of a greater break with the routine of city life than I believe is common to-day when every road and lane is thronged with "charries" and when the holiday maker's personal acquaintance with a place seems to be often confined to "bed and breakfast", or even a "desirable camping ground"!

Turning to cultural influences, reading and politics have a very

distinct Victorian flavour. I was, and unfortunately still am, an omnivorous and terribly unsystematic reader. I often think that if I had read a quarter, or a tenth, of the books that I have bought, or borrowed from libraries, and had really thought about them and mastered their spirit as well as their superficial contents, I should be a well-read man. And to have been steeped in the best Victorian literature would indeed be a liberal education.

The centre of interest in politics to-day is largely international, and the old Party lines have broken down as wider interests have superseded the old domestic issues. But to understand some of the major thrills of Victorian Politics you must remember that every little boy "was born alive, a Liberal or Conservative". There was no organized Labour or Socialist Party in sight.

The issues that the two great Parties fought about were, as I think of them in retrospect and through the mist of years, essentially those of Privilege and Opportunity. The Tories stood for the Established Church, the great Military and Naval Services, the blessings of our Aristocracy with its mansions and landed estates and wealth, its culture, its exclusiveness. They opposed extension of the Franchise, and dreaded the transfer of education from the control of the Church to popularly elected Boards. They knew the old closed ranks had been broken, and that wealthy manufacturers and brewers and financiers jostled with the great historic families for front seats. But there still remained that sense of possession, not necessarily acquired by the personal merit or ability of the possessor, but inherited by him as the representative of a superior class in society. And in those late Victorian days, crude Chartism and theories of People's Rights had developed into a scientific school of politics, represented by the Liberals who were the advance guard of the old Whigs, and who were themselves somewhat jealous of the growing importance of their own Left Wing—the Radical Party. In the days that saw me emerge from a schoolboy into a young man one man and one man only captured the imagination and claimed the enthusiastic loyalty of my mind—Joe Chamberlain. Don't tell me that he was only a pushing, self-made, ambitious politician. It is false; but I am not going to stop to argue about that, nor indeed about any of the items in his "Unauthorized Programme". My point is this—and I throw it down with confidence as my challenge to this generation—has there been any statesman from those days to these who could command one fraction of the enthusiasm of Joseph Chamberlain, Gladstone, or Disraeli? Those were three great political leaders, when politics were indeed politics. Can you translate yourself into the atmosphere of a meeting say of the Liberal Two Thousand at the Town Hall? We stood on the floor, all seats were removed and strong barriers were strategically erected to stop the swaying masses from

damaging themselves and the very building itself. After an hour's wait, while songs were sung and everybody cheered when some local politician (who tried to look as if he didn't know what it was all about) took his seat on the platform, just before the hour for beginning struck the great organ burst out with "See the Conquering Hero Comes", and "Joe", with his eyeglass and orchid, and accompanied by a bodyguard of his supporters which always included Dr. Dale, took their seats, amid our frantic yells. What he said and how he said it do not concern me here, but when everything else is forgotten that memory of real vital heart-searching politics—whether you call it Party or not—remains. It was a time when the social conscience which had slumbered during the long years of England's commercial monopoly and industrial prosperity was being roused by Liberal voices, and Birmingham to its eternal credit and almost entirely due to its Nonconformist traditions led the way. We are far from the end of social reform to-day, but we are following in the trail blazed by those great reformers of the '80s in education, housing, and religious equality.

So much has been written and said about the religious atmosphere of the closing days of the last century and the, apparently, unbridgeable gulf that divides those days from now that I need say little. Let me, however, as one who imbibed that old atmosphere from his earliest days and who gradually breathed a purer air, say a few words of my own experiences. I have lived (and I confess it without contrition) in a "Chapel" environment nearly all my life. As a child I was taken to Francis Road, and my mother always carried with her some sweets or lozenges to keep herself and us awake! They were needed. The minister, G. B. Johnson, was a heavy and dull preacher. In those earliest days I remember he preached in a gown, and just before the sermon he pulled on a pair of black kid gloves. Don't ask me why: I am telling you a fact, not explaining it! I remember he preached for three consecutive Sundays on the text "As his name is, so is he", and as a last challenge to this generation I defy any youthful reader of the *Congregational Quarterly* to say offhand where that sermon-provoking text is to be found. Mr. Johnson left Francis Road after he had worn out the patience of even that long-suffering congregation. Even then his going cleft the church and caused divisions that were never healed. He was succeeded by the Rev. W. F. Clarkson, who recently passed away in honoured old age. In his *régime* I became a Church member, but it was not through any appeal to my emotions from my minister, who, excellent man as he was, struck no sparks from my soul.

My friend Thornton Thomson simply asked me one day why I didn't "join the Church", and as after discussion it seemed a most reasonable and proper thing to do, I was duly admitted. I speak

with hesitation here, because it introduces a large subject, but admission to Church membership in those days and for long afterwards was looked on as a much more momentous step than it is now. Here again I cannot stop to inquire into this fact: perhaps I am mistaken, but I think not. I taught in the Sunday Schools and became Superintendent of the Mission School at Sherborne Street, besides giving a large amount of time to week-day Literary and Musical (but not Dramatic!) Societies and similar organizations. About 1887 I left Francis Road and joined Carrs Lane. For several years I had gone down every Sunday night to hear Dr. Dale, and there again was an experience that cannot easily be reproduced. During the five years I was living at Kings Norton I practically ceased any active connexion with Carrs Lane, but I would not resign as I always felt it was my spiritual home and I should return to it.

In 1895 Dr. Dale died and my return to Edgbaston and Carrs Lane in 1896 coincided with Dr. Jowett's electrifying advent. In this realm more than any other "comparisons are odious". But I can say with confidence that no one who lived in those glowing days at Carrs Lane and worked under such an inspiring teacher and leader as John Henry Jowett can look back on those wonderful years without emotion.

Those, in briefest outline, are the main external religious influences to which I was subject in that period of my life. There remains the inner, unseen and yet, perhaps, more potent inspiration due to one's own reading and thought, but which of course was all shaped and influenced by the outward environment. (Incidentaliy may I say that my most creative and delightful seasons for reading have always been half-an-hour before breakfast. If you have had a similar experience you will be able to confirm that, looking backwards, the list of *solid* books that can be read, and to a large extent remembered, by the systematic use of a few minutes each day spread over a period of years is rather startling.)

The religious life of my parents was largely practical. My mother read her "Daily Light" and her Bible: my father added to his Bible reading such books as Spurgeon's sermons and missionary adventures. I don't think they cared for, or greatly trusted, any directly theological literature. Although they did not force their views on us, they firmly believed in the direct and infallible Inspiration of the Authorised Version of the English Bible. I never heard that they ever troubled because amid all the versions and translations of the Scriptures there are corruptions of the original text. The Bible was God's word, and if there were obvious inconsistencies in it, or sayings which could not square with our natural sense, or incidents in the *Old Testament* which were out of harmony with the teachings of Jesus, they passed them over in the firm belief that in another world all would be explained.

Friendship with a remarkable minister, William McLaren, confirmed my growing doubts as to the Inerrancy of Holy Scripture (as it was called), and I could take you straight to the spot in a certain room where, in great disturbance of spirit, I first felt convinced that the old traditional view of Inspiration was wrong. And so Eternal Punishment became incredible, and I absorbed with wonder and gratitude Edward White's doctrine of "Conditional Immortality, or Life in Christ". Dr. Dale's teaching, the extraordinary spiritual insight of my friend Thornton and of his equally independent-minded father, and my own observations as I made more contacts with a larger world, led me into wider, and I believe truer, fields of thought.

What is left to me of the narrower days? An abiding sense of the quiet confidence and peace of mind of a generation that was not disturbed by critical speculations or more than the first mutterings of a conflict between science and religion: the memory of family prayers every morning and evening: the simple satisfaction and unselfish pleasure derived from lives devoted to good works: the unshaken confidence in a heaven to come which was to be the eternal home of those who were "saved by faith in Christ".

Probably I have failed in my attempt to recreate the spirit of those closing years of Victoria's reign, even in the narrow limits of one man's experience. So far as I have succeeded it is not likely that I have stirred up a desire in anybody to step back and change the freedom that the younger generation enjoys to-day for the stricter conventions and discipline of the period we have been considering. For I know full well that the comfort of the prosperous middle-classes that glows so warmly through the haze of memory throws into darker relief the depressing conditions that prevailed in the slums and alleys of Birmingham.

But though it may seem that there was smugness and even hypocrisy in all that era of prim respectability and religious observances when it was expected that a future material heaven or hell would redress the awful injustices of earth, both in politics and in the Churches there were clarion voices that were already awakening sluggish consciences, and were helping to form a healthier and more sensitive public opinion. The men and women of 1936 have not created those marvellous opportunities for a fuller life that are open to all classes of society to-day; they are only entering into the heritage which has been made possible by preceding generations, and especially by those steadfast souls who, in divine discontent with things as they were, gave themselves up to the laborious task of shaping a new and better world.

NEW ENGLAND: OLD AND NEW.

By the Rev. W. T. Whitley, M.A., LL.D.

English Free Church men read with pride how the Pilgrims left from Southampton and Plymouth, founding a new Plymouth beyond Cape Cod; how they established a home for free religious worship. They know how from the eastern coast a steady stream of migration began to flow, how patriotic sons built a new Boston, a new Cambridge, a new Springfield, till more than a hundred villages of Essex and East Anglia had daughter townships in a New England. They may know how the churches oversea worked out an ecclesiastical system, mainly Congregational with a dash of Presbyterianism, so stable that they were able to levy taxes for the support of their worship till little more than a century ago. They have certainly read with delight the verses of many men who breathed this air, Whittier with his love of freedom, Longfellow with his tales of the early days, Oliver Wendell Holmes with the poems bejeweling his breakfast-table monologues. Who has not enjoyed the story of the deacon's One-Hoss Shay, built with care and honesty out of the best of materials—tough old hide, found in the pit when the tanner died—which lasted for three generations till it dropped to pieces all at once, celebrating its centenary? But there are many Americans who do not know that that capital yarn is like *Pilgrim's Progress*, an allegory: Calvinism was worked up with ruthless logic into the Cambridge platform, which supported New England through many trials and adventures: but after a century many leaders suddenly realized that while they knew its formulas, they did not believe its assertions. Those who want to find a living Calvinistic community to-day should go to Tennessee: George Whitefield raised a new crop, which soon became Baptist, and was transplanted to the West, where it flourishes abundantly.

New England is celebrating a number of tercentenaries; Connecticut had hers last year; now it is Rhode Island's turn; while townships and cities are vying in devising pageants to tell their local stories. So an English pilgrim stocked himself with pictures of mother-towns, opened communications with the mayors, town-clerks, and librarians of their daughters, and enjoyed a historical holiday. It is demoralizing to our geography; Norfolk has no right to have planted itself on the Thames, nor Tiverton to be on an ocean bay. It makes a fascinating game to speed along marvellous roads and speculate what will be the next jolt: from Wakefield to Wickford, from Taunton to Norton, from Sudbury to Bedford; rarely was it as natural as from Chelmsford to Billerica, more usual was to take Enfield, Windsor, Hartford, Glastonbury, Marlboro, and Colchester in an hour or two.

The early settlers were intensely Biblical, and when their English patriotism ran out they christened new Hebrons and Salems. Occasionally they did not quite live up to the *Old Testament* traditions. When some settlers planted themselves at Rehoboth, the governor came to explain that their room would be preferred to their company; this occurred twice, and the former party shifted whither they felt Providence guided them, while the latter started a new Swansea. Later generations remembered the vanishing natives, and as the Indian Bible—for which Roger Williams paved the way, Cromwell's army found the funds, and John Eliot did the translation—became useless, their names were attached to towns and lakes and mountains; who would not feel romantic when paddling his canoe on Winnepesaukee?

Old New England is still to be seen. Plymouth has its bluff above the boulder of 1620, where a fine statue of an Indian chief gazes in welcome, while hard by is a communal monument to the fifty settlers who died in the first winter. Up Leyden Street are ancient buildings; the site of the Pilgrim church has its fourth edifice, and behind it is the historic burial-ground, lovingly tended, with the oldest tombstones carefully inlaid into modern frames. It still keeps up its early reputation for fishing, but has its real importance by growing cranberries and boasting the largest rope-walk in the world.

This shows how America will not live on its traditions. Tourists may find delightful old houses kept by charming old ladies who have stitched the samplers on the walls and made the elaborate patchwork quilts; but most towns have new life of their own. We may think of Newburyport as the place where Whitefield preached his last sermon on the stairway of a house, lit by one guttering candle; the town has forgotten him, and boasts of Tristram Coffin and William Lloyd Garrison. A glance at Concord; it did not forget to celebrate its tercentenary last year, it displays its monuments to the British regulars and the minute-men who in discord opened the Revolution in 1775; but it is concerned with its more recent heroes, Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau, and above all, Louisa Alcott and her *Little Women*. Its namesake in New Hampshire still shows the shingle over the law-office of Franklin Pierce, who became President; but its affection is rather for a later daughter, Mary Baker Eddy. Not far away is Newport, where Old South Church is probably the finest example of Congregational architecture in colonial days; but it is prouder that the lyric was written here, "Mary had a little lamb"; and its energies are thrown into making shoes, woollens, cottons. Newport on Rhode Island has the oldest synagogue of America, a monument alike to religious freedom and to design; the Friends' Meeting House dates from 1699; next it is the earliest Baptist meeting, now the nucleus of the Historical Society Building. This is quite typical; even the pirate period is nearly forgotten, and

the burning of a British revenue cutter which started the Revolution: the real interest of this Newport is in the mansions, beaches, yachts of millionaires from New York. The twin capital of Providence indeed has its "What Cheer" monument, where Roger Williams was greeted by the natives; the First Baptist church of 1638 has its new building of 1775 "to hold Commencements in", where the Brown University keeps the annual tradition: but the First Congregational church is now Unitarian, and the modern buildings to attract attention are Catholic, a cathedral, a church with campanile, and a college.

This is quite typical. At Cambridge near Boston, John Harvard in 1636 founded a college, as visitors to Southwark Cathedral are reminded by American piety. It has been fostered for three centuries; one of its early benefactors, John Hollis of the Baptist church at Pinners' Hall, endowing two Chairs; his example is followed this year by a local magnate bequeathing £160,000. But the doctrines dear to Harvard of Emmanuel, Cotton of Boston, and Whitefield of the world, have evolved into Unitarianism. The Old South Meeting is a museum; other "Congregational" churches of fine architecture have been sold because no worshippers of that persuasion were forthcoming, though other evangelicals bought and used them.

Indeed it may fairly be asked how far English traditions are alive in New England, apart from the mere externals of timber houses of graceful architecture on wide lawns, set far back from wide streets with double avenues of elms on each side. The astute prelates of Quebec organized a stream of migration, even as Zionists are doing into Palestine: they did not found new towns, but as the hardy inhabitants went over the Mohawk trail, up the Hudson, to settle the West, so the thrifty habitants came down Lake Champlain with their priests and bishops to fill the empty places. Ireland again contributed an ever-growing swarm, quickly recognizable in politics. News of emptying farms reached Italy, and out of the Straits of Gibraltar came the countrymen of Christopher Columbus, with statesmen to organize the Knights of Columbus who might tell in literature and pageant, or whose weights in advertisement scales could secure a good press for every item of gossip that might glorify Catholicism, while they suppressed any breath of criticism. Then Bohemians writhing under the Austrian heel heard of a land of freedom, and when authentic news came back to central Europe that there was indeed liberty, Poles began to seek in the western hemisphere what the Holy Alliance withheld from a subjugated race. The same lure attracted also Polish and Russian Jews, and negroes from the south; but while these still further diversify the racial mixture, they are less important in the ecclesiastical sphere.

Thus to-day, New England's active population has only a minority of English descent and habits. In the fields, half-naked

Czechs may be tending the tobacco crop, swarthy Italians pruning the vines or raising vegetables; by the roadside the Polack opens his filling-station for the ubiquitous motor-car, while a Frenchman attracts at nightfall with his *recherché* cuisine; and an Irishman signals the traffic at all cross-roads, or overtakes the road-hog who is doing 65 miles per hour along the finest roads planned and built since the days of the Romans.

There is one side to this progress which is disappointing. It has been an inspiration to many an Englishman to read how five young college students met for prayer under a haystack, and from their faith American Foreign Missions sprang in 1806. It was only natural to seek the town, and to seek the place. It was actually passed without recognition, and only after vain search did the explorers return, to find in a meagre low monument the only local memorial of a world-wide movement. It was with saddened hearts and misgivings that Stockbridge was approached: the granite shaft to Jonathan Edwards has no sort of appropriateness, though the massive granite boulders on the graves of his Indian converts did seem more natural. A memorial carillon tower shows that later generations do try to commemorate the work of this great leader. But quite deliberate measures are being taken to overlay and stifle these memories, to supplant them with foreign saints; and Congregationalists are hardly meeting the challenge.

These new peoples have hardly heard of Wesley or Calvin; the terms Baptist, Congregationalist, are not in their vocabulary; at the idea that Methodists or Protestants can be episcopal, they smile pityingly. And though many may fall away from the faith of their fathers, most are well looked after: beautiful brick and stone churches dot the countryside, with abundant notices as to the hours of masses; while the cities show every height crowned with a convent, a hospital, a cathedral. Nuns are picturesque on the steamboats, lay-brothers lead bands of hikers or superintend summer camps: if a city-building collapses during construction, the papers say far less about the architect, the builder, the workmen, than about the devoted priests who scramble over the debris to administer the last sacraments to the dying.

Such is the new New England. Those who would meet the old New England which we may in our backwardness think is still to be seen yonder, may do it easily. In its architecture, its habits, its simple piety, it may be seen in the villages of Old England whose names were perpetuated yonder; Billericay, Dedham, Wethersfield, the Rodings, the Chignals, Danbury, with their Congregational churches, show the old life, sustained here, though dying yonder.

THE MAN WHO FELL ON HIS FEET.

By Elliott Dodds, M.A.

When G. K. Chesterton died just over six months ago, a great light was put out. I have no excuse for adding to all that has been written about him save a boundless admiration and the memory of an extraordinary kindness; but these, I hope, may be held to warrant this tribute.

First, then, for reminiscence. One of his friends has said, "Everybody who knew Gilbert Chesterton well should write what he knew. And so we should have, not one Boswell, but a mob of Boswells, which was what G.K.C. would love". I did not know him well, but the one interview I had with him was a window on his character, and so I put it on record. I was at Mill Hill when (to quote Mr. Edward Shanks) "that new and surprising voice first began to reach schoolboys of lively curiosities". I literally hero-worshipped him, and a friend of mine (now a successful publisher) shared my enthusiasm. Eagerly we devoured everything of his on which we could lay our hands. Saturday, when his *Daily News* article appeared, was a red-letter day, and a new book from his pen an event to be celebrated with a tuck-shop orgy.

In those far-away days I dreamed of storming the Street of Adventure, and my friend cherished the same ambition. What more natural, then, than that we should seek the help of our idol, whom we regarded as the very prince of journalists? Accordingly, one fine afternoon, we sallied forth to call on him at his flat at Battersea. We had no introductions. We (or, rather, my friend, who was bolder than I) just knocked at his door and asked to see him. Several other callers were waiting, but nevertheless we were ushered into the drawing-room.

In a moment or two a heavy tread outside announced that the object of our importunities was approaching. A second more and he came lumbering into the room, filling the whole doorway with his bulk, and leaning on the sword-stick which was as much a part of the Chesterton legend as his cloak and sombrero. Having shaken hands with us as if he had known us all his life, he inquired what he could do for us, and my friend, as spokesman of the deputation, explained that we had called to ask his advice about journalism.

He accepted this quite gravely, as though he had nothing more important to do than converse with two young whipper-snappers; and then, sitting down, he talked to us for a solid hour, lunging at a foot-stool now and again to stress his points, and greeting his own jokes with great gusts of laughter which set the room rocking.

In the course of my life it has been my fate to receive (as well as give!) a good deal of advice about journalism; but none, I can

swear, has been more truly practical than that which G.K.C. poured out so generously that afternoon. "Remember", he began (and a premonitory chuckle came rumbling up from somewhere towards the bottom of his capacious waistcoat), "that I don't know half as much about Fleet Street as a great many people who take up much less room in it. I fell on my feet at once, you see".

I shall return to that remark, for now as then it seems to me symbolic of the whole man; but first let me pass on some of the hints which he gave us. "Start in the Provinces", was the first. I have taken it—and stayed there; which is not perhaps what he would have recommended! Of this none the less I am confident: that many another youngster would have made a much greater success of journalism (and incidentally saved himself much disappointment) if, instead of trying to conquer Fleet Street straight away, he had first served an apprenticeship on some provincial newspaper.

Then, "Never get discouraged. Deluge the editors with a perfect hail of arrows, and sooner or later some of them are sure to stick". Admirable counsel again; for unless the would-be journalist has the grit to "Try, try, try again", he will never realize his ambition.

Next, "Take care to specialize. It doesn't matter on what—but try to make yourself master of some particular subject. For the sake of argument let's say the enthralling topic of market-gardening in Southern Norway. It mayn't seem much use to you at the moment; but you can never tell. One day, perhaps, Norway will be in the news, or else there'll be a rage about market-gardening. Then your moment will come, and the editors will jump at your stuff". This particular admonition is even more to the point to-day, for the field for "general" articles has become much more restricted in recent years, and it is very difficult for a new-comer to "gate-crash" unless he can make a show of special knowledge.

Finally, I remember, he said, "Be topical at all costs. If it happened to be round about Easter, and Mr. John Milton submitted a poem on the Annunciation, while you fired in some doggerel about Easter eggs, nine editors out of ten would accept your verses and return Mr. Milton's". Speaking as an Editor myself, I regretfully confess the truth of this reflection. Many is the otherwise excellent contribution which I have had to reject because it was not sent in at the right time.

I don't pretend that in these reminiscences I have given G.K.C.'s exact words. Nearly thirty years have passed since our interview, and I hadn't a note-book with me. But the substance—and the illustrations—are quite authentic. He talked just as he wrote, seizing the most fantastic similes to exemplify his points, and rioting in pun and paradox.

I remember many things about that afternoon—the journey to Battersea (in the course of which I slipped in stepping off a bus,

with the consequence that my "topper", which I had specially donned for the occasion, fell off and rolled into the gutter); the palpitating wait on the door-step; the thrill of feeling that we had at last made our way into our hero's sanctum; the appearance of the hero himself; and finally his bubbling, exuberant talk and his outbursts of laughter. But what stays most vividly in my memory is the kindness of a great man, who, amidst the pressure of an extremely busy life, found time to give of his best to two schoolboys, neither of whom had the remotest claim upon him. "It seems to me likely", wrote Mr. Robert Lynd in the *News-Chronicle,* "that we shall still for many generations to come be collecting the gold pieces that he has strewn with such magnificent recklessness". This is my "gold piece", and as long as I live I shall treasure it with gratitude.

* * *

So much for reminiscence. Now (very modestly) for appreciation. A correspondent writing to the *Morning Post* recalls "Innocent Smith's" remark "The earth's a star too close to be seen", and observes very aptly that the same thing might be said of G.K.C. He is, indeed, too near for us to view him properly, and many years must pass before it will be possible to adjudge his true place in English letters. Yet as distance lends perspective, it will, I am confident, increase rather than diminish, his stature.

"I fell on my feet, you see"; as I have suggested already, that characteristically humble confession which he made at the outset of our interview, and which he repeats in his *Autobiography*[1], provides a key to his life and writing. Many people, I know, thought of him as perpetually standing on his head, but when most paradoxical he was most prophetic, and in his wildest extravagances there was a splendid sanity. True, he was a philosopher in motley. "Seriousness", he once said, "is not a virtue. It would be a heresy, but a much more sensible heresy, to say that seriousness is a vice. Satan fell by the force of gravity". But no man ever spoke more solid common sense, and I shall always picture him, with his cloak gathered around him, and his lion's mane streaming in the wind, standing four-square against the storm, with his feet firmly planted on Mother Earth.

"Mere light sophistry", he wrote in *Orthodoxy,* "is the thing that I happen to despise most of all things, and it is perhaps a wholesome fact that this is the thing of which I am generally accused". And in the *Autobiography* he says he never could understand "why a solid argument is any less solid because you make the illustrations as entertaining as you can". This passage is worth quoting at some length, for it is very characteristic. "If you say", he goes on,

> that two sheep added to two sheep make four sheep, your audience will accept it patiently—like sheep. But if you say

[1] *Autobiography.* By G. K. Chesterton. Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.

it of two monkeys, or two kangaroos or two sea-griffins, people will refuse to believe that two and two make four. They seem to imagine that you must have made up the arithmetic, just as you have made up the illustration of the arithmetic. And though they would actually know that what you say is sense, if they thought about it sensibly, they cannot believe that anything decorated by an incidental joke can be sensible. Perhaps that explains why so many successful men are so dull—or why so many dull men are successful.

He often attacked Puritanism; but no Puritan was ever more in earnest. It was indeed his passion for "testifying" that drove him to write. "It was not the superficial or silly or jolly part of me that made me a journalist", he declares in the *Autobiography*:

> On the contrary, it is such part as I have in what is serious or even solemn. A taste for mere fun might have led me to a public-house, but hardly to a publishing-house. And if it led me to a publishing-house, for the publishing of mere nonsense-rhymes or fairy-tales, it could never thus have led to my deplorable course of endless articles and letters in the newspapers. In short, I could not be a novelist; because I really liked to see ideas or notions wrestling naked, as it were, and not dressed up in a masquerade as men and women. But I could be a journalist because I could not help being a controversialist.

A controversialist he assuredly was—and from his earliest years. "I had debated on and off ever since I was born", he tells us in an early chapter of the *Autobiography*; "certainly with my brother, probably with my nurse". And later on Fleet Street was to resound with his arguments. He wielded words as weapons and his sentences sang like the song of a battle-axe. But he entertained no malice, and attacked ideas, not persons. Often, no doubt, his love of argument led him into exaggeration, and occasionally he chose what seemed to some of his admirers, at any rate, perverse causes to champion. But though he was sometimes on the wrong side, he was never on the side of wrong.

Neutrality and indifference he disdained. Black with him was black, and white white. "A sort of Theosophist said to me", he records in the *Autobiography*,

> "Good and evil, truth and falsehood, folly and wisdom, are only aspects of the same upward movement of the universe". Even at that stage it occurred to me to ask, "Supposing there is no difference between good and bad, or between false and true, what is the difference between up and down?"

He laughed while he fought, like some hero of chivalry, and assailed cynicism as furiously as pessimism. The verses with which he dedicated *The Man Who Was Thursday* to his boyhood friend E. C. Bentley are well known:

A cloud was on the mind of men, and wailing went the weather,
Yea, a sick cloud upon the soul when we were boys together.
Science announced nonentity and art admired decay;
The world was old and ended, but you and I were gay.

With the disillusionment and scepticism which have followed the War the mood which he then challenged has returned with redoubled force; but to the very end he never hauled down his flag. As he wrote of Paul Déroulède, so it may be written of him, that he was one

Who in the day of all denial blew
A bugle through the blackness of the world.

He was no facile optimist. On the contrary, he felt man to be engaged in a constant battle against the Powers of Darkness, the immediate issue of which was uncertain. But he was a Christian champion, and because he "had eternity in his heart", he never doubted the ultimate triumph of good.

Long before he joined the Roman Catholic Church he was a defender of dogma. "Some people do not like the word 'dogma'," he wrote in *What's Wrong With The World*:

> Fortunately they are free, and there is an alternative for them. There are two things, and two things only, for the human mind—a dogma and a prejudice. The Middle Ages were a rational epoch, an age of doctrine. Our age is at its best, a poetical epoch, an age of prejudice. A doctrine is a definite point; a prejudice is a direction.

Challenging the woolly-mindedness which is characteristic of so much "progressive" thinking, he insisted that if men were ever to get anywhere, they must first decide where they wanted to get to. There is a characteristic parable in the introductory chapter to *Heretics* in which he describes how a commotion arises about pulling down a lamp-post.

> A grey-clad monk, who is the spirit of the Middle Ages, is approached on the matter, and begins to say, in the arid manner of the Schoolmen, "Let us first of all consider, my brethren, the value of Light. If Light be itself good —" At this point he is somewhat excusably knocked down. All the people make a rush for the lamp-post, the lamp-post is down in ten minutes, and they go about congratulating each other on their unmediæval practicality. But as things go on they do not work out so easily. Some people have pulled the lamp-post down because they wanted the electric-light; some because they wanted old iron; some because they wanted darkness, because their deeds were evil. Some thought it too much of a lamp-post, some too little; some acted because they wanted to smash municipal machinery; some because they wanted to smash something. And there is war in the night, no man knowing whom he strikes. So gradually and inevitably, to-day, to-morrow, or the next day,

there comes back the conviction that the monk was right after all, and that all depends on what is the philosophy of Light. Only what we might have discussed under the gas-lamp, we must now discuss in the dark.

I have spoken of his humility. This characteristic comes out very strikingly in the *Autobiography*—not because he claims it for himself but because he so frequently singles it out for admiration in other men. For instance, he writes about Thomas Hardy:

> This was the rather tremendous truth about him; that he had humility. My friends who knew him better have confirmed my early impression; Jack Squire told me that Hardy in his last days of glory as a Grand Old Man would send poems to the *Mercury* and offer to alter or withdraw them if they were not suitable. He defied the gods and dared the lightning and all the rest of it; but the great Greeks would have seen that there was no thunderbolt for him, because he had not ὕβρις or insolence.

Interesting in this connexion is the comment of Mr. Edward Shanks. Remarking that G.K.C. argued that the humble-minded see things which the clever are apt to overlook, he writes:

> When he added a notable figure to the short list of detectives in fiction who are individually recognisable, humility was the chief characteristic with which he endowed him. And that was no mere admiration of a quality he did not possess. He was the most genuinely humble great man I have ever known—it was sometimes embarrassing to those who could not meet him on that ground.

This humility was the expression of what G.K.C. calls "the chief idea" of his life—"that is, the idea of taking things with gratitude, and not taking things for granted". It is fundamentally a religious idea, and it runs through everything that he wrote. There is the classic passage in *Orthodoxy*:

> The test of all happiness is gratitude; and I felt grateful, though I hardly knew to whom. Children are grateful when Santa Claus puts in their stockings gifts of toys or sweets. Could not I be grateful to Santa Claus when he put in my stockings the gift of two miraculous legs? We thank people for birthday presents of cigars and slippers. Can I thank no one for the birthday present of birth?

And to it he returns in the final chapter of the *Autobiography*:

> Even about the dimmest earthly hope, or the smallest earthly happiness, I had from the first an almost violently vivid sense . . . . that the experience must not be spoilt by presumption or despair. To take a convenient tag out of my first juvenile book of rhymes, I asked through what incarnations or pre-natal purgatories I must have passed to earn the reward of looking at a dandelion. Now it would be easy enough, if the thing were worth while even for a commentator, to date that phrase by

certain details, or guess that it might have been worded otherwise at a later time. I do not believe in Re-incarnation, if indeed I ever did: and since I have owned a garden (for I cannot say since I have been a gardener) I have realised that there really is a case against weeds. But in substance what I said about the dandelion is exactly what I should say about the sunflower or the sun, or the glory which (as the poet said) is brighter than the sun. The only way to enjoy even a weed is to feel unworthy of a weed.

In the truest and most fundamental sense, he was a democrat. "Christ did not love humanity", he once said. "He never said He loved humanity; He loved men". And his own attitude towards his fellow-beings was of this personal sort. In a colloquial phrase so doubly symbolic that he might have chosen it as a text for an article, he was always prepared to "put his shirt on" the ordinary man. Of experts, intellectuals, and the "unco' guid", he cherished a healthy suspicion; but in the common folk who carry on the work of the world he had faith unbounded.

One of the most typical essays in his last collection is that "About the Workers", in which he comments on the dehumanizing way in which the poor are spoken about, not merely by "the snobs among the rich", but also "by some professors of Socialism or social reform, and even by some who are supposed to be working-class representatives themselves". I quote the concluding passage:

> There are only a few animals, and they are not human animals, who can best be judged or best employed in packs or herds. So we may compare the workers in a Communist State to a pack of wolves; I should very strongly suspect that they bear more resemblance to a flock of sheep. But neither of these animals can be said to have a very complex or entertaining type of mentality; few of us would be eager to listen, even if we could, to the flowing and continuous reminiscences of a sheep; and St. Francis seems to have been the only man who was ever on intimate terms with a wolf. It is precisely because man is the most interesting of the creatures that he finds his proper place among those creatures who dig a domestic hole or hang up an individual nest; and the disgrace of our society is not when he has not a hive or an ant-hill; but when, among so many nests and holes, he has not where to lay his head.

That is a noble defence of Human Dignity, and a plea for the "Distributism" which was his own social creed. Like his brother-in-arms, Mr. Belloc, he proclaimed that "freedom is a function of property", and as against both Capitalism and Socialism upheld the ideal of a society in which every citizen should possess the independence of ownership. He would, no doubt, have had numerous causes of quarrel with Mr. Walter Lippmann, but at least he would have applauded him when he wrote:

Free men with vested rights in their own living; men like these alone, and not employees of the State or the disinherited who to-day walk the streets and are at home nowhere, can constitute a free society.

* * *

In this article, I have not attempted to appraise G.K.C.'s work from a literary standpoint. I will only say that it is my firm belief that, both in prose and verse, some of it will live as long as the English language is spoken. Nor (since I am neither a theologian nor the son of a theologian) have I dealt with his conversion to Roman Catholicism; though in every sense he regarded this as the *crux* of his life. That step unquestionably put a great gulf betwixt him and many of those who had followed him most faithfully; but he was more than a Roman Catholic—he was a Christian. And in that Sign he belongs to all of us.

For my own part I owe him an unpayable debt of gratitude, not only for his kindness to me when I was a boy, but for an influence which has dyed my whole thinking and helped to sustain my faith in God and man. He wrought greatly for great causes, he never lost humbleness or hope or humour, and in concluding this humble tribute I cannot do better than quote the verses in which Mr. Humbert Wolfe celebrated his passing:

Now let the trumpets of the sunlight spatter
the routed thunder rolling with the drums,
and let the enemies of darkness scatter.
Let the great gate swing open. A hero comes.

Like John of Austria from conquest riding,
bidding his armies to march in without him,
he climbs unconscious of the glory chiding
the tattered cloak of wit he wraps about him.

When all was still, save for the evil pealing
of crooked chimes that on the midnight slurred
the hollow voices of the Satyrs reeling
out of the pit, his cap and bells were heard.

Like a great wind, after a night of thunder,
he rocked the sodden marshes of the soul,
and ripped the mists of cowardice asunder
with laughter vivid as an aureole.

DEVELOPMENTS AND EXPERIMENTS.

This Section of our Journal aims at chronicling not only developments in theological thought and in ecclesiastical organization, but also practical experiments in all branches of religious life and service.

Often when successful attempts have been made to solve some problem in one part of the country, the rest of the Churches remain ignorant, and we trust that these pages will not only serve as a clearing-house of ideas and a record of changing emphasis, but also broadcast valuable information of progress in Church and denominational life.

Our representatives in the Colonies and the United States will from time to time contribute accounts of similar movements. The Editor will be glad to consider brief articles serving this purpose.

ON PRESENTING CHRIST TO YOUTH.

By the Rev. L. J. Tizard, B.A., B.D., B.Litt.

The title suggests that I should begin with a warning, for it contains one of those dangerous generalizations which some of us are in the habit of making. We constantly speak of "youth", or more often of "the modern youth", the "present-day girl", "Miss 1936" and so on. Such terms imply that there is some particular individual who can be taken as absolutely typical of all the young men and women who happen to be living in these strange and changeful times. Some time ago there appeared in one of our newspapers what seemed to be an ordinary photograph of a perfectly usual sort of face, but we were told that actually it was a composite photograph made up of little bits of no less than 152 different faces. Now, when we speak of the "modern youth" we are really making up a composite picture by taking bits, not of 152, but of thousands of separate individuals. And that picture exists only in our imagination. True, in one feature or another it bears some resemblance to certain young people we know, but it is not an exact portrait of any one of them. We are apt to deal with our young folk as though they correspond exactly to this typical, but entirely fictitious, young person of our imagination. It is so easy, of course, to make generalizations, to classify people according to preconceived notions, and to drop them into conveniently labelled pigeon-holes. If our young people would conform to type, or if they would obligingly be dropped into our pigeon-holes, we might soon work out an exact technique for presenting Christ to them. But they persist in being individuals—and perplexing ones, some of them, who don't understand themselves any more than we understand them. So there is nothing for it but to drop our generalizations and our preconceived ideas and to realize that every one of them is a very distinct personality with his own needs, hopes, fears, ambitions, and

temptations, and that we cannot use any ready-made formula in presenting Christ to him. We shall have to take the trouble to get to know him and win his confidence so that we can present to him a Christ who will meet the needs, not of that mythological "modern youth", but those of which he himself is painfully conscious, or sometimes, it may be, is only dimly aware.

Having uttered that warning against dangerous and easy generalizations let me proceed to generalize! I can only attempt to sketch perhaps half-a-dozen of the features of the Christ we must try to present to young people.

We must show them:

(1) A Christ who will give them a purpose in life.

My own feeling is that the prevailing temper and outlook of young people has changed considerably during the past few years. There is much less of the hectic rush for pleasure and excitement which was so characteristic a feature of the years just after the war. In its place has come boredom and a chronic sense of the futility of life. The majority of our young folk have little enthusiasm for anything. One whose knowledge of young people is wider and more intimate than my own told me recently that few of those known to him had much interest even in their jobs or any desire to make a success of their careers—in whatever way you interpret "success".

I wonder if subconsciously, at any rate, the present chaotic and unsettled state of the world is having its effect. Many of the younger generation are not saying, "Let us eat, drink, and be merry for tomorrow we die", but they are asking, "What is the use of bothering about anything? What is the point of working terrifically to get on in my job when it looks as though there is bound to be another war soon, and, even if I do get through, all my effort will have gone for nothing?" A sort of fatalism is creeping in. And I know young people who shrink, if not from marrying, at any rate from bringing children into the world, because they will not take the responsibility of producing children to be blown to bits by bombs or suffocated by poison gas. They have no purpose in life. They are just going on living—and that is about all. If they have any aim at all it is, in Conrad's phrase, "to lounge safely through existence". And because they have nothing to live for—nothing beyond the next cocktail party, or game of tennis, or visit to the cinema—they are bored and unhappy. Bertrand Russell has said: "It must, I think, be admitted that the most intelligent young people of Western countries tend to have that kind of unhappiness that comes from finding no adequate employment for their best talents". That is true, except that there is no need to confine the statement to those whom Bertrand Russell would reckon the "most intelligent".

We have to present to our young people a Christ who will lead

them to discover some purpose in life, something worth living for, something which can give full scope for their best powers. Julian Huxley has written:

> There are two ways of living: a man may be casual and simply exist, or constructive and deliberately try to do something with his life. The constructive idea implies constructiveness not only about one's own life but about that of society and the future possibilities of humanity.

The majority of our young folk are living in the first way; they are casual, they simply exist. We have to help them to be constructive about their own lives and about that of society and the future possibilities of humanity.

(2) A Christ who challenges them to think.

No one can be usefully constructive until he has clearly thought out what he intends to construct. I have no patience with those who are always decrying the younger generation. There is great stuff in them. But if there is one charge that can be fairly brought against them it is (making a *very* dangerous generalization!) that they are not thinking; and that is especially true of many who are, in all other ways, among the very best. We must bring them face to face with a Christ who will startle them out of their indifference, and who, when once they have begun to think, will not let them rest in the conventional ideas which have stultified the witness of the Church for so long. They must go back to the New Testament, read at first hand what Jesus has to say, and then fearlessly think out the application of His principles to their own personal lives and to the life of society. That in itself will be an adventure which will end the boredom of life. For on such matters as peace and war, poverty and wealth, for instance, He will take them much further than most of them have ever dreamed, for they have probably never faced those issues seriously or have been content to rest in conclusions which are mere travesties of the mind of Christ.

(3) A Christ who is concerned with the whole of life.

It must be due to our faulty training of them in their earlier years, or to our bad example, if some of our young people grow up with the idea that religion is mainly an affair of attending services, singing hymns, and so on, with an occasional tea-meeting thrown in to provide the spice of life. If a religion of that sort could hold young people in days when the Church was the centre of social life, it certainly won't do now. Religion is not likely to keep its hold over young men and women unless they see very clearly that it has something to do with every bit of their ordinary daily lives. That great and manly Christian, Grenfell of Labrador, says:

> It was even a barrier between myself and the Christ that I could not think of Him in flannels or a gymnasium suit. At

that time I should have considered such an idea blasphemous—whatever that meant.

Yes, we must help them to know that they can serve Christ and have a sense of His friendship even when they are in flannels or a gym. suit. I think of a professional footballer who really did evangelistic work every Saturday afternoon when he turned out for a team in the English League. In the long wait before the match begins spectators often discuss the personalities in their team, and one likes to pass on to another the information (true or false) he has picked up concerning the kind of men the players really are in their private lives. It was known that —— professed to be a Christian and that he made no secret of it. It was also noticed that a foul was never given against him and that if his heels were tapped together he showed no resentment. Football crowds are not conspicuously religious (except when they are singing "Abide with me" at the Cup Final!) but some did not fail to notice a possible relation of cause and effect between two indisputable facts, that —— was a Christian and that no finer or cleaner sportsman had ever worn the Club's colours. If religion is to be real to young people they must understand that Christ is concerned with their sports, their ordinary working life, their social relations, their intimate personal problems—indeed, that there is not a bit of their lives in which they cannot serve Him.

(4) A Christ who offers them the only true freedom.

It is characteristic of youth in all ages that it demands freedom and liberty to express and realize itself. It is also characteristic of youth that it tends to have very confused ideas as to what true freedom is. There is in a great mass of the popular literature which is pouring out of the press a philosophy of life which naturally appeals to many young people because it seems such an obvious satisfaction of their desire for freedom. You may find it set forth in scores of contemporary novels or in such a book as Ethel Mannin's *Confessions and Impressions*. In a word, it is the idea that this life is simply an opportunity for collecting experiences, and that if you want to make the most of life you will go through the world like a collector of china, match-box tops, or sardine tins, picking up as many different specimens as you can. And there are many young people to-day who are trying that philosophy out. Oliver Baldwin, in *Unborn Son*, advises his unborn son to try everything once, although he does suggest that there are some things which perhaps he had better not try even once unless he is quite sure of his own strength. There are plenty of young folk who will try everything once. They want to collect fresh experiences, and so long as they are new they are not particular as to their quality. (It is one attempt, I suppose, to escape from the sense of boredom and futility which we noted.) They will get drunk once, not because they like the stuff,

but because they want to know for themselves what it is like to see the street go round; they will gamble not because they have a vicious streak but because they want to know what exactly is the kick that the gambler gets out of the game; they will do other things just to know "what it feels like". For a time at least they imagine that they are really living and they have a superior pity for those who submit themselves to the cramping influence of religion as they see it.

We must help them to see that Christ and not the novelists holds the secret of the only true freedom. They imagine they are enjoying freedom when they are simply bent on amassing experiences, but, as C. E. Montague remarked, there are minus signs in life as well as plus signs. And those who live on this popular philosophy will be the losers in the end.

> They reckon with no *minus* experiences. They think of the clean boy who gives up his cleanness as if he had added something to his experience and subtracted nothing; whereas at every loss of self-control, you make some exchange of the spacious lightsome experience of moral autonomy for the dark narrow experience of moral helplessness: you always come off a net loser, your treasury of experience depleted on balance, your vision of life more or less blurred, your register of experience smudged, your faculty for delight perceptibly enfeebled . . .

If Christ calls for discipline and self-control it is not because He wants to cramp and limit our freedom, and if a Christian finds there are some things which he cannot do it does not therefore follow that his range of experience is less than that of the man who is ready to "try everything once". When a wise doctor tells us that we had better sleep with our windows open or give up tobacco or sugar in our tea, we do not suppose that he is trying to narrow our liberty in order to gratify some prejudice or whim of his own. He is simply articulating certain demands which our physical constitution is already making and which we must observe if we want to enjoy physical health. Christ, the physician of the soul, has no desire to narrow and impoverish our lives. Indeed, He claimed to bring to men a more abundant life. If sometimes our young people, nurtured on the philosophy of second-rate novelists and the values of Hollywood, feel that He takes the edge off their freedom because He insists that there are minus signs in life, we must help them to see that He is not imposing arbitrary restrictions but is simply making articulate the laws of their own spiritual constitution, which they must respect (as they observe physical laws) if they want to be healthy. The only man who is really free is he who lives according to the laws of his own nature, and no one has ever understood them so well as Jesus Christ. Let young people with their natural and right desire for freedom be quite clear that Christianity is made up of

positives not negatives and that Christ wants them to live on the plus signs and not the minus.

(5) A Christ who gives them a deep concern for their fellow men.

The great majority of our young people have too much inherent decency ever to be seriously attracted by the coarser kinds of pleasures, but many of them do want to be just left alone to have a pleasant time in their own way. They don't want to face up to the ugly facts of life, and they certainly don't want to be bothered with the troubles of other people. But they have to face a Christ who will not let them live in refined selfishness, who reminds them relentlessly that He asks of them service to the point of sacrifice. He will not be satisfied with a remote and academic interest, however benevolent, but insists that they shall come to close quarters with men and women in all their trouble and need, and that they shall give that kind of personal service which really costs.

I wonder if we have been unfaithful to Jesus in not pitching our demands high enough. Have we ever been guilty of trying to attract young people by making religion cheap and easy, by suggesting that surrender to Jesus will not interfere very much with anything that they want to do? To put it bluntly, we pander to their desire to live selfishly without being bothered by the needs and claims of others, and then we wonder that they don't respond. Of course, we haven't half the faith in them that Jesus had, or, for that matter, that Hitler and Mussolini have. Whatever you may think of the Dictators it seems that they believed the youth of their countries had a great capacity for enduring hardship and giving themselves for a cause. And, because they never doubted it was there and dared to appeal to it, they were able to call it out. Have our own young people less capacity for sacrifice? Or is it that we have never presented to them a challenge that was big enough? Canon Peter Green in a recent book has said that the secret of the late Bishop Gore's wonderful influence over young men was that he scorned to offer them an easy, comfortable religion. He would not water down the demands of Christ nor pretend to pad the Cross. Well, Christ never pretended to pad the Cross, anyhow.

(6) A Christ who can give them a power for life.

Up to this point we have been thinking of the greatness of the ideal which is to be set before them, but we cannot leave it at that. We let them down badly if we give them an ideal so big as to seem unattainable and have nothing to say to them about the Christ who can give them the power to live it out. For the plain fact is that any man who sets out to be a real Christian is likely to find the going pretty hard. It never did cost much to be a Christian of sorts, but it has always cost a lot to be a real one—and it still does. Many a young fellow who catches a glimpse of what Christ's ideal really

means hesitates because he wonders whether he will be able to see it through. I think of one such now. Until a year or so ago he had no particular interest in religion. Then he began to think. One of the things of which he became sure was that if he were going to be a Christian he would have to be a complete pacifist. (Whether you think he was right or wrong in that doesn't matter.) His father is a military officer of the old school. He leaves no doubt about what he thinks of any son of his who becomes a pacifist, and what he hopes will happen to all pacifists if there is another war. We talked about it the other night and as he got up to go this young man of twenty-one said: "I am quite convinced it is right. But, you know, sometimes after I get to bed I lie awake and think, and I wonder if the time comes whether I shall be able to go through with it. And, I tell you, I'm afraid". He is no coward. He is just in earnest, and terribly afraid he may let Christ down. I have an idea that a lot of them are afraid. Some of them have seen that to be a Christian is a tremendously big thing and they are not sure they can see it through. Some, who are afraid of nothing else, are afraid of themselves, of their own passions and weaknesses. No, it is not enough to present to them a Christ who gives them an ideal big enough to challenge the best in any man. We must lead them to a Christ who can give even to the weakest a power big enough to make the realization of that ideal a possibility—a certainty.

How are we to present a Christ like that? If we have not found Him we cannot bring Him to others; that much is certain. If we really know Him we may talk frankly and naturally about Him, but sometimes we may find that with all our talking we do not get very far. There is a better and a surer way of making Him real than by our words. There is one thing which commends Christ more than eloquence. He becomes real to young people when they see Him living again in the life of one whom they love and trust. Canon Streeter has said of Sadhu Sundar Singh: "Coming from the presence of Sundar Singh, men forget themselves, they forget him—but they think of Christ". Your life will have been worth while if it can be said of you that, coming from your presence, some of the young men and women who have known you forget themselves, forget you—but they think of Christ.

SHOULD THE CHURCHES BECOME GROUP CENTRES?

By the Rev. A. Graham Eldridge.

There is a very real danger of the Group Movement becoming another counter-attraction to the churches. If it does, the strength of the churches in this country will be seriously weakened, and the Group Movement may have but a temporary existence.

It is significant how the Group Leaders, at the moment, fight shy of the churches. Their meetings are never held on church premises. If a crowd overflows the capacity of a picture house, a ballroom or winter gardens or some other building is immediately secured. Smaller meetings are nearly always held in hotel lounges.

The attitude which keeps the Group from entering the churches creates an unfortunate impression. Already the churchgoer thinks of the grouper as an inexperienced upstart, while the grouper thinks of the churchgoer as an unsympathetic critic.

When the question "What is the relation of the Group Movement to the Churches, and of the Churches to the Group Movement?" is definitely put, an unhealthy rivalry is soon discovered. The groupers regard themselves as the only vital Christian force in the world to-day. They do not hesitate to say, when speaking of their valuable live stock and the Church, "It is no good putting live chickens under a dead hen". On the other hand, the churches, refusing to face the implications of the four standards of the Group Movement, quietly, and often in a sulky mood, decline to have anything whatever to do with it.

Already unfortunate positions have been created. Ministers have become ardent groupers and tried to force the Movement on their churches, only to dislocate entirely the church's worship and work. In other cases the minister has not seen his way to join the Group and ardent folk of his congregation who have done so have in consequence left the church.

Before the cleavage grows any wider cannot the situation be considered in the light of what will make for the success of both these closely related causes? The attitude of superiority which is now causing the division on both sides should be confessed and surrendered just as any other sin or misbehaviour. Already there is abundant evidence to show that the future success of both the churches and the Group Movement is dependent upon their union.

It should be recognized that the Church has what the Group so badly needs—a background for its faith and activity. Right-minded Christian people are perfectly prepared to allow that "The wind bloweth where it listeth and thou hearest the voice thereof, but knoweth not whence it cometh and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the spirit", but they come to that conclusion from what is revealed of God through Christ's life, resurrection, and the gift of Himself to the world, and not merely through a psychological impulse. The Group Movement could not be, but for what the Church by her faith and experience has already made knowable. It is in the Church that this Movement can live and move and have its being, and the Church should look upon the Movement as a peculiar God-given growth which needs only the right culture for it to bear abundant fruit in these desolate years.

Can groupers not be led to see that if their Movement is to live and come to its full strength it can do so only as its roots strike still deeper down into that same soil from which the Church has sprung? Can the Church not be led to see that if she is to rise in newness of strength and meet the emergencies of the hour, she must at once, and without reserve, welcome this new life and power?

The Churches need the revitalizing genius of the Group. They need to experience that full surrender which so many in the Movement have made. They need the faith and venture and utter fearlessness of the Movement for all their work at home and abroad. It seems, almost, as though the Church cannot go on unless she does definitely identify herself with these essential qualities which the Group Movement so rigidly enforces. In a very real sense she does need to be born anew to the great spiritual responsibilities and enterprises of the day.

But the Group Movement just as certainly needs the experience and doctrines of the Church. We cannot proceed far in anything without systematizing our thinking. If we would really know God, we must think out our theology, not ignore it. God is the God not of confusion, but of light and truth. Through lack of experience and guidance many zealous people in the Group Movement are failing badly. The trail of mental cases, some totally incurable, some needing long months of highly skilled attention, becomes a sad reflection upon such a glorious enterprise. When a shy individual is made to share the most intimate things of his inner life with another, a mental breakdown is soon likely to follow. The unearthing of all one's past, and the laying of it before another, is neither good for the confessor nor for the one who makes the confession. God in His infinite love and consideration of our frail systems has provided some better thing for us—His unfailing forgiveness for all our transgressions. There is a limit to our confession of sins to others, and just at that limit the Cross of Christ meets us in our need. The sinful soul here finds relief as Christian did.

> His burden loosed from off his shoulders and fell from off his back, and began to tumble, and so continued to do, till it came to the mouth of the sepulchre, where it fell in and I saw it no more. Then was Christian glad and said with a merry heart, He has given me rest by His sorrows, and life by His death.

This is the redemption, restoration, and victory which the Church has never ceased to experience and preach.

That wonderful truth of God's care for and guidance of our fitful careers is, too, so liable to be distorted by the new insistence upon guidance at every point. By over-long introspection and undue anxiety to know what is the right thing one should do, the mind becomes utterly perplexed, and sane judgment becomes impossible.

When people contemplate selling up their homes, or their businesses, the impulse that suggests such a course needs the most careful testing by the known principles of Christian living and service, long before any definite step is taken.

The Church must not be impatient of these failures. Her criticism of them should be only in the spirit of loving helpfulness. Let her remember that many people in the Group are going through their first vital experience of the Christian Faith much in the same way as did the first converts to Christianity. Let her rather be humiliated in that she did not lead them into the new life. If St. Paul were with us now he would treat these his beloved as babes in Christ, and his heart would be filled with unbounded joy over them. How he would admonish, cheer, guide, guard, and teach them! They would be his longed for, his joy, and his crown.

To aid that spiritual care and oversight churches were built everywhere, and it is this alone which gives a reason for their existence to-day.

"ERROR IS COWARDICE."

By the Rev. T. Wigley, M.A., Blackheath.

"How much truth will a man's soul bear, how much truth will it dare? That for me becomes more and more the real test. Error is not blindness, error is cowardice".

In these two questions and this answer of Nietzsche we have stated a problem which every age has had to face, and which is particularly pressing in our own time. On all hands we are becoming conscious of the corroding nature of falsehood; sometimes falsehood works by omission, the inconvenient fact is ignored; at other times it does not hesitate to give the lie direct. Always its emotional charge is heavy, but emotion is no test of truth or error, for, as an old schoolmaster used to tell his Fifth form, "If you want to tell a lie, tell a good 'un". It is only the hearty lie which is accepted as truth, for even the liar pays conscious homage to the truth by the skilful disguising of his lie. So many people when asked, how much truth will you dare? at once alter the question to, how little truth shall we dare? The word "dare" is associated in their minds not with a call to adventure, but with a flight from reality. They see all too clearly for their own peace of mind that progress means pain, and they find it difficult to make the moral effort required of all who blaze the trail and of all who would follow it when made clear. Error is cowardice; it is a moral problem.

The recognition of this moral quality in seeking truth gives force to A. N. Whitehead's dictum, that the primary religious virtue is sincerity, a penetrating sincerity. We should not, however, look upon this virtue as solitarily religious, badly needed though it be in

that sphere; it should be the hall-mark of the statesman no less than of the man of science. The duty of clear thinking is one which is laid upon us all, and if we are not sincere enough to undertake it, we lose not only the respect of others, but our self-respect as well. Admittedly human nature is many-sided, but we cannot too often remind ourselves that neglect of the duty of intellectual integrity vitiates all goodness and all knowledge. In fact, neither goodness nor knowledge is possible without its observance. We must cease to associate holiness with the anæmic plaster saint, and by re-spelling the word, whole-i-ness, teach men to realize that the departmentalized life is not worth living, and that any repression takes its revenge by persisting as an invalid in their unconscious arms. The price of self-delusion is all too big for a fancied security, and no amount of crooning can put off the inevitable earthquake. The neglected duty of truth-attainment is one which we dare not overlook.

The minister must ask himself whether he simply and clearly employs as much truth as he might in teaching and preaching, and his hearers should with equal sincerity ask themselves whether they love to adopt the new which is also true. The all too familiar demand that a preacher's words should flow with the smoothness and sweetness of soothing syrup without any stimulation of new learning may retain for a time the attention of those whose sole idea of religion is the reiteration of, "Be good", but they will be extremely shocked if the preacher goes on to explain how they are to be good in particular and practical directions, especially in the direction of intellectual honesty. The risk, of course, is of losing the mindless by making an appeal to mind. Should we, however, persist in this cowardly error, if the retention of the mindless involves losing the mindful? To mark time for the sake of the wantonly weak, while truth marches on, is more than pathetic, it is tragic. The Hebrew Wisdom Literature enshrines no truer word than this, "As a man thinketh within himself so he is", good or bad, sound or rotten.

That Jesus Himself was familiar with the sayings of the sages of His race cannot be doubted when we recall His continual appeal to the judgment of man, nor was their praise of the wise man and his virtues out of date in New Testament times, any more than it is in ours. Do they not with refreshing frankness call his opposite the simple one, the unwise one, even the simple fool? With delicious humour they point out that usually such a simple one revels in his own loquacity, which is in proportion to his lack of wisdom. This is plain speaking, but it is not too plain in view of the problems which the would-be good man is called upon to solve in the modern world. The way is not so clear and so unencumbered with weeds that we can afford to take false steps, and the biggest mistake we can make will be to go on encouraging the world in the quaint delusion that goodness of heart is invariably associated with softness of brain. The

reverence with which, we are told, the Orient regards the insane is not unknown in Western lands.

If then we believe, as Christians, that the mind has its place and must find full expression in our love to God and in our service of men, it follows that we are in duty bound to exercise our minds not only on our religious beliefs and conduct, but also on our ideas political and social. It means that we acknowledge the duty of being as intelligent as our natural endowment will permit, and that we do not call a halt to knowledge either in the name of the Lord or in the cause of our own comfort. We do not ask that all shall be expert in the sciences, but we may legitimately demand that the assured results of advancing knowledge shall be permitted entrance into the house of man's life. To the mental, moral, and natural sciences, no less than to Biblical and historical study and research, we are indebted for a creative revolution in our world of thought, which can no longer be ignored, and it cannot be too often stated that had there been no such contributions of the mind to religion in past or present days, we should probably now be worshipping a Being whom it would be wrong to imitate, and whom none but the most irrational of his devotees would stoop to love. Where piety is not stifled by forms of words or ritual, and the divine light is not quenched by the traditions of men, it is in every case owing to the courage of those who have dared honestly to use their minds in religious questions. The *ipse dixit*, no less than the anathema, of the dogmatist is not enough.

Happily the day is gone, except among the illiterate, when religion and science could be imagined to be antagonistic to a true understanding of each other. A growing minority is realizing that belief which does not welcome investigation is a perilous thing, and that it can never be a source of strength to a man in the hour when he needs it most of all. To refuse to be cross-examined is to bring ourselves under suspicion that we are more faithless than faithful. A living faith is ever advancing in its ideas and ideals, and if it is to be true to itself it must dare to venture into the unknown to make the unseen seen and the eternal a present possession. Along this way of truth we shall meet with less dogmatism and fanaticism, which so often follow in the steps of ignorance, but we shall at least have the joy of exploration and of some attainment. Each generation must speak for itself the truth by which it lives and, whatever the subject on which it speaks, no past or present pronouncement is binding on the future, whether it be concerned with chemistry or Christianity. To be brave enough to be truthful will demand an impartial passion. The words are not contradictory; we must refuse to be positive when we do not know, we shall never know without the passion to know. We shall never be good so long as we love error: we shall never act justly so long as we think crookedly:

we shall never be faithful so long as we are inaccurate and double-minded. We must cease to be impressed by those who exalt their petty prejudices as high as God. The "conscience of an ass", to use Ruskin's phrase, is a poor guide amid the ramifications of to-day, and we must not be afraid to point out that the sight of this animal standing before the temple of knowledge, braying that it has nothing to learn because it knows everything that can be known, is morally indecent and intellectually vicious.

With all our consciousness of limitations there can be no escape from the toilsome road of understanding by any plea of weakness or inability. There is no need to demand or to supply all the working-plans of the Infinite with the glib definiteness which so frequently marred religious utterances in what Matthew Arnold called "the licence of affirmation in our Western Theology". For us all there remains the inquisitive love of truth, the spirit of the pathfinder, who discovers new facts and relates them, who is ready constantly to test even established views and theories. For those who share this spirit error is cowardice, and upon their banner are the words *Plus Ultra*; it leads the faithful into fuller life.

MUSIC AND WORSHIP.

By the Rev. W. A. Kleinschroth.

The Nonconformist churches in stressing the spontaneous aid of the Holy Spirit in Worship have often neglected the aid of beauty and dignity in their worship, with the unfortunate result of neglecting the Apostolic injunction for things to be done "decently and in order". The advantages of Nonconformity carry with them certain disadvantages. Dr. Forsyth used to say that the Reformed Churches had thrown away too much at the Reformation. The specific genius of Nonconformist worship is simplicity, which, of course, can be consonant with beauty and dignity. No one can deny the beauty and order of the Anglican Services and their prototype, the Roman Services. But there is no doubt a place for the simpler and less formal forms of worship as found in the Free Churches. Fortunately, there is an awakening consciousness in the Free Churches for the need of beauty. The newer Free Churches in their structure are not now so painfully obvious a matter of four walls as were the older buildings. Many Free Churches adopt the chanting of psalms; anthems are regularly sung at the services with varying degrees of artistic sense; liturgical services are not unknown; and a really high musical standard is often attained. There seems to be general agreement that there is a place for music in worship.

Perhaps the time will come when in theological colleges a place will be made in the curriculum for a short study of musical appreciation, for if the great music of civilization is like a closed book it is

hardly possible for the minister of religion to understand the true significance of music. If it is agreed that music has a place in the worship of the Church, then a musician's evaluation of music should be taken into account in the same way as a theologian is able to speak as an expert on religious problems.

From the point of view of the musician, music is more than mere sound, rhythm, or harmony; it has meaning and is a potent force. Plato recognizes the power of music when in the *Republic* he observes its influence on character. Experiments made in America have proved the psychological value of music. It has been demonstrated that, with a background of music, workers have been stimulated to produce a larger output of work. The emotional stimulus of music can be recognized by anyone who has heard Chopin's *Funeral March* at a memorial service, or Handel's *Largo* as a prelude to Divine Worship creating an atmosphere of calm. Music is also a powerful stimulus. Sibelius's Tone Poem *Finlandia* seemed so full of the national spirit that at one time it was instrumental in arousing the national consciousness of his country. The singing of songs by the soldiers during the War did much to cheer their spirits.

Observing the psychological effect of music, I take it that the place of music should be as an aid, both by way of preparing the worshipper for the solemn act of devotion to God, and also the means by which he expresses his religious aspirations.

Bad music will stimulate false emotions; the merely pretty sentimental kind of music, since it is not connected with abiding realities, will do more harm than good and will not aid but detract from worship. There is not only an emotional content to music, but an intellectual content, which makes music for the musician not merely a means to an end, as the minister of religion is inclined to regard it, but an end in itself. For this reason, the best musician may not be the best servant of the Church.

One theory of music—or shall I say philosophy of music?—is akin to Plato's theory of ideas, in which all earthly representations are the imperfect images of the perfect ideas in heaven. From this point of view, music is the translation of spiritual truth, not into words as the poet, philosopher, and theologian try to express truth, but through the medium of sound. On this account music may be described as the greatest of the arts. Thus Milton speaks of music:

> Such sweet compulsion doth in musick lie,
> To lull the daughters of necessity,
> And keep unsteady Nature to her law,
> And the low world in measur'd motion draw
> After the heavenly tune, which none can hear
> Of human mould with grosse unpurged ear.

Some of the modern scientists when they adopt the *rôle* of philosophers explain God and reality in terms of mathematical

formulæ. Now if, as we are told, music and mathematics are closely related, and reality can be reduced to mathematical formulæ, then music should be a suitable means for expressing reality, and the musician in his creation should be capable of conveying a glimpse of reality. For the musician, then, music is not merely sweet harmonies and melodies which charm the ear, but a language of reality. The music of Beethoven, like the poetry of Wordsworth and Shelley, breathes the romantic ideal of spiritual freedom. The music of Bach, which is of course the Church music *par excellence*, is the reflective representation of Divine perfection. A Bach fugue is more than an elaborate composition of harmony and counterpoint; it conveys by its structure the logic, grandeur, and finality of reality, whatever reality is. Bach's choral preludes are more perfect devotional meditations on religious themes than many commentaries by theologians. The suitability of Bach's music in church is largely due to the fact that Bach was definitely a musician with a religious outlook, and the reason why Bach's cantatas have not been a popular feature in radio programmes is due not to an objection to sacred music but to the disinclination of the majority to concern themselves with reality.

Music then, for many people, because of its emotional and intellectual content, is akin to the experience of the mystic. And if music, Bach's, for example, can purify the emotions and elevate the mind, then surely its aid should not be lightly set aside in worship which seeks for the purification of the emotions and the elevation of the mind through fellowship with God.

There is unfortunately in some cases antagonism between the organist or director of music and the minister of religion, occasionally resulting in a feud. This is due, not so much to lack of tact as to divergence of aim—the musician regarding music as an end in itself whilst the minister regards it merely as an aid, and in the case of an unmusical minister a painful adjunct to be borne with heroic fortitude.

A musician sensitive to the claims of worship has an admirable opportunity to display good taste in the choice of music in the way of suitable voluntaries. The more technical anthems are not always those which contribute most to the spirit of worship. Soloists should be carefully selected as a service can be completely ruined by a singer who contributes an item which would not be out of place at a secular concert.

In the Free Churches, the services being primarily congregational, it is not as easy to determine the place of music in worship as in a Cathedral service which is performed by experts. It is inevitable that for the Free Churches the most important musical feature of a service is the hymn. A not uncommon cause of friction between minister

and organist unfortunately often arises in the matter of hymn tunes. If the choice is left to the organist he may choose tunes which, while representing an excellent musical standard, are unsuitable for congregational use. The organist, on the other hand, often finds cause for complaint that no musical taste is exhibited by the minister in the choice of hymns. In the case of a Cathedral a high musical standard can be maintained since the service is not fundamentally congregational but in the hands of choral clerks who represent the congregation. Much more could be done in Free Church services to raise the standard of music. It is notorious, for example, that whereas children are taught good music in the day schools iniquitous compositions are used for Sunday School Anniversaries. There are a few organists with a not high musical taste—I have heard the most nauseating and monstrous music played for voluntaries which would only be in place at a third-rate music hall. Fortunately the majority of the directors of Church music desire only the best type of music; but it is in the pursuit of this ideal that a difficulty is often encountered. Most of the well-known and popular tunes are of a lower standard. Although it is inevitable that the minister of religion should regard music in worship as of secondary importance, it is desirable that he should be musically cultured, as the choice of popular tunes for hymns representing a poor musical quality will defeat his own ends of being a means of edification. If the minister has a discerning taste in music, and the director of music realizes that music in worship is a means to an end—then music can be of inestimable benefit in worship, and a happy relationship can exist between musician and minister; many of the difficulties attendant on the inclusion of music in worship would disappear for there would be perfect accord between the two ministers—the minister of religion and the minister of music.

Perhaps it is fitting that a few remarks should be made concerning hymn tunes. Many of the most popular hymn tunes are musically of a C3 standard, and being detrimental to worship should not be used. Examples of such hymns will be found in all hymn books. Generally speaking, the type most open to criticism are the bright, breezy ones and the extremely sentimental ones.

Plain-song tunes, although representing excellent musical quality, are difficult for congregations to sing. They have received a vogue in Catholicized services, but deriving from a period prior to the beginnings of what is known as modern music are less suitable for the Free Churches than for those Churches which are rather more guided by the customs of the past.

Many of the tunes by the best modern composers are musically excellent. Their main drawback is that they have been written more for musical effect than for congregational singing. I would refer to such hymns and their tunes as Holst's "I vow to thee my country",

Parry's "Jerusalem", Vaughan Williams's "For all the saints", which are not easy tunes to sing but, having become well-known, can be tackled by congregations.

There are fortunately tunes which are easily sung by congregations and at the same time are musically good. Such are the German chorales derived from deep religious devotion, and the tunes of the Scottish Psalter—such as the *Old Hundredth, Duke Street, Dundee,* and *Hanover*—tunes associated with such names as Tallis, Ravenscroft and Croft. Many fine tunes have been written in that same tradition, and they can safely be said to be the best for congregational use. The secret of these and all good tunes, is that the line of melody should be simple and smooth, running logically to the last note of the line so that its progress seems inevitable. It is the experience of the writer that these are the tunes which a congregation sing best, and even with a tune of this character which is new to a congregation they will be picking up the tune in the first verse, holding their own in the second, and thoroughly enjoying the singing when the last verse is reached. The hymn and its tune are most important since they constitute the part of the service which the congregation can make its very own. The presentation of a new hymn book to the Congregational Churches might be not one of the least aids for the enhancement of Divine Service.

John Playford in his *Introduction to the Skill of Musick,* written in 1697, says:

> Musick is an Art Unsearchable, Divine and Excellent, by which a True Concordance of Sounds of Harmony is produced, that Rejoyceth and Cheareth the Hearts of Men. The first and chief Use of Musick is, for the Service and Praise of God, whose gift it is. The second Use is, for the Solace of Men; which as 'tis agreeable unto Nature, so 'tis allowed by God as a Temporal Blessing to recreate and cheer Men after long Study and weary labour in their Vocations. . . . A Learned Author hath this Observation, That Musick is us'd only of the most Aerial Creatures; lov'd and understood by Man. The Birds of the Air, those pretty winged Choristers, How do they, at the approach of Day, warble forth their Maker's Praise! Among which, observe the little Lark, who, by a Natural Instinct, doth very often mount up the sky as high as his Wings will bear him, and there warble out his Melody as long as his strength enables him, and then descends to his Flock, who presently send up another Chorister to supply this Divine Service. If God then hath granted such benefit to Men by the Civil Exercise, surely the Heavenly and Divine Use will much more redound to our Eternal Comfort, if with our Voices we join our Hearts when we sing in His Holy Place.

ON LIFE AND BOOKS.

OUR RULERS

The Two Mr. Gladstones. By C. T. Garratt. Macmillan. 12s. 6d.

Gladstone to His Wife. By A. Tilney Bassett. Methuen. 15s.

Arthur James Balfour. By His Niece, Blanche E. C. Dugdale. Hutchinson. 2 vols. 36s.

Politics from Inside. By the Rt. Hon. Sir Austen Chamberlain. Cassell. 18s.

The Kaiser and English Relations. By E. F. Benson. Longmans. 16s.

War Memoirs. Vols. V & VI. By the Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George. Nicholson & Watson. 21s. each.

Here are half-a-dozen volumes which throw a lurid light on the politics and the politicians of the last two generations. Though Gladstone goes much further back, he and Balfour overlapped, and it is interesting to contrast his career and his character with the men of later—and lesser—growth.

Mr. Garratt suggests that for this generation Mr. Gladstone is in danger of becoming

> a rather dull and forbidding figure, typifying much that seems worst in the Victorian era, the founder of an outworn creed, a social reformer who lacked humour, a minor prophet who ministered to our middle-class self-righteousness.

He succeeds in saving the G.O.M. from this fate, for his lively style and apt use of quotation make the narrative very readable, though it does drag a little about a third of the way through, largely because the story is so familiar.

"Liverpool, with a veneer of Oxford"; so said a Whig of one of Gladstone's early speeches, and this is the text expounded in *The Two Mr. Gladstones*. Ecclesiastic and politician—so also could Mr. Gladstone be regarded; or the dualism could be expressed in the words Mrs. Gladstone used to John Morley in 1891 :

> he has two sides—one impetuous, impatient, irrestrainable, the other all self-control, able to dismiss all but the great central aim, able to put aside what is weakening or disturbing.

Mr. A. Tilney Bassett's selection from the statesman's extensive correspondence—some letters addressed to other persons than Mrs. Gladstone are included—illustrates this description. The correspondence confirms the impression of an almost unique relationship : Gladstone wrote his wife daily on political as well as personal matters, and there was never any leakage. Much of it would serve as an Appendix to Mr. Guedalla's *The Queen and Mr. Gladstone*, showing as it does the gradual deterioration in their relationship. At Balmoral in 1863 the Queen was thrown out of her carriage, and when it is urged she should not drive after dark said

> all her habits were formed on the Prince's wishes and directions and she could not alter them.

Gladstone calls this "the most extraordinary case in the world", and notes in 1864

> Whenever she quotes an opinion of the Prince she looks upon the question as completely shut up by it, for herself and all the world.

Her refusal in 1871 to postpone her journey to Balmoral for three days because of State affairs is "deplorable"—

> the strangest and subtlest working of the selfish principle in a fine character that I have ever seen.

In the same year he wishes the Prince of Wales and the Queen

> could exchange their opinions of one another: it would be good for them, and for the nation.

And so on until he mentions "the formal and menacing character" of his audience in 1893.

The letters afford an interesting sidelight on Victorian politics and on the character and the married life of a great statesman; they will confirm Mr. Garratt in his view of Mr. Gladstone—a much more favourable one than that of some recent writers (Mr. Garratt, by the way, should correct a date on p. 163, and a misprint on p. 204). In their added revelation of the intensely serious way in which Gladstone regarded his political life they afford the most striking contrast with Balfour.

Balfour was a man of uncommon charm and ability, and one cannot but speculate what he might have done had he been born poor and had to fight his way. He went into Parliament easily, and as it was his habit to use the utmost economy of effort all his life, took politics easily:

> The elimination of unnecessary pain or distress, mental or physical, was a part of his philosophy of life to which he clung with passion.

Politics, indeed, often seemed to bore him. In January, 1906, he said the Tory

> catastrophe now has made me more violently and pleasurably interested in politics than I remember having been since the Home Rule Bill.

Thirteen years earlier he had confessed to no deep interest in politics and said he never worried or got excited about them. He

> admitted that he had not looked at a paper for weeks—knew he ought to—Buckle of *The Times* often scolded him for it.

Mrs. Dugdale and her publishers have given us a book very pleasant to read—well written, well produced, and also well illustrated, though we might have had one or two of "F.C.G.'s" cartoons with advantage. The author, of course, sees her uncle—the great man of the family—through rose-coloured spectacles; especially is her account of the years from 1900 to 1911 too selective and too favourable. She evidently believes that Balfour pulverized Dr. Clifford, and that his leadership of the party during the Fiscal Controversy was masterly, while she slurs over the Government's ghastly mismanagement of the South African War. Recognizing our own prejudices—January 13th, 1906, when Balfour and his friends were swept out of Parliament by triumphant Liberalism, was one of the days we shall never forget—we cannot but feel that the objective reader will be often aware that Mrs. Dugdale shows her bias. "D—n. D—n. D—n", Lady Salisbury wrote to Balfour on this joyous occasion.

At the age of eighty Balfour remarked he had changed very little in outlook and opinion all his life. Certainly his skill along certain lines was manifest to the end; history will probably say that his work as an "Elder Statesman" was the most effective he did, perhaps especially during his visits to America. A prominent place is given to Balfour's relationship with Dr. Weismann and the Zionists.

His contempt for those whose wits were not so nimble as his own was not concealed, witness the way he speaks of the Duke of Devonshire's failure to understand *Insular Free Trade*. But did anybody understand it? One wonders what Edward VII made of some of the Prime Minister's letters on the Fiscal Question.

The book will be read with great interest by all students of politics, though some of the cream has been skimmed off in biographies of contemporary statesmen. Comments like the following are found on many a page:

> There are only two men living whom I would cross the street to hear, and that not too often. Both, though great artists in their way, are undoubtedly very limited in range. One is Joe, the other is Asquith.

There are some slips to be corrected. Gladstone died in 1898, not 1897 (I. 220); "understanding" should probably be "undertaking" (I. 225); the House of Lords' decision on the Scottish Church Case was 1904, not 1905 (I. 285); "St. Petersburg" appears for "Constantinople" on I. 383n. Strangely enough, there is no mention in the "Contents" of the valuable Appendix—the "Notes on Lord Balfour's Philosophy" contributed by the late Prof. Pringle-Pattison, to which some readers of our own pages will turn first of all.

The pleasant impression of English family life received from Sir Austen Chamberlain's letters to his father will remain with us, we hope, long after the unpleasant taste of some of his political revelations has disappeared. Whether we think of the writer as dutiful son, anxious above all things to please the invalid father and to forward the policy associated with his name, or as a father himself, delighting to have time to spend with his boy, the picture is a very happy one.

The volume consists, in the main, of letters written in the rush of political life to keep the incapacitated old warrior *au fait* with what was happening. Sir Austen has always been conscious of the immense debt he owed to his father, and he has never been afraid, in public or in private, of acknowledging it:

> my choice of a political career combined with my late marriage has given me an intimacy and friendship with my Father, which I think are rare in such a relationship, and certainly make it very beautiful and precious in our case. Give him my love and duty and my thanks for opening this life to me and for his constant help and encouragement.
>
> I think more and more of what I owe to Father, and I do not know whether I owe most to the counsel he has given me when I needed it or to the extraordinary self-restraint and courage with which he has refused to advise me sometimes when the temptation must have been very strong but when it was necessary—though I did not think so, perhaps, at the moment—that I should take my own decision and steer my own course. The result has been that, for better or worse, I have my own career, my own life and influence, and have not been wholly overshadowed by his great personality, though always trying my own actions and decisions by the thought (not exactly of how he would act —that is a different thing) but by what principle and ideals he would be guided. He has *made* me in every sense of the word and, if I accomplish anything in my career, it will be due to his teaching and his example. I have a good deal of the Kenricks in me by nature. Left to myself, I don't think I should have done much ill to anyone; but if I work and persist and fight with political beasts at Ephesus or

> elsewhere, it is because I am his son and because *"Noblesse oblige!"* . . . Never did son owe more to his father and never did father more generously or more wisely help his son's career. He has been more ambitious for me than ever I have been for myself—infinitely more ambitious for me than he was for *himself*—and that is the only point on which I have ever had to resist his counsels.

Sir Austen, in truth, is not a brilliant politician, but he is something better: the loyalty, dignity, and unselfishness attributed to him in one letter have marked all his career, and have won for him the respect of opponents of all Parties. Not only so, but he is big enough to admit that on occasions he has been wrong (in regard to Haldane and to the rejection of the Budget by the House of Lords, for example). In general he is the good boy of the House of Commons, so much so that one of the most amusing incidents in these years is when, in 1912, "I offered myself as a last resort to make a violent personal attack on the Prime Minister"—the good little boy prepared to put out his tongue and say a naughty word.

All who took an active part in the politics of this period will learn much from these contemporary comments from the inside. They will no doubt be surprised to learn how stupid and futile, blundering and unsuccessful the Government was—for Sir Austen has no doubts: one side is practically all black, the other (if only it *would* be sensible and become entirely "whole-hog") all white; he even doubts (1910) "whether you could get a House of men better qualified for their work" than the House of Lords!

Sir Austen generally gives himself a pat on the back for his own speeches, and tells us that politics have caused him only two sleepless nights. More than once he remarks that the Conservatives have no organization to support them to compare with that of the Nonconformist chapels for Liberalism. We wonder if he thinks the same to-day.

The unreality of much political life is illustrated in the following quotations. "Loulou" is Harcourt, and Alec is Acland Hood.

> Something — I forget what — led to our gossiping about maiden speeches yesterday. Law said: "My maiden speech was the only one I have ever made in the House about which I was not in the least nervous. That was because no one knew me". Long said: "Did I ever tell you about mine? I remember it well. It was in the dinner-hour and there were only eight people present. It was on the Irish Land Bill of 1881. When I went out, Ashbourne (then Gibson) came to me in the Lobby and, putting his arm through mine, said: 'That was a capital speech of yours, my dear fellow, and devilish clever, too! Oh, you'll go far, and so forth'. Quite charming. But the next night I found him with his arm through that of another member saying to him too: 'That was a capital speech of yours, my dear fellow, and devilish clever, too. Oh! you'll go far'. In short the very same words. And then, as the member moved off, he added confidentially to me, 'You know, one's obliged to encourage them, but I never heard such rot in my life—never!' "
>
> Loulou is going to take charge of the English Land Bill. "Is it like the Scottish one?" asked Alec.
>
> "No," said Loulou, "as an English landlord I think that's a d——d bad Bill and I don't like it. The English Bill will include compulsory powers, but it will be very moderate and I can tell you that I don't think you, as a landlord, will object to it."

These years cover the abortive Veto Conference and Mr. Lloyd George's suggestion of a Coalition, as well as the pourparlers between the Party

Leaders about Home Rule. The letters abound with allusions to incidents and people. Sir Austen was greatly impressed by the Kaiser, who at the funeral of King Edward VII was "wonderful".

Mr. E. F. Benson has done nothing better, in any genre, than *The Kaiser and English Relations*. He has mastered the material, State Papers and correspondence alike, and has drawn on private information, and with great skill and insight has described the man whose megalomania led the World into war. Mr. Benson has a striking page on what Wilhelm would have been like had he had the good fortune to be an English country squire rather than an Emperor; and that page is an epitome of the whole book. His relations with his mother; his grandmother, the Queen; and his hated uncle, Edward VII; are well brought out. We see him a man of all moods, with a colossal vanity, and an ingrained "sense of being able brilliantly to turn his hand unto anything". All his life his physical disability made him a prey to the inferiority complex which he strove to lay

> by noisy self-assertion, by assuring himself and others that his will was law to the world,

feeling all the time

> an essential timidity which shuddered and wailed in the innermost of his soul.

Wilhelm at Doorn is indeed to be pitied: to count for nothing when he thought he counted for all—this of all punishments must be greater than man can bear.

The Kaiser naturally brings us to the man who won an election on the cry "Hang the Kaiser", and to the last two volumes of his *War Memoirs*. Mr. Lloyd George, of course, fills a prominent place in the Balfour biography, while from the Chamberlain letters we cull this reference to him:

> John Burns, being told that Lloyd George had produced a most favourable impression during his stay at Court and been most conciliatory and attentive, had replied:
>
> "Yes, and he's had housemaid's knee ever since!"—which at least has the merit of being just what Burns would be likely to say of one of his colleagues.

Mr. Lloyd George has finished his gigantic task, and, though we must not be disarmed by his Preface, we can warmly congratulate him—and his publishers and the compiler of his Index—on his achievement. Six volumes, a million words, never dull, often with crisp, vivid phrases and graphic descriptions, the *War Memoirs* are thoroughly characteristic of the ex-Prime Minister whose unbounded energy and marvellous resilience meant so much in the War years. The volumes will live for their documentation, for Mr. Lloyd George has drawn widely and skilfully on unpublished papers. An examiner, I think, would report thus: Documents valuable; style alive and nervous; adjectives and invective, $\alpha +$; the whole effect deplorable. Recommended for a pass! The six volumes are to all intents and purposes a Brobdingnag pamphlet; an apologia with "I, I, I" ever in the foreground; no weaker word than hate describes the writer's attitude to Haig, Robertson, and Sir Frederick Maurice. An Epilogue is given to Mr. Duff Cooper's *Haig*, and the Secretary of State for War and Lord Derby are, along with the Commander-in-Chief, subjected to bombardment with every conceivable kind of explosive allowed by the Hague Convention —and otherwise. Many chapters of the book are devoted to the warfare waged between politicians and generals: the tragedy is that amid the

stupid folly and obstinacy of the generals and the ambitions and intrigues of the politicians men were giving their lives, as they believed, for peace.

The professional soldier is an easy prey to one so nimble as Mr. Lloyd George; his shortcomings can be pilloried with the greatest ease. It is therefore the greater pity Mr. Lloyd George disfigures his pages with such sneers as:

> he struck me as being one of the ablest and most successful brains I had met in the Army. That was sufficient to make him suspect and to hinder his promotion to the higher ranks of his profession.

In these volumes Mr. Lloyd George appears again as a convinced Easterner. Here we are inclined to agree with him, while again regretting that he cannot expound his views without scathing denunciation of those who took the opposite view. The Passchendaele bee still buzzes furiously.

Mr. Lloyd George's sentences are sometimes like the rattle of machine guns, and as deadly:

> As a feat of arms, it was magnificent. As a piece of strategy, it turned out to be suicidal.

At other times we are glad to have the benefit of his experience. He of all men ought to know that "in all cases it [great power] poisons judgment". And some of the richest passages in the volumes are those in which he denounces intrigues and newspaper conspiracy.

In his *War Memoirs* Mr. Lloyd George tells of the earth-shaking events *quorum magna pars fuit*. There is no doubt that the volumes will be widely read. We hope they will leave on politicians and soldiers the impression left on one reader—that no men are sufficiently competent and responsible to have in their hands the destinies of millions of their fellows. While men died, jealousies and hatreds, convention and red-tape, crass stupidity and overweening ambition, had full play. Is it to happen again?

We see little hope of assured peace with the calibre of men responsible for the destinies of mankind at present. So far from Gladstone being outmoded and obsolete we cannot but feel after reading these volumes that the need is for another Gladstone, with the same sincerity, the same sense of consecration to public life. "Make no more giants, Lord, but elevate the race": our trouble to-day is that we have neither giants in the world of politics nor an elevated race: the lack of inspiration on the Front Bench is only equalled by that on the one opposite; there is not a man in Lords or Commons who does not appear a pigmy placed by the side of William Ewart Gladstone.

ALBERT PEEL.

WORTH NOTING FROM RECENT BOOKS

Religion stands at the crossroads. Throughout the world the parties of social progress are, in general, either passively or actively anti-religious. Organized religion, on the defensive, tends to range itself, actively or passively, with the conservatives and the reactionaries. But the tide of social evolution cannot forever be dammed by the dykes of vested interest. The progressive forces are bound to win; and it looks as though the bursting of the dykes would be quick and catastrophic. If in that hour religion is found still on the side of reaction, as it was in Russia, it must suffer almost total eclipse. Its existing forms will be doomed to destruction.

One of the main reasons for this fatal alignment of religion with reaction is that the progressive attitude of mind is frankly empirical, while the religious temper remains traditional and dogmatic. The empiricism which is at war with our religious traditionalism is bound up with science, and upon science the progress of civilization increasingly depends. So our house of life is divided against itself and cannot stand. Our religious habit of mind, defending a tradition, pulls us backwards to the past, and fastens us to forms of life which the march of development is surely destroying. Our scientific empiricism draws us into the future, toward the construction of new habits and forms of life. Between the two tensions we are paralysed and can only stand helplessly watching the approach of catastrophe. In this dilemma of modern civilization, large numbers of people, with the Communists leading the vanguard, have sought release for the creative energy within them by cutting the religious cord that binds us to the past, and are marching, with banners flying, into the future, "without God and without hope in the world". They have pinned their faith to science, unaware that science cannot save the world, since it must serve and cannot lead. But there is another way out of the dilemma. If religion could abandon its traditional dogmatism and become itself empirically minded, it could lead the progressive movement with science as its technical adviser. If this is impossible, then religion can no longer perform any positive function in a society which depends, even for its daily bread, upon the empirical temper of scientific research and technical inventiveness. Religion must either transform itself or fade away.

JOHN MACMURRAY, *The Structure of Religious Experience.*

The new trend of criticism [form-criticism] is certainly interesting, and has some light to give us. Its defect is that it offers too large a field for mere subjective impressionism; it over-emphasizes internal as against external evidence; and it has to be kept strictly in order by recollecting that we cannot treat our actual data as if they did not matter. The work of classification in which these critics plunge is strongly hypothetical; and it is unscholarly to treat even suggestive guesswork as if it were convincing truth. But form-criticism has this merit, that it raises the question of the formative period, it invites us to speculate as to the conditions in the early Church under which tradition took shape, and it forces us to study the tradition in relation to the life of the primitive Church. One may doubt whether, when it has gone to its farthest limit, it will be found to have done more than supply a useful reminder of the fact that the Gospel narrative took shape as the tradition of a living and working Church.

THE BISHOP OF BRADFORD, *The Gospels and the Critic.*

The tragic position of stalemate which our present methods of control produce is revealed in the following quotation from the 1933-4 Report of a large society: "Too often there is little in the practice of Christianity within the Church to commend the Gospel to Hindus and Moslems. Can we wonder that this is so, and that there are occasional lapses when, as in one district in the Punjab, there is one man in priest's orders to celebrate Holy Communion to 240 congregations?". What a travesty of New Testament principles and methods must have been followed to produce such a situation! And what authority have we, it may fairly be asked, to impose a system which deprives members of the body of Christ of the right to participate in the blessings of the Lord's Table? Evidently we are demanding far different qualifications in ordinands than those which satisfied St. Paul, or there would not be this incomprehensible dearth of them.

A Missionary Secretary,
New Testament Principles and Modern Missions.

"In the twentieth century (I continue to translate Hugo) circulation will take the place of isolation. Every one will be allowed to pass anywhere. The rivers that are now frontiers will be highways. To destroy a bridge will be as unthinkable as to decapitate a man. Gunpowder will be confined to blasting; saltpetre, instead of being used to pierce the human body, will be used only to pierce mountains. . . France in the twentieth century will be more than a nation, it will be a civilization; it will be better than a civilization, it will be a family. . . Although the French will have Paris for their capital, but [*sic*] the country will no longer call itself France; it will call itself Europe. But only in the twentieth century will it call itself Europe; in the centuries after that this nation, even more transfigured, will be called Humanity."

E. V. Lucas, *Only The Other Day.*

A Letter of John Galsworthy.

My dear Sir,—Your letter excites my respect and admiration. I doubt, however, whether I can be of any service to you. I am not a Churchman, or even, I suppose, properly speaking, a Christian. That is to say, not a believer in your premise: "the reassurance and strength which only Christianity at its best can confer". Confucianism, Buddhism, Stoicism, Mohammedism, sincerely believed in, can all confer reassurance and strength.

The unrest at present, in so far as it is not due to the dislocations caused by the too rapid development of machinery, the memory of the war, and the threat of wholesale destruction implicit in the thought of future war, is due to the fact that most people are by now quite uncertain whether or not there is a future life; and have not adjusted themselves to that uncertainty, and I think we must take it as granted that the tendency to disbelieve in a future life will grow steadily with every year. A great many people who would not confess to the belief secretly have it.

You probably know the saying: God is the helping of man by man. That, I think, is the only religion which has any chance now of making real headway; and, being essentially practical, the only faith which will steady, comfort and uplift us all again.

The Yale Review.

FOREIGN REVIEWS.

Credo. By KARL BARTH. Translated by J. STRATHEARN McNAB. Hodder. 8s. 6d.

God and Man. By EMIL BRUNNER. Translated by DAVID CAIRNS. S.C.M. 5s. 0d.

In reviewing the German and the English editions of the first volume of Barth's *Kirchliche Dogmatik, The Doctrine of the Word of God,* we pointed out that it was time men ceased to assign to Barth views he has himself discarded. But immense as is Barth's book, *The Doctrine of the Word of God,* it is only part of the Introduction to his Dogmatics, and some of the fundamental doctrines of the Christian faith are in it necessarily left undiscussed. The book before us, *Credo,* gives in brief outline a complete theology. It consists of sixteen lectures given in 1935 at Utrecht University on the successive phases of the " Apostles' " Creed.

In his preface the translator seeks to encourage the "man in the pew" to read this book. He would be more likely to do so if Mr. McNab had not retained Barth's use of Latin phrases. Unless a book be written only for professional scholars, the proper place for foreign phrases is in brackets or in footnotes; not as titles of chapters nor in the body of a book. The use of foreign phrases suggests that theology is only for the theologian, and that is not Barth's view. He is a great preacher to our age, and his theology is part of his preaching. That, indeed, is part of the limitation of this book. In his eagerness to show the treasure of the Gospel contained in the Creed, he tends to forget that this treasure is contained in an earthen vessel. Thus on the phrase of the Creed "resurrection of the flesh, the life eternal" he writes,

> That assuredly means: over against human history and society, time and world, there is a totally different future existence of man. Man as he is to his own self-knowledge has a reflection of himself held up in front of him in which he appears as a completely new man. And he now hears this reflection saying to him: You who here and now are *this,* will then and there be *that.* . . Resurrection of the flesh means very simply that the man will be in himself what he already is in Christ, new creation (*2 Cor.* 5^{17}); that the garment of unrighteousness drops away from him and the garment of righteousness which he has for long been wearing secretly becomes visible. Resurrection of the flesh means therefore that our existence as *carnal* existence, our heaven and earth as theatre of *revolt,* our time as time of Pontius Pilate, will be dissolved and changed into an existence, into a heaven and earth, into a time, or *peace* with God without conflict, of that peace which, hidden from our eyes in the flesh of Christ, is already a reality.

That is good "edification", but it ignores the fact that the ancient Church meant by the resurrection of the flesh just what it said—a conception of the resurrection too materialistic to be fully Christian.

The book begins and ends with the reminder that "Credo means decision". Theology is not a mere academic pursuit. It is an essential part of the Church's work—the exposition of that on which men have to make a vital choice. In the discussions that followed the giving of these lectures, Barth explained that the questions of his hearers betrayed the fact that they were "still able to pursue theology in *comfort,* with a certain calmness and detachment in regard to its problems, such as we once knew in Germany but to-day know no longer". So his hearers had

still the possibility of "actually standing *over against* theological matters, of observing them, of having them approach in themselves". In Germany recent history has been "a challenge to each individual theologian to make a stand, to decide, to confess". Barth admits that

> this situation, this direct call from the exigency of life, from the affliction the Church in Germany is at this moment suffering, has naturally its good *and* its dangerous sides. But there is no denying that the situation of an *ecclesia militans* can show a closer kinship to the great times of the Church's past, to the times in which Church dogma arose. Quite a different inner attitude is involuntarily adopted to this dogma than will be adopted in a quiet ecclesiastical situation in which it is merely honoured and probably also criticised as legacy of a past that no longer exists.

Difficult as is the situation in England, we have not yet had to face a crisis such as that the German Church has experienced. In times of crisis leadership belongs, not to those who see life as a conflict between right and rights, but to those who have the happy gift of seeing it as a conflict between the absolute right and the absolute wrong. Barth is such a one, and that is part of his greatness and his limitation.

God and Man contains four essays by Brunner on the Nature of Personality, and an admirable introduction by their translator; this not only summarizes their teaching but describes the difference in view between Barth and Brunner which has made Barth in his impetuous and intolerant fashion to refuse any longer to recognize Brunner as an ally in his fight against modernism. Brunner realizes, as Barth refuses to do, that Natural Theology contains some elements of truth. At the same time Brunner asserts, as strongly as does Barth though in more measured language, that only in Christ is there given to men that special revelation of God which alone speaks of His forgiveness.

The first essay deals with "The Philosophers' Idea of God and the Creator God of Faith". It seeks to show the inadequacy of every type of philosophy. "Sin is that concept which finds a place in no system of thought." For philosophy

> God is the God who fits this world, and this world is a world which fits God. But at the place where philosophy has theodicy the Bible has eschatology. That is, while speculative philosophy believes that the contradictions in the world can be resolved by thought, the Bible believes that they can only be removed by God's act of redemption. Either theodicy or eschatology, but not both. Either the contradiction is a real one; then it cannot be removed by thinking, then there is no system. Or else there is a system, which resolves contradictions, though perhaps only by means of an ingenious dialectic; then the contradiction is not a real one, there is no sin.
>
> But there is a subjective side which corresponds to this. Since sin, the contradiction, is something real, knowledge of God, to become actual, must be a real act of man, just as it is a real act of God. This act, which is something quite different from thinking, is the decision of faith. In thinking there is no decision. It is only where thinking stops that I can decide. So long as I can and must follow the compulsion of logic, I do not decide. Acknowledging is something different from knowing in the usual sense of the word. Knowledge of God in the sense of the Bible is never knowledge in this, so to speak, neutral sense, but always in the sense of decision or acknowledgment. Decision, just like sin, can find no place in system, in philosophy. For

there the relation to God is from the beginning a given relation, whether it be in the realistic sense, that I am always actually causally bound to God, or in the idealistic sense, that God and I are always in essence one, even if this unity be not known from the beginning. What can then take place is the recognition of that which already is, but not a decision.

In contrast, the special revelation of God in Christ is "God's self-communication".

> God *gives himself* in revelation. . . He reveals himself as the Lord who lays claim to me, but he claims me for himself. His demand and his grace are one. He claims from me nothing else than that I should become wholly his, that I should unconditionally acknowledge him as the giver of my life, that I should trust him. His grace consists in his claiming me wholly for himself. . . God's grace permeates my decision, and the obedient decision of faith is the transformation which God himself effects in my life. God the Lord is forgiving, giving love.
>
> The God who is an object of thought is never love, for he does not come to meet me. He waits till I find him, or rather, he does not even wait, he "is", he subsists, as ground of the world. But the God who reveals himself is he who himself takes the initiative, who imparts himself—love. That he speaks to me, a sinful man, that is his forgiveness. Forgiveness is therefore the word which most clearly distinguishes Biblical from philosophical knowledge of God. . . Only the God who reveals himself in his Word, the God of the Bible, is the personal God, while every philosophical idea of God is necessarily impersonal, however theistically it may deck itself out.

The second essay, "Faith in Justification and the Problem of Ethics", is of more general interest. Brunner here states briefly what he gave at length in that greatest of books on Christian Ethics, *The Command and the Ordinances,* of which we still have to await the English translation.

> All natural ethics or ethics of reason, and also all religious ethics outside of the Biblical revelation, attribute to man the power to realize the good, the divine will in his moral action. "Thou oughtest, therefore thou canst." In the kernel of his being, man is good. By his own resources he can fulfil God's demands. By his own resources he is able to create the right relationship to God. The command, the imperative, is God's; "to will and to do" it is man's. That is the Pelagianism, the work-righteousness of all natural ethics.

Against this we have the negative side of the doctrine of justification.

> This self-revelation of God, through which our legalistic relation to him is done away, is in no respect our work, but the act of God alone. . . All ideological ethics, all ethics of principle, are unmerciful and inhuman. They are not only loveless, but also they prove themselves time and again ineffective. It is true that they impose a lofty demand on reality, but with all that they are not able to change reality. They demand that the politician should fulfil the claims of the Sermon on the Mount, and achieve only the result that he becomes either a hypocrite or a fanatic or a visionary. They unfold programmes of social reform, wondrous to behold, and then in shocked complaint blame the world for taking so little notice of these programmes. But faith frees us from all slavery to programmes, it makes us real. . . There are no intrinsically best laws; there is no intrinsically best economic form of society, no divine right of property, no divine socialism. Here, too, there is only one consideration—the command of the

hour. What was just yesterday can to-day be a crying injustice. . . God makes no claims *in abstracto,* with the proviso that we shall arrange who is to fulfil this commandment. God always summons men into his service for the greater tasks. He commands neither socialism nor capitalism. But he demands from worker and *entrepreneur,* from citizen and from responsible statesman, that each one in his place should do God's will. Here, too, the movement is from the personal to the impersonal and not vice versa. Therefore, as we already said, and now have found confirmed, the transformation of persons by means of faith is the decisive factor, even in reference to the great problems of the world. To shift responsibility to collective impersonal forces is itself a sign of lack of faith. The problem of ethics is not a general problem which only claims personal character by being applied to me. On the contrary, it is a wholly personal problem, which becomes general only through my co-operation with others. The social question and the political question do not concern you ethically except in so far as you are challenged by God to do his will at your post and in your calling.

The third essay deals with "The Church and Revelation". The interest in the Church may be in itself only a sign of men's horror at "the break-up of society and life".

The thing which is generally understood by the term "Church" is always this mixture of Christian faith and worldly instinct for power. In this sense it is necessary to describe the Church as the greatest enemy of the cause of Jesus Christ upon earth. It is that confederacy between the prince of this world and the holy one which the tempter proposed to our Lord, that compromise, at once horrible and impressive, which Dostoievski's grand inquisitor justified before our Lord as the only possibility of the attainment of happiness for the soul and body of mankind. The Church in this sense is at all times the great temptation of Christendom, and it would be foolish to believe that this danger can be exorcized by renouncing the Roman hierarchy and becoming Protestant. . . At every time and place where there is such loud talk about the Church, there lies in wait the danger even for us Protestants that we do not mean simply the Church of Jesus Christ, but in it and with it—or perhaps even by it—that Church in the Roman sense, *i.e.* the compromise of faith and power. That is the reason why the cry for the Church which can so clearly be heard to-day does not simply gladden me, as if this alone were what is needed. Rather does it sound to me extremely ominous. . . [But] true though it may be that the Church, in the sense outlined above, is the great temptation of Christendom, it is just as true that the real Church belongs necessarily to real Christian faith, that Christian faith without Church is an impossibility, that the Christian faith has grown out of the Church, and on its side must needs bring forth the Church. Faith and Church are as inseparable as fire and light, so that one can indeed say that faith must show whether it is genuine by its attitude to the Church. In this sense, at any rate, churchmanship and discipleship of Jesus Christ are one and the same thing.

But if both these statements are true, namely, that the Church in one sense is the great temptation and in another sense is the great gift of God to humanity, that churchmanship in one sense is a devilish perversion and in another sense is the necessary fruit of faith, it becomes evident how urgently necessary it is to understand clearly the real meaning of the concept of the Church, and grasp its true connexion

with faith in the revelation of God in Jesus Christ. For it has often enough happened that, from inability to make a right distinction between the two, men in their zeal to serve Christ have actually served the prince of this world. And what could a Christian more dread than this awful confusion?

Brunner proceeds to point out the peril which comes alike from the "enthusiast" and the "clericalist".

> If the "enthusiast" forgets that the spirit is bound to the Word and the fellowship, the fault of the clericalist is that he forgets the freedom of the Spirit in relation to every churchly institution. In the name of God he engages in impudent ecclesiastical politics, in the name of God he distinguishes the godless world from the fellowship of believers who belong to God. His Church is—just the Church that we know so well — the Church of the confident and the self-righteous. It is the Church for whose building we do not wait upon the Spirit of God in prayer, it is the Church which we ourselves make, for whose increase we think fit to use the most questionable means of worldly politics, if only they promise to succeed. . . Who will say which is worse, this parson-ruled Church or the churchlessness of the "enthusiasts", Spirit without Word and Church, or Church and Word without Spirit?

The last essay, "Biblical Psychology", reiterates that "Christian knowledge of man means knowledge of man in his contradiction", and from the standpoint of Christian faith Brunner criticizes current systems of psychology.

We hope this book will be very widely read; its brief pages are rich in salutary, if, to many, unwelcome truth.

SYDNEY CAVE.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

"Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider."—FRANCIS BACON.

"A good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."—JOHN MILTON.

(The place of publication is London unless otherwise stated.)

An Outline of Christian Worship. By W. D. MAXWELL. Oxford Press. 7s. 6d.

Worship. By EVELYN UNDERHILL. Nisbet. 10s. 6d.

Here are two books of great importance which cover much of the same ground. Miss Underhill had evidently not seen Dr. Maxwell's book, though she mentions his fine study *John Knox's Genevan Service Book*, with which he won his spurs as a scholar: had she done so her chapters on Reformed Religion would have been enriched. His sketch of the development of Christian worship is thorough and well-informed, and it is written with a sympathetic understanding which sometimes makes it moving even to a hardened reader — especially in the first chapter, "Primitive Worship: Origins and Growth". The remaining chapters deal with Liturgical Forms in the East, the West, and in the Churches of Reformation, and then there is a final chapter (the weakest in the book) on "The Christian Cycle of Prayer". Special mention should be made of the very useful bibliography. Dr. Maxwell has opinions of his own, and is not afraid to express them, and he has enthusiasm as well as knowledge. There are few who will not learn much from his pages.

On two points we found ourselves asking questions: Why are the five Independents in the Westminster Assembly dubbed "irascible"? "Stubborn" perhaps, but not irascible. And we hope Dr. Maxwell does not endorse Kerr's foolish and extravagant words (p. 134) about "the curse of Cromwell".

Miss Underhill's volume is in Nisbet's "Library of Constructive Theology", which has kept up a uniformly high standard. We owe her so much for inspiration received, and this book is on the whole so good, that we are ill-disposed to criticize. We have, however, one grumble, and we are inclined to blame the Nonconformist Editor of the series rather than Miss Underhill herself. He was no doubt aware that the *ethos* of Nonconformity was alien to the author, no matter how sympathetic she might be, and therefore it was surely within his province to see that worship in the Free Churches received adequate attention. A glance at the Preface showed how overwhelmingly the book was weighted on the Orthodox, Roman, and Anglican side, and another glance, this time at the Index, confirmed this impression, for there are only a handful of Free Church names; of the three or four which do appear Buchanan Gray is wrongly spelt and the Micklem brothers are confused. Dr. Maltby "vetted" the Methodist pages, but nobody did the same for those dealing with Baptists or Congregationalists, where, by the way, *The Book of Congregational Worship* receives unexpected praise. It may be urged that the slightness of the treatment of Nonconformity is due to the poverty of its contribution to worship, but this can scarcely be maintained. Even though Watts and

Doddridge be left out—these are not mentioned in this book—surely Rendel Harris and Alexander Whyte, Robert Horton and Alexander McLaren, Henry Allon and C. H. Spurgeon, had something to teach the Church about worship. Altogether preaching as part of worship is strangely overlooked, congregational singing receives little attention, and the worship of the gathered church meeting, something probably outside Miss Underhill's experience, is scarcely mentioned. How true many people have found Dale's testimony:

> To be at a church meeting—apart from any prayer that is offered, any hymn that is sung, any words that are spoken—is for me one of the chief means of grace. To know that I am surrounded by men and women who dwell in God, who have received the Holy Ghost, with whom I am to share the eternal righteousness and eternal rapture of the great life to come, this is blessedness. I breathe a Divine air. I am in the new Jerusalem, which has come down out of heaven from God, and the nations of the saved are walking its streets of gold. I rejoice in the joy of Christ over those whom He has delivered from eternal death and lifted into the light and glory of God. The Kingdom of Heaven is there.

That is a long grumble, we fear, and we hope it will not deter Free Churchmen from giving the book their best attention. They could not have a better guide in fields unfamiliar to them. Especially on ritual, symbol, and sacrament will they find a walk with Miss Underhill rewarding, while they will learn much about the principles of worship, both personal and corporate.

A comparison of the historical chapters with Dr. Maxwell's book will be an education in itself. Both the volumes are very readable and should have a place on every minister's shelves.

EDITOR.

St. Mark's Gospel: Two Stages of its Making. By J. M. C. CRUM. Heffer. 6s.

Canon Crum's book, a successor to *The Original Jerusalem Gospel* (*Q*), naturally, as its sub-title indicates, invites comparison with Dr. A. T. Cadoux's *The Sources of the Second Gospel* published last year. While Dr. Cadoux discerns in *Mark* three strata, Mr. Crum finds only two, Mark I (the text of which is printed) "a Gospel story—homely, frank, vivid—which goes back to the scenes" of Galilee and Jerusalem in 30 A.D., and Mark II a Gospel story of the Church of Rome in the time of Nero, differing in its vocabulary and its Christology, "a story told by metaphor and allegory, setting out the mystical implications" of the bare facts of the words, works, and sufferings of Jesus. Mark II has used in addition to Mark I, the folk-memories and folk stories of the Early Church, Q, and the Septuagint. In one chapter Mr. Crum brings together a number of indications of rewriting, and another very suggestive study is based on the names by which the earliest Christians spoke of Jesus. The whole book is marked by competent scholarship—*e.g.*, the chapter on the vocabulary of Mark II—and by persuasive argument, and the writer brings his discussion to a conclusion with a stimulating essay on the mobility of Early Christian thought. In support of his thesis he finds no sign of Pauline influence in Mark I, but in Mark II the ideas of *Gal.*, 2 *Cor.*, and *Romans*. "A new world of Christian thought had come into existence since Mark I had satisfied the Church; Mark II rewrites the story in an atmosphere of new ideas." It is curious to note the re-emergence of the old Ur-Marcus theory though in a new dress, and the analogy with the widely-held opinion of a Proto-Luke.

A. J. GRIEVE.

The Epistle to the Hebrews: Its Sources and its Message. By VACHER BURCH, D.D. Williams & Norgate. 5s.

Dr. Burch, known as the collaborator of Dr. Rendel Harris in *Testimonies,* and erstwhile Cathedral Lecturer in Divinity at Liverpool, here expands a course of lectures delivered in that capacity, and in contrast to widely expressed opinions, maintains that the Epistle is "throughout Hebrew in ideas", owing nothing to Philo or Alexandrian Hellenism. Nor will he have it that it was meant—as several recent views maintain that it was (despite its title)—intended for Gentile Christians. It was written for "Hebrew Christians who because of a contemporary and radical crisis in Israel's history" were inclined "to yield to the spell of the silent voices of the dead" and "the lure of the lowland ways". This thesis is maintained by an intensive study of rather recondite material, *e.g.,* the Lectionary of the Synagogue, and the homily for the Jewish Fast of Ab (found in *Baruch* 3^9-4^4). The strong Maccabean factor in the Epistle leads Dr. Burch to indicate Antioch (the centre of the Maccabean cult) as the home of its recipients, and "a man of the type of Barnabas" as its writer. *Heb.* 13, however, may be originally Pauline, and through its attachment to the Epistle may have given rise to the long discredited opinion that the whole document was written by Paul. There is much in Dr. Burch's book that will repay careful study, and though its style is not always easy there are passages of real beauty and of spiritual value that will be welcome to those who have to expound this majestic legacy of the first Christian century.

A. J. GRIEVE.

The Revival of Pascal: A Study of his relation to Modern French Thought. By DOROTHY M. EASTWOOD, B.A. Oxford Press. 12s. 6d.

This erudite study is of interest not only for its subject but for its author. The biographical note by Vera Farnell tells how all through her brief life of thirty years Miss Eastwood was increasingly crippled by arthritis, and how in childhood and during her course at Oxford her extraordinary intellectual and blithe spirit triumphed over appalling physical disabilities. The work before us earned for her the degree of D.Phil. in 1932, but she died before she had finished its preparation for the press.

The work itself is a singularly penetrating and well-balanced investigation of the amazing change that came over the reputation of Pascal in France during the last two decades of the 19th and the first two of the 20th century. This was due, as Prof. Gustave Rudler points out in a Preface, to causes both external and internal (*e.g.,* Bergson's early writings). "Pascal's depth as a thinker and mystic and his holiness as a man, have been fully and finally vindicated." Perhaps the chapters that will appeal most generally are those on "The new interest in Pascal as a mystic" and "The representative character of Pascal and of the *Pensées* considered as literature". One cannot but regret that a critic of such rare promise has passed away; but it is heartening to possess this achievement of one who out of weakness was made strong.

A. J. GRIEVE.

Polycarp's Two Epistles to the Philippians. By P. N. HARRISON, M.A., D.D. Cambridge Press. 21s.

It would be generally admitted that of all periods of Church History that immediately succeeding the lifetime of those who had known the Lord in the flesh is the darkest. This fact is due not only to the scantiness of the literature surviving from that time, but also to the unsatisfactory manner in which it has been preserved. All that was humanly possible down to

1890 has been enshrined in the five immortal tomes of Bishop Lightfoot. But since that date discoveries have been made, of which the old Latin version of *First Clement,* published by Dom Morin in 1894, is not the least important, and intensive investigation of the whole literature has continued. Yet various problems remained, and among these was the proper historical setting for Polycarp's Epistle to the Philippians.

It is to this problem that Dr. Harrison has for a number of years devoted such leisure as an active pastorate permitted him. In 1921 he had finally solved, for most of us, "The Problem of the Pastoral Epistles," and had incidentally gained an international reputation and trained himself for the severer task. That the task was severe can perhaps best be illustrated by the vacillations of opinion which a scholar like Harnack, distinguished alike by learning and judgment, could show. Between 1878 and 1920 he expressed four different opinions of its date, veering between a time later than A.D. 140 and the period 110-118. The title of Dr. Harrison's book gives at once a hint as to his own solution, which I will present in his own words: "Polycarp wrote to the Philippians at different times two letters, which were copied out at an early date on to the same papyrus roll, and so fused into one" (p. 15).

He regards chap. 13 (possibly also 14) as a note sent along with the Ignatian epistles just after Ignatius had visited Philippi on his way to Rome to his death, while the second epistle (our chaps. 1-12) was written years after Ignatius's martyrdom. There is no difficulty to those who know anything about the transmission of short works on papyrus—and indeed Dr. Harrison has here fortified himself by the expert opinion of Dr. H. Idris Bell of the British Museum—in a fusion such as Dr. Harrison postulates. If I may venture to express an opinion, his solution is definitive: the problem has yielded to his sagacity and patient investigation.

The argument is close-knit and cannot be set forth in detail in the space at my disposal. Readers have a great treat in store for them if they will follow it for themselves. I give here the outline of the work. It is in four parts: "The Problem of Polycarp's Epistle", "Indications that 'Chapter XIII' was written before the death of Ignatius", "Indications that Chapters I-XII were written after the martyrdom of Ignatius had passed into history", "Chronological". Among the more important topics to which chapters are devoted are "History of Criticism", "The Letters of Ignatius", "Date of Ignatius's Martyrdom, of his Epistles, and of Polycarp's Covering Note", "Ignatius and the New Testament", "Polycarp and the New Testament". Appendixes contain a translation of Polycarp's two Epistles and the Greek Text with Parallels, followed by fifteen pages providing what seems an exhaustive bibliography of the subject, chronologically arranged, and by a detailed index.

We Congregationalists ought to feel proud that it has been reserved for one of ourselves to solve this century-old problem. Why has Dr. Harrison not been elected to a denominational Chair?

A. SOUTER.

A Greek-English Lexicon. Compiled by HENRY GEORGE LIDDELL and ROBERT SCOTT. A New Edition revised and augmented throughout by Sir Henry Stuart Jones, with the assistance of Roderick McKenzie, and with the co-operation of many scholars. Part 9: σίσιλλος-τραγάω. Oxford Press. 10s. 6d.

The ninth part follows the eighth after an interval of over twenty-one months, and now one part only remains to complete the work. Its characteristics have been sufficiently made known in the notices of the

earlier parts. The ninth part contains five pages of additions to and corrections (mostly the former) of the earlier parts. Doubtless all the addenda and corrigenda in the various parts will be reprinted in their resultant order in the tenth part: the binder and the reader alike would welcome this concession. The editor has been constantly on the look-out for fresh publications bearing on his theme, new texts and better texts alike, and the result is a work which cannot be matched for comprehensiveness or accuracy in this or any other country. Full attention has been given throughout to biblical language.

A. SOUTER.

God in Patristic Thought. By G. L. PRESTIGE, D.D. Heinemann. 12s. 6d.

Dr. Prestige is the author of the recently published Life of Bishop Gore, which has been so great a success, giving, as it does, a vivid picture of that great religious leader. In this new book we have something quite different, but not after all so unrelated, since to commend Patristic Christianity was a main interest of Gore's life: one of his best-known books contained his Bampton Lectures on the Incarnation, in which he endeavoured to mediate the Greek Christology to our age. Dr. Prestige is really seeking to do the same for the Greek doctrine of the Trinity. He endeavours to show that it is much more rational than it is often taken to be, and that all that is necessary to commend it is to clear away certain misconceptions as to its character which are simply based on ignorance.

God in Patristic Thought came into being in a very interesting way. Dr. Prestige was invited as far back as 1921 to undertake research work for a Lexicon of Patristic Greek to be published, as it is hoped, by the Oxford Press. In carrying out this work he had necessarily to investigate all the terminology of the Patristic doctrines of the Trinity and the Incarnation. The result of this close linguistic study was to lead him to think that the Greek doctrine of the Trinity had been largely misunderstood. It is very commonly maintained that this doctrine, in its final form as it was established by the Cappadocian Fathers, is nothing more than a veiled tritheism. Dr. Prestige undertakes to show that on the contrary the Greek interest was in the true unity of God. He sums up the issue of his investigations in the following very interesting and extremely challenging form:

> By a full use of the subtlety of Greek thought and language, it was laid down that God is a single objective Being in three objects of presentation. This may be paraphrased in the expression, already employed, that He is one object in Himself and three objects to Himself. Alternatively, the result of the extended theological process may be summed up, in language more modern than any used by a Greek Father, but in loyalty to the spirit and meaning of Greek theology, in the formula that in God there are three divine organs of God-consciousness, but one centre of Divine self-consciousness. As seen and thought, He is three; as seeing and thinking, He is one.

It may be admitted at once that if this is the true Greek doctrine of the Trinity it is much more in harmony with modern thought than that doctrine is usually taken to be. According to Dr. Prestige, the villains of the piece were the Latin theologians with their lack of philosophical training: they converted the three objects which compose the Greek Trinity into three subjects, and so, though unintentionally, supported the tritheism which all too unfortunately is the popular conception of the Trinity.

There is no question but that Dr. Prestige has done real service to theology by raising the question of the true meaning of the Greek doctrine of the Trinity. Christianity is essentially a Trinitarian religion, since a

doctrine of the Trinity is inevitably implied in the facts of the Christian revelation. We cannot get away from the doctrine of the Trinity, however difficult we find it : how important then is it that our conception of it should be the best possible. Dr. Prestige undertakes to show that such a conception was already reached by the Greek Fathers, and that it is available for all who will take the trouble to study its meaning.

Inasmuch as his interpretation of Greek Trinitarianism is built up on a close examination of linguistic data, it is only by an equally close examination that it can be tested. This must necessarily take time. Other scholars will have to go over the ground with similar minuteness, and test the theory point by point. In advance of such testing, all that the present reviewer can do is to hope that Dr. Prestige may turn out to be right. Since the Greek theology is the official interpretation of the œcumenical Creeds, it ought to be a great help towards the reunion of Christendom if that interpretation serves to commend them to the modern mind. One of the greatest difficulties in the way of reunion at present is the insistence of some on the Creeds and the equally stout resistance to them of others : it would be interesting if a piece of quiet scholarship turned out in the end to be the best irenicon possible in so vexed a controversy.

ROBERT S. FRANKS.

Kant's Metaphysic of Experience. By H. J. PATON, M.A., D.Litt. Allen & Unwin. 2 vols. 30s.

Prof. Paton writes here a commentary on the first half of the *Critique of Pure Reason,* with a view to clearing away misunderstanding, so that Kant's own thought may be allowed to work in its own way as a coherent unity of doctrine. There are two kinds of misapprehension to be got rid of. The first came in with the British neo-Hegelians and consists in the explanation of Kant through Hegel : he is never really allowed to speak for himself, but is regarded always only as an imperfect Hegel, a philosopher who did not see to the end whither his own arguments led. The second is more recent, and is connected above all with the name of Vaihinger. There is no idea of turning Kant into someone else; but he is misunderstood all the same, in that it is maintained that the great *Critique* is no consistent unity, but is simply a thing of shreds and patches, having been put together from a whole series of documents of different ages, coming from different stages of Kant's philosophical development and often in flagrant contradiction to one another.

In opposition to both these mistakes, Dr. Paton wishes to let Kant speak for himself. Recognizing that Kant used older work, he does not maintain that there are no inconsistencies in the *Critique;* but he thinks that such are rather to be explained as being inevitable in real live thinking on an immensely difficult subject, than as being simply due to the mechanical process of adding together sections of different origin. The *Critique* is often obscure, it is admitted; but the obscurity is largely due to the real difficulty of its subject, a difficulty which the process of time has done little to abate, since Kant's thought is so utterly revolutionary in regard of the common-sense view with which we all begin : it was not for nothing that he spoke of a Copernican revolution in thought.

The present exposition only goes as far as the Transcendental Aesthetic and the Transcendental Analytic : it is to be hoped that the author may presently complete it by a similar commentary on the Transcendental Dialectic. The impelling force of the undertaking is the belief that Kant by himself and without the addition or supplementation of other people's views has still something to say which the world needs to hear. Hence this painstaking work, composed on the great scale, in which the difficulties of

Kant's language are explained point by point, and the meaning of his Copernican revolution emphasized rather than minimized. It is not Prof. Paton's aim to discuss the ultimate questions as to Knowledge and Being which Kant raises, but rather to state Kant's original doctrine with the utmost accuracy, in a way intelligible at least to the earnest philosophical student. He has come to see that many such students find Kant unintelligible without a guide; and after years of reflection on the meaning of the *Critique,* he offers his commentary as such a guide.

The reviewer is in warm sympathy with this undertaking: an enthusiastic student of Kant now for many years, he has never believed that Kant could be best used by being converted into a propaedeutic to Hegel, still less that there was in the *Critique* no substantial unity and coherency of doctrine. It is pleasant to have such convictions supported by the high authority of Prof. Paton and maintained in so solid a piece of work. One's only regret is that the commentary before us should stop short at the first half of the *Critique;* for the *Critique* without the Dialectic is truncated indeed: taken alone, it does not answer the very questions which Kant considered of most importance: What can I know? What may I believe? What may I hope?

Still, we can only reach the Dialectic through the Aesthetic and the Analytic; and here is certainly enough to occupy the student for quite a long time. The exposition is most carefully done: it is *au courant* with the latest Kantian studies, yet it is beyond all things loyal to Kant himself as his own best expositor. It should help very many who want to understand the greatest philosophical work of modern times.

ROBERT S. FRANKS.

Causation, Freedom and Determinism. By MORTIMER TAUBE, Ph.D. Allen & Unwin. 10s.

Dr. Taube has a short and easy way of dealing with the problem of freedom and determinism. The whole idea of necessary connection is erroneous: it is a survival into modern science of the theological conception that all action in this world is simply a manifestation of the Divine omnipotence, so that finite things are in themselves inefficacious. Science has abandoned the Divine omnipotence, but has substituted the notion of necessary connection as a principle governing the changes of the finite things that cannot in any way affect each other apart from its help. Some of the seventeenth century philosophers, however, knew better: they recognized the truth that power resides in the finite things themselves. There is then no need to bring in the idea of necessary connection, as did Hume and Kant each in his own way. Dr. Taube maintains that we recognize power in ourselves, as one state of mind proceeds from another. This experience alone gives us the key to action in the universe. Scientific determinism must be discarded, and with it the naïve picture of an original "push" from which all things necessarily follow: every finite thing in the universe can then be recognized as a free agent and centre of creative action. Thus the problem of freedom and determinism vanishes: determinism turns out to be an illusion. All natural laws are simply empirical generalizations: the hypothesis of an *a priori* principle of necessary connection is altogether unjustified.

Dr. Taube expresses his obligation to Whitehead's *Process and Reality,* and the obligation is evident. He stands in the current of modern Realism with its sharp opposition to the Idealism of Kant, who treated the principle of necessary connection as a prime law of our understanding of the world. But the solution offered of the problem of freedom and determinism is too

easy. It will not do to treat the principle of necessary connection as the mere ghost of the doctrine of the Divine omnipotence. It is in fact the inspiring principle of all scientific research. Science may have to recognize limits to its sphere of usefulness: it is an important and interesting fact that in the recent quantum theory such limits are recognized and a measure of freedom is admitted to the Universe. But where the principle of necessary connection stops, strict science also stops: no more remains than either mere classification or else statistics: in each case the attempt completely to understand is given up, and all that remains is a rough general notion of what things are and how they work.

ROBERT S. FRANKS.

The Nature of Religion. By E. C. MOORE. New York: Macmillan. 10s. 6d.

Dr. E. C. Moore was recently Professor of Christian Ethics at Harvard, and he is well known in this country both as a writer and a lecturer. In this book we have the fruit of many years' study and teaching in the History and Philosophy of Religion. The book falls into four parts. The first is strictly philosophical and deals with the Nature of Religious Knowledge, keeping a sound balance between the rational and the intuitional. The second part treats of the various manifestations of Religion in Worship, Organization, and Life, and shows a wide acquaintance with the comparative study of religions. The third part is devoted to certain special topics such as Christology, Theology proper, and the Belief in Immortality, and the book ends with a discussion of Reality under the headings of The True, The Beautiful, The Good, and The Holy. There is an interesting parallel between Dr. Moore's treatment of the Holy and that of Dr. Miall Edwards. They seem to have reached similar conclusions quite independently. From this description it will be seen that Dr. Moore's work ranges over very wide ground, but he is thoroughly at home in the various big questions with which he deals. His general standpoint, that of the older type of Liberalism, is tempered by a profoundly devout spirit. His vindication of religion as the only possible answer to man's deepest needs and the only possible explanation of his highest achievements is very characteristic. He never leaves the reader in any doubt as to his meaning, and on disputed matters his judgments are always sound and reasonable. His book may be classed with that of Dr. W. P. Paterson under the same title as an admirable example of modern apologetic.

W. B. SELBIE.

What is the Faith? By NATHANIEL MICKLEM, M.A., D.D. Hodder. 7s. 6d.

This is a notable book. As the considered theological judgment of the Principal of one of our Congregational Colleges it is a volume which, were the interests of Free churchmen in our day centred as once they were upon theology, would precipitate a crisis. For it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that, if Dr. Micklem's contention is valid, then half our ministers are preaching, and half our laymen are believing, a mere parody of Christianity. These pages are beautifully written, with elegance, candour, and even humour, but none the less, the issues raised are stern and vital. The Principal sets out to answer the question, What, then, is the Christian faith?; not whether we can believe it or not; not whether we like it or not; not whether it suits the modern mood or not; but what, in effect, it actually is. And the answer is that the faith is a body of beliefs, such as are found in the Apostles' Creed, and the Christian is the man who accepts them. Revelation, Creation, the Trinity, the holy Nativity, the Resurrection, the Atonement, and the Holy Catholic Church are all vital parts of the story, and the whole story must be believed.

"The assertion of the Trinity is a dogma of the faith, the only all-comprehensive Christian dogma" (111 and 133). The Virgin Birth and the bodily Resurrection must be believed, if not on historical, then on dogmatic grounds—they are vital parts of the story. Mere faith in the fatherhood of God and in the brotherhood of man, is not the Christian faith, scarcely a pale reflection of it (81). "The mystery of His death is that it is He who had to die and that according to His thought, not less than according to traditional theology, His death is necessary to our redemption. Calvary is more than the counterpart in time of the eternal love of God; it is God Himself in His redeeming act" (194). "Belief in the Holy Catholic Church is a dogma of the faith" (206). The Christian faith, then, is the story, the whole story and nothing but the story. Such bald citations as these may be involuntarily unfair, but they indicate the point of view and are undeniably true to the author's contention. Dr. Micklem is not the only instance among contemporary Free Church leaders of a man apparently retreating backwards through the centuries as his own years mount up.

The book is a challenge. The liberty which many of us allow ourselves of picking and choosing among different articles of the faith, emphasizing this, discarding that, and altering the other, is here implicitly rebuked. There stands the Faith; it is not for such men as we to question it, to amend it, to reject parts of it, still less to substitute for it something else like it but not it; it is for us to accept it. Restate it we may and should, but not add or subtract one single point of the story. Faithfully is our slovenliness as pastors, preachers, moderators dealt with. Belief in Jesus Christ and the honest desire to live the Christian life is, apparently, not all that should be required of aspirants to Church fellowship, but belief in the whole story of God's mighty acts in creation, redemption, and resurrection. It is this body of dogma, one supposes, which should be taught in our colleges and subscribed to at our ordinations. And even the classic Congregational conception of a gathered Church is made to look rather meagre and inadequate.

One of our ablest sons is here presumably, though no such mission is explicitly stated, seeking to recall us of the Congregational household back to the faith. The call deserves to be seriously heeded. We should either set our house in order or refute the Principal's thesis. But we should have to seek far and wide before we found a champion capable of taking up this challenge with equal candour, courtesy, culture, and passion of conviction.

D. W. Langridge.

The Christian Faith. By A. E. Garvie, M.A., D.D., D.Th. Duckworth. 5s.

Great Issues. By Neville Talbot, D.D. S.P.C.K. 3s. 6d.

Christianity in the Social State. By W. F. Lofthouse, D.D. Unicorn Press. 3s. 6d.

These three little books on theology show that some at least of our leading thinkers are not out of touch with modern developments or unaware of the pressure of our times. Dr. Garvie gives us a sketch of the Christian faith as he has come to see it after fifty years of study and thirty of teaching. The positions advanced are orthodox, but the orthodoxy is not imposed by tradition but necessitated by experience. Some heresies survive and are immensely welcome, especially a doubt of the omni-competence of psychology: "In the new psychology what is true is not new and what is new is not true". Dr. Garvie's book is rich in such luminous sentences as

this : "The reality of man is not exhausted in his sin nor the reality of God in his grace". There is one section, short but valuable, on the question, now again in the forefront, of the relation of Church and State. The book is rich in suggestion and skilful in opening up lines of thought which the author himself lacks space, though certainly not knowledge or desire, further to develop. Dr. Garvie's book adorns the series to which it belongs.

The Vicar of Nottingham begins his little book by the statement that we are now emerging from the ice age of unbelief, and advances the argument that we should not be intimidated by the vastness of the universe forasmuch as we ourselves can understand or at least mirror it. A spiritual, even a theistic, interpretation is more and more coming to hold the field. Thence we pass to a discussion of the relevance of both Old and New Testaments and to the problem of Eschatology arising out of the disappointed hopes of the latter. In his chapter on the Church, Dr. Talbot deplores the divided condition of the Church of Christ and appears to believe that better things are at hand.

Dr. Lofthouse's book belongs to the "Christian Challenge" series. He sketches the beginnings of the Christian adventure especially from the angle of social relationships, and then proceeds to outline the way in which this beginning developed through the ancient and medieval worlds and so down to our own times. Then follow chapters on the last twenty years, Communism, and the way forward. Dr. Lofthouse makes one especially valuable point. How much clearer and how much more fruitful our endless discussions would be if we always took care to state, much more clearly than we do, exactly what we mean by Christianity and exactly how we visualize what it ought to do. The author gives us a very fair summary of the points at issue between Christianity and Communism.

D. W. Langridge.

Contemporary Indian Philosophy. Edited by S. Radhakrishnan, D.Litt., and J. H. Muirhead, LL.D., F.B.A. Allen & Unwin. 16s.

The Early Buddhist Theory of Man Perfected. By I. B. Horner, M.A. Williams & Norgate. 12s. 6d.

In reviewing the many books of Sir S. Radhakrishnan we have often had occasion to refer in these columns to the Neo-Hinduism of which he is the most notable exponent. It is indicative of the interest taken in that movement that Prof. Muirhead should have asked him to edit a volume on Contemporary Indian Philosophy for his well-known Library of Philosophy.

The volume first gives statements by the most famous of its contributors, Mr. Gandhi and Dr. Rabindranath Tagore. Mr. Gandhi writes only one page, but that page is of great importance. It begins, "My religion is Hinduism, which, for me, is Religion of humanity and includes the best of all the religions known to me". It ends, "Realisation of Truth is impossible without a complete merging of oneself in, and identification with, this limitless ocean of life. Hence, for me, there is no escape from social service, there is no happiness on earth beyond or apart from it. Social service here must be taken to include every department of life. In this scheme there is nothing low, nothing high. For, all is one, though we *seem* to be many". Here Mr. Gandhi speaks for most of the writers of the book ; calling themselves Hindus they yet proclaim a Hinduism radically transformed by Western influences so that they praise not escape from life but active service.

All admirers of Dr. Rabindranath Tagore's poetry will read with

delight his charming essay on his religion—the religion of an artist. There follow essays by twelve Indian philosophers. Apart from Mr. Wadia, all represent the Hindu tradition; and Mr. Wadia, though of Parsi birth, accepts the doctrine of karma and transmigration, and so approaches the Hindu standpoint. The essays differ much in detail. What Dr. Matthews wrote with Western philosophy in mind is true also of the philosophy of India: "There is no modern philosophy. There are only modern philosophers". Mr. G. C. Chatterji expounds Common Sense Empiricism and has definitely abandoned "faith in a timeless Absolute whose logical perfection can lull us to a spirit of happy acquiescence in the intellectual, social and moral muddle in which man from his finite point of view appears to be involved". Mr. Bhagavan Das writes as a representative of the ancient Vedanta, and well sums up in modern language its central tenets. Mr. Hiralal Haldar describes his philosophy as Realistic Idealism and acknowledges his deep indebtedness to Neo-Hegelianism. Of special interest is the essay of the Indian Editor of the book, Sir S. Radhakrishnan, on "The Spirit in Man", which is a powerful statement of his Neo-Hinduism.

This book is one that merits the most careful attention from Western thinkers, and is yet another illustration of how important it is that Christian teachers should have some knowledge of Indian thought. The conflict between Christian and Hindu ideas is not something that affects India alone. Eastern thought is increasingly influencing that of the West, and Sir S. Radhakrishnan is himself now Professor of Eastern Religions at Oxford University. We hope that this significant book will be very widely read by Christian teachers.

It has long been clear that we cannot to-day share the confidence of the older exponents of Buddhism who assigned to Gautama the Buddha the teaching given in his name in the Pali books. Until those Pali books have been sifted, it seems better to speak not of "the teaching of the Buddha" but of "the teachings of the early Buddhists". The "Higher Criticism" of the Pali texts is as yet only in the rudimentary stage. Short as are the Christian Gospels, it was only after much discussion that the present analysis of their sources has been reached. As we remember the immense extent of the Pali texts and the grave uncertainty as to their origin and date, it is likely to be very long before the "Higher Criticism" of these documents will be able to reach even tentative results. We have already reviewed in these columns Mrs. Rhys Davids's radical reconstruction of the development of early Buddhist teaching. Miss Horner, who expresses her gratitude to that great Pali scholar, attempts to differentiate in her book *The Early Buddhist Theory of Man Perfected* between Gautama's teaching on the *arahan* and that of later monastic Buddhism. In the second "Early Buddhist period",

> the original *dhamma,* a teaching which would appeal to every man, was transformed into a gospel in which "stopping" (*nirodha*) was taught as a cure for ill (*dukkha*). Such was the monkish contribution to Gotama's doctrine.

The conception of the *arahan* as the "man or woman who has won perfection here and now" and of "arahanship as a highly desirable state to be won here and now" is thus to be regarded as

> the offspring of Monastic Buddhism. Monastic Buddhism dreaded renewed becomings, and the notion of consummation was contracted to something that a man might conceive and name in this rebirth.

After a long analysis of the documents, she concludes that this conception of arahanship was not that of the first Buddhist period. The early Buddhism was concerned not with "stopping" but with the *dhamma*. It regarded life upon earth as "but an opportunity, as one of many lives, for so becoming as ultimately to achieve perfection", and thought of the *arahan* as

> one who had overcome doubts and who was freed from fear, and who therefore had the steadfastness and courage to pursue a goal whose attainment lay beyond many lives, beyond many worlds.

Thus it can be claimed that the substitution of the *bodhisattva* ideal for that of the *arahan*, as conceived by Monastic Buddhism, was in part a return to primitive teaching in that it postponed complete release to some future life on earth.

We have read with much appreciation this learned and suggestive book, and shall await with interest the discussion of its theory by Pali scholars.

SYDNEY CAVE.

Living Religions and Modern Thought. By ALBAN G. WIDGERY. Williams & Norgate. 12s. 6d.

Living Religions and Modern Thought contains the substance of a course of lectures delivered at Bowdoin College. It deals in less than three hundred pages with Hinduism, Buddhism, Jainism and Sikhism, Confucianism and Shinto, Zoroastrianism, Judaism, Islam and Bahaism, and Christianity. Mr. Widgery seeks to describe "the living religions of the world, not as they are viewed by the uneducated or by the traditionally orthodox but by their advanced thinkers, those who have some scientific method in the study of their religion and a modern philosophical attitude in its estimate and presentation".

This book is based on wide knowledge of the relevant literature, and, brief as is its account of the various religions with which it deals, it contains apt and illuminating quotations from their present day exponents. In this way it is of value not only to the beginner in these studies but also to those already familiar with the history of the religions here described.

The inclusion of Christianity among the religions is indicative of Mr. Widgery's own position. He seeks by the consideration of "religions in their highest forms" "by a method at once scientific and philosophical" to reach "a fundamental conception of what the highest religion should be and include, and to co-operation toward the attainment of comprehensive ideals". In his final chapter, "Religion and Modern Needs", he combats modern Secularism and Humanism, and urges the necessity of seeking for "a view of religion which will give a place for all the varied valuable contents of the different religions". Dogmatism must be abandoned; instead there must be "freedom of the spirit in continued inquiry and progressive attainment". The reviewer differs radically from Prof. Widgery's estimate of Christianity, but he would gratefully acknowledge the wide and varied learning of this book, and the scrupulous fairness with which it seeks to present both non-Christian religions and Christianity.

SYDNEY CAVE.

SHORTER NOTICES AND DESCRIPTIVE LIST.

(*Books marked * are recommended for ministerial reading.*)

The Cambridge Press is to be congratulated on its new edition of the *Authorized Version*. The type is clear and readable, the arrangement good, and the size handy, while the Translators' Preface is included. The

thick paper edition is 2s. 6d., the thin Bible paper 6s. to 15s. according to binding, and the India paper 12s. to 27s. 6d. according to binding. It is interesting to contrast this new edition with Father Ronald Knox's *The Holy Bible : an abridgement and rearrangement* (Sheed & Ward, 7s. 6d.) : the abridgement, though it is only about one quarter of the original, seems the bigger book. How far this Roman Catholic attempt to make the Bible "more connected and more intelligible" has succeeded can be discovered only by use. It is gratifying to find modern Roman Catholics encouraging the reading of the Bible; it has not always been so. Father Knox's treatment of the Gospels is unusual; he prints the full text of *Matthew* and *John,* omits in *Luke* the passages which appear in *Matthew,* and prints in *Mark* only the passages peculiar to him. There is much else that is eccentric about the selection.

Dr. A. J. Grieve has edited a most useful *Supplement to Peake's Commentary* (Jack, 2s.). The volume contains fifteen articles indicating the principal developments since 1919, and also a page of corrigenda. Among those who have co-operated with Dr. Grieve are Drs. W. M. Calder, W. F. Howard, J. W. Jack, H. Wheeler Robinson, W. L. Wardle, and Mr. H. G. Wood.

The Bishop of Bradford's *The Gospels and the Critic* (Oxford Press, 2s. 6d.) reminds us of nothing so much as the Scottish Professor of Systematic Theology who thus addressed his students at the beginning of session :

> Gentlemen, we shall be engaged this session in the search for ultimate truth, and we shall set out on our quest with minds perfectly open. And now, seeing it is such an important matter which is to engage our attention, we will begin by asking the Divine blessing.

We learn that we must follow the truth, wheresoever it leads us, at all costs : but we shall be saved from error because we hold "the great Catholic tradition" ! On form criticism Dr. Blunt is extremely good (see "Worth Noting").

Ministers who have no Greek, or those who have allowed their knowledge of New Testament Greek to slip away, would do well to work through the volumes of the "Moffatt New Testament Commentary" as they appear. The form of the series is now well known : a running comment on blocks of verses of Dr. Moffatt's translation. The latest volume is Dr. E. F. Scott's *The Pastoral Epistles* (Hodder, 8s. 6d.). Dr. Scott actually succeeds in getting through without mentioning Dr. P. N. Harrison's work on the Pastorals, though of course he is not unaware of it. The Pastorals were not written by Paul, though they include Pauline fragments. The language is not Pauline, nor is there any place in the *Acts* narrative wherein they can be fitted. Dr. Scott's exposition is clear and lucid, as always, and he is not afraid of criticizing and rejecting Dr. Moffatt's translation. Ministers will not regret the time they give to his pages.

Mr. H. V. Morton, whose *In The Steps of the Master* had such a phenomenal sale, has followed it with *In The Steps of St. Paul* (Rich & Cowan, 7s. 6d.). It is safe to prophesy that this volume, too, will be widely read ; we picked it up as a change from some other work, and found it difficult indeed to put down. This was due in part to the extreme readability of the book—Mr. Morton knows full well how to mingle ancient and modern, his own travels and those of Paul; in part to the

subject matter; and in part to the fact that recently we went over part of the ground Mr. Morton covers. It is, however, off the beaten track where Mr. Morton is most interesting—Cæsarea and Tarsus, Ephesus and Lystra. Mr. Morton does not pretend to be a *N.T.* scholar, and it is not difficult to see the limitations of his knowledge, but even well-equipped *N.T.* scholars will learn much from his descriptions. There are some signs of haste, "repellent" is wrongly spelt on p. 255, "Separdic" looks strange on p. 245, and Monsignor Barnes (Monseigneur on p. 303) is not in the Index for pp. 406, 407, 412. Monsignor Barnes and Mr. Morton were delightful fellow-companions on a Hellenic cruise last year; it is pleasant to see them united in these pages. Is the exposed corpse at funerals so uncommon as Mr. Morton implies (243-4)? We saw one in a funeral procession in Bethlehem in 1935. [Since the above lines were written Monsignor Barnes has died, and the Roman Catholic Church has lost a witty, attractive, and learned apologist—Protestantism has only Rendel Harris to compare with him.]

First Mr. Morton, and now Mr. Beverley Nichols, for one-half of *No Place Like Home* (Cape, 7s. 6d.) is given to Palestine. That half is preceded by an account of a trip to Vienna, Hungary, Rumania, Constantinople, Athens, and Egypt, written with the intensity which marks all that Mr. Nichols does. His anger at the treatment of animals, his strong likes and dislikes, his discovery of the value of British administration—all these emerge in this racy narrative, and few there be who will read of Mr. Nichols's attempt to get a Turkish bath at Constantinople without guffaws. Of some of the Zionists in the Holy Land he is very critical, while his description of the country itself is patchy; Mr Nichols, indeed, seems to have been jumpy all the time; sometimes he is deeply moved, at others hypercritical. We did not share his anger and dismay at the ill-kept Garden of Gethsemane, though we felt the garden further up the hill had the truer atmosphere; but he is absolutely right in saying that the Church of the Ecce Homo, with the actual pavement of the courtyard outside the Praetorium, gives the impression of being the most authentic spot in Jerusalem.

The S.C.M. has prepared an admirable *Book of Prayers for Schools* (6s.; desk edition, 10s. 6d.). The Rev. Hugh Martin has had the assistance of many headmasters and headmistresses, and the result is a volume which should be widely used. There are "Litanies and Services"; "An Anthology of Prayers", which includes many beautiful collects; "Forms of Service for Morning Prayers"; and "A Calendar of Great Men and Women". The Calendar, to which we turned first, is rather disappointing: one wonders on what system the names were chosen.

The Evening Fellowship (Indep. Press, 2s. 6d.) is a pleasing anthology of prayers compiled by the Rev. Richard Ball, with one or two prayers for each evening.

The title of the Rev. M. Watcyn-Williams's **Where the Shoe Pinches* (S.C.M., 2s.) does not indicate that the book is a discussion of some of the "urgent problems which inhibit the faith" of many seekers. Clearly written, facing up to facts, with suggestions for further reading, it is a book specially suited for use with a group of thoughtful people, young and old.

The three lectures in Prof. John Macmurray's **The Structure of Religious Experience* (Faber, 3s. 6d.) are "The Field of Religious

Experience"; "The Self in Religious Reflection"; and "The Reference of Religious Ideas". The aim of the lectures may be gathered from the quotation under "Worth Noting", and their calibre from these citations:

> . . . The Lord who is to be worshipped in the beauty of holiness is also a very present help in time of trouble. Christianity has always insisted on the absolute intrinsic value of the individual. But it has also equally insisted that his value lies in doing the will of God and making himself the instrument of a divine purpose. Nor have Christians felt that there was any contradiction in this paradox. . .
>
> . . . This is the primary point which I am concerned to maintain. Religion is firmly rooted in our universal common experience. It arises from our ordinary experience of living in the world in relation with other people and to that experience it refers. My second assertion is that, so soon as this fact of our relationship to others is brought to focus in our reflective consciousness, religion is born. The only way to avoid religion is to avoid the consciousness that we are members of the community. The only way to reject religion is to reject, deny, or ignore our relationship to one another. But since this relationship is a fact from which there can be no escape, to deny it is merely to refuse to face the facts. However tightly we shut our eyes, it makes no difference to the fact of our interdependence. Religion is simply the recognition of this fact and of its importance, and true religion is its acceptance with all its implications.

We have often commended Dr. J. G. Gilkey, of Springfield, Mass., as one of the most suggestive and helpful of American preachers. He never shirks difficult problems, as his new book, *Getting Help from Religion* (Macmillan, 8s. 6d.), abundantly shows. Proud of the designation "Liberal Protestant", Dr. Gilkey looks out fearlessly at life, confident in the power of his faith to help men and women. One of the most obvious characteristics of his preaching is the effectiveness of his illustrations.

A Methodist reviewer criticizes Dr. J. Edgar Park's "Yale Lectures on Preaching"—*The Miracle of Preaching* (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.)—on the score that Jesus is rarely mentioned. The criticism is scarcely fair, though there is some ground for it, for Dr. Park is so concerned with the fact of preaching that he seems to overlook the significance of the Gospel preached: that is perhaps but another way of saying that its background is that of American religion rather than of English. His book is a brilliant anthology on preaching—the quotations must take nearly half the text—and both in the quotations and his own comment Dr. Park makes many valuable and acute suggestions. The lectures would be well worth reading for the chapter "The Church-Going Tradition in English Literature" alone, and their rich humour must have made them entertaining hearing. Dr. Park is a humanist of the best type—the volume would have been more accurately entitled "The Humanist as Preacher"—and his wide knowledge of English literature, his profound belief in the place of beauty in worship, and his gift of epigram serve to make a book which no one called to preach should fail to read.

We are glad that Mr. Angus Watson has reprinted the addresses contained in *The Faith of a Business Man* (Nicholson & Watson, 5s.). Two of them were delivered from the platform of the Congregational Union, others have appeared in our own pages; so readers will be aware of their quality. Many of them deal with the question of rationalization.

Especially valuable is the paper on "The Forward Look in Temperance Reform", but perhaps the one most characteristic of the writer is "The Adventure of Life", in which business experience, love of books, sound commonsense, and a deeply religious spirit are all evident. We commend the volume to all our readers.

In *My Cry for Christianity* (Cassell, 3s. 6d.), Canon H. R. L. Sheppard reprints articles contributed to the *Sunday Express*. They are frank and forceful, with a welcome touch of humour, and the writer's sincerity is manifest. No doubt many who never listen to sermons would read these papers to their advantage.

Mr. Vash Young's uplift books seem to be catching on, and no wonder, for they are marked by a cheery optimism altogether too rare in these days. *Be Kind To Yourself* (Allen & Unwin, 2s.) is of the type of its predecessors, and we commend it especially to business men. The faults Mr. Young has overcome in himself he may help others to overcome.

The Church Through Half a Century (Scribners, 12s. 6d.) is a volume of essays in honour of Dr. William Adams Brown. No American scholar is better known in this country or on the Continent of Europe, and his theological writings and his œcumenical work have won for him well-deserved respect from scholars of all schools and men in all Churches. To many Dr. Brown seems like a friend of long standing: his *Christian Theology in Outline* must have been one of the first books of theology which appeared on our own shelves. The essays are preceded by two able sketches—by Dr. S. M. Cavert and Dr. A. C. McGiffert, Jnr., the first describing Dr. Brown's work as "servant of the Church of Christ", the second his contribution to the literature of religion. Dr. Brown is described as a Christian, a Protestant, and a Modernist; a liberal, a man of warm personal religious life, and a churchman. Fifteen well-known American scholars and Prof. Emil Brunner then contribute essays under the general heading "The Church Through Half a Century"; and the volume is rounded off by a bibliography and a chronology.

A book like *The Christian Faith* (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 8s. 6d.), consisting of twelve essays by different contributors in "Explanation and Defence of the Faith", is the despair of the reviewer. The Dean of St. Paul's, the Editor, writes on "The Christian Belief in God", and the other essays are Dr. Sydney Cave's "Why Christianity?" (an exceptionally useful contribution), Canon J. K. Mozley's "The Bible: Its Unity, Inspiration and Authority", Dr. G. S. Duncan's "The Historical Value of the Gospels", Dr. A. E. J. Rawlinson's "The Christian Belief in Christ", Dr. N. Micklem's "The Primitive Church", Prin. J. S. Whale's "Sin and the Need of Redemption", Dr. Wheeler Robinson's "The Christian Gospel of Redemption", Dr. Edwyn Bevan's "The Church", Dean Underhill's "Christian Worship", Canon F. R. Barry's "The Christian Way of Life", and the late Dr. Percy Dearmer's "Christianity and Civilization". The essays, of course, vary considerably in merit, as in length. It occurred to us that the Principal of Mansfield must be doubtful whether at least one of the essayists who precedes him really believes in the Christian Faith! And judging by the next book, *Be Still and Know* (Joseph, 7s. 6d.), there is plenty of work on his doorstep, for in telling us what Oxford thinks of God, twelve graduates or undergraduates show that they have the quaintest ideas of what Christianity is. The question springs unasked "Can it be that we were ever like this?".

The Archbishop of York, who writes a Foreword, puts his finger on the spot in saying the real importance of the volume

> consists in its vivid exposure of the complete ignorance of what the traditional Christian religion is.

Brought up in different religious environments, these writers often show, it is pleasing to note, passionate resentment at the world as it is to-day, and natural bewilderment at the problem of suffering. In the main they are sublimely confident in ruling out as entire folly some of the central truths of Christianity: this doctrine or that is evidently unintelligible; away with it.

Prof. Karl Heim's *The Church of Christ and the Problems of To-day*, noticed in April last year, has now been published on this side of the Atlantic (Nisbet, 6s.).

The "Needs of To-day" series (Rich & Cowan, 3s. 6d. each), edited by Mr. W. E. Boardman, opens with Dr. C. A. Alington's *Can We Believe in God?*, an excellent bit of popular apologetic, and *Do We Survive Death?*, the work of Mr. H. E. Hunt, the President of the Marylebone Spiritualist Association.

Dr. G. D. Rosenthal's *Survival* (Centenary Press, 5s.) is worth reading for its quotations alone, though it is to be regretted that often he does not say from whence they come. He writes as a convinced Anglo-Catholic, apparently accepting the statements of the Creeds literally, but he is always fresh and provocative of thought. The book by no means covers the whole subject, but it is well worth reading.

There is little unity about the papers in *The Mysteries of Life and Death* (Hutchinson, 6s.), and they are too slight to be of any great value, despite the eminence of their writers—the Bishop of Birmingham, Profs. J. B. S. Haldane, F. G. Donnan, H. Levy, E. V. Appleton, Cyril Burt, E. N. da C. Andrade, J. C. Flügel, Dr. Spencer Jones, and Mr. Bertrand Russell.

Mind, Medicine and Metaphysics (Oxford Press, 7s. 6d.) reprints essays and lectures by Dr. William Brown, one of the best-known and most respected of British psycho-analysts. His sub-title is "The Philosophy of a Physician", and the subjects cover a wide range from "Psycho-analysis and Psychotherapy" to "The Survival of Personality", and "Sleep, Hypnosis, and Mediumistic Trance" to "Self-determinism and Free Will". Readers will turn according to their predilection to papers dealing with the use of hypnosis and the methods of analysis, or to those dealing with the Group Movement and international relationships; they will be impressed by Dr. Brown's scholarly restraint in his claims and his recognition that there are more things in heaven and earth than some of the schools of psychology dream.

The sub-title, "Everyday Problems of Mental Health", is perhaps a better indication of the contents of Dr. Karl M. Bowman's *Towards Peace of Mind* (Allen & Unwin, 6s.) than the title itself. Dr. Bowman is the Chief Medical Officer of Boston, Mass., and the book is American in its idiom. It is much saner than some recent books on the subject. Dr. Bowman does not ignore the physiological aspect, and his early chapters deal with the effect of heredity and physical health on the mental life. Instincts, Mental Conflict, Child Training, Sleep, Alcohol, Sex and Marriage, Moral and Spiritual Values in Mental Health, and kindred sub-

jects are then discussed and illustrated from the writer's clinical experience.

"A Priest" introduces *Morals and Marriage* (Longmans, 3s. 6d.) by T. G. Wayne, a pseudonym which disguises a Roman Catholic Professor of Moral Theology. We do not see any reason for disguise; the book is an outspoken discussion of "The Catholic Background to Sex"; it is human and practical, as Roman Catholic books dealing with human nature often are, though it shows how strenuously the Roman Catholics struggle to get round their rigid doctrines.

Some eight years ago we were privileged to take part in a Dinner when the churches of Detroit were saying good-bye to two of their leading ministers, Dr. Lynn Harold Hough and Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr. Dr. Hough on that occasion prophesied a great future for his younger colleague, who has since made his reputation as a thinker with a message for to-day. On opening Dr. Niebuhr's *An Interpretation of Christian Ethics* (S.C.M., 6s.) the first paragraph affected us just like his previous writings—the polysyllabic words and the sentences of almost German length and construction make very heavy going. Dr. Niebuhr should educate himself to write simply by writing a sermon in words of not more than two syllables: he can do it when he warms up, as witness the chapter on Christian Liberalism, the very pages of which look different; but in the main the sentences are of this kind:

> Ideally men seek to subject their arbitrary and contingent existence under the dominion of absolute reality.
>
> Modern naturalism is really a form of expansive pantheism, while the more rigorous types of rationalistic religions are contractive and result in acosmic pantheism.

The position stated in *Moral Man and Immoral Society* is restated in these Rauschenbusch Lectures:

> The modern pulpit would be saved from much sentimentality if thousands of sermons which are annually preached upon these texts ["Love your enemies", "the Second Mile" *etc.*] would contain some suggestions of the impossibility of these ethical demands for natural man in his immediate situations. Nowhere is the ethic of Jesus in more obvious conflict with both the impulses and the necessities of ordinary men in typical social situations.

The book is an exposition of this thesis, worked out in many aspects by an acute mind. It will repay reading.

Informing as are some of the papers in the Rev. V. A. Demant's *Christian Polity* (Faber, 7s. 6d.) there is, despite the Preface, scarcely enough unity about them to justify their appearance in a volume. Reviews, even of important works like Troeltsch's *Soziallehren,* hardly bear reprinting after an interval of years. Theology, sociology, psychology, politics, economics, and, of course, the Bishop of Birmingham (what Anglo-Catholic could write a book without attacking him?)—all are here.

There is always good sense in what "A London Journalist" writes, and *If I Were a Preacher* (R.T.S., 1s.) is no exception. It is a pity, however, that in a useful "Handbook for Lay Preachers" there is such an obvious fear of any modern teaching in regard to the Bible.

Sir J. G. Frazer emphasizes that *Aftermath* (Macmillan, 21s.) is nothing more or less than its sub-title indicates, "A Supplement to *The*

Golden Bough". Its 480 pages contain 75 chapters, some of them only a paragraph or two in length, providing "some fresh information on subjects which I have discussed more at large in *The Golden Bough*." The volume rounds off a great achievement, the arduous nature of which Sir James little realized when he began "to explain a single rule of an ancient Italian priesthood". The spirit in which the enterprise has been conducted is embodied in these striking words—would that all scholars could take them to themselves:

> But now, as always, I hold all my theories very lightly, and am ever ready to modify or abandon them in the light of new evidence.

We salute the veteran scholar who has shown the world how research should be carried on—and how English should be written.

Dr. B. J. Kidd took part in the Anglo-Roman discussion at Malines, and since their conclusion he has carried on the studies which now see the light in *The Roman Primacy to 461* (S.P.C.K., 5s.). He concludes that Peter was never Bishop of Rome, and therefore had no successors in that See to succeed to his prerogatives. The Roman primacy was a primacy of leadership—"more than a primacy of honour, though less than a primacy of jurisdiction"—the pre-eminence always accorded to Rome being derived from Peter and Paul, the "twin founders".

The Rev. T. B. Howells has followed up his larger works on Romanism by *The Men of the Vatican* (Indep. Press, 3s. 6d.), which he calls "A Short Account of the Rise and Fall of the Power of the Popes". It is a sketch, very handy for reference, which we hope Free Churchmen especially will make a point of reading: it will help them, when necessary, to meet the enemy in the gate.

Prof. R. W. Chambers considers the discovery of *The Book of Margery Kempe* (Cape, 10s. 6d.) "of the very greatest importance for the history of English literature". Certainly the fact that a find of this nature can still be made will give new zest to all research students. Col. W. Butler-Bowden, to whom the manuscript belongs (not the original, but a contemporary copy), here prints a modern version of an entrancing human document, for the book is as intrinsically interesting as it is valuable as being the first extant biography in the English language. Born in 1373, married at 20, the mother of a large family, Margery Kempe was a mystic; accused of Lollardy, often denounced as a hypocrite, she obeyed her voices, which sent her on pilgrimages to the Holy Land and to St. James of Compostella, as well as to Germany. Especially was she affected when she thought of the Passion, which made her weep loud and long, so much so that she must have been a great nuisance, especially during sermons when "she cried full loud and sobbed full boisterously many times and oft".

She was, without doubt, a remarkable woman, whose life story would have provided another chapter for William James's *Varieties of Religious Experience*, even as it will furnish material to psychologists and to students of mysticism. To the vividness of her narrative we can offer no greater tribute than to say it ranks with Chaucer.

The S.P.C.K. lives up to its name by the publication of the translation of Henri Bremond's *Histoire Littéraire de Sentiment Religieux en France*, for it can scarcely be expected that the sale will be such as to produce a profit. Vol. III, *La Conquête Mystique—L'école française* now appears under the title *The Triumph of Mysticism* (16s.), a closely printed volume

of nearly 600 pages, which does not bring the story down even as far as the end of the 17th century. Vincent de Paul is the best known of those of whom M. Bremond treats, though we have Bérulle and the Oratory, Charles de Condren, Jean-Jacques Olier, Père Eudes, and the Devotion to the Child Jesus and to the Sacred Heart. While there are few in this country with sufficient knowledge to value this massive work, it should be on the shelves of all theological libraries.

For 250 turgid pages Dr. A. S. Rappoport in *The Gauntlet and the Gospel* (Skeffington, 15s.) argues that since the fourth century the true religion of Christ has been in conflict with a bastard Christianity which believed in force—the Anabaptists and Luther being typical examples. The arrangement of the book is peculiar. The author develops his thesis with examples until we reach the Reformation; then there is a chapter on "Christians before Christ"—the Christians being Euripides and Aristophanes and other Greek poets. The story is then resumed with Hegel, Fichte, and Houston Chamberlain as the apostles of the Gauntlet, which has won the final victory over true Christianity in Nazi Germany.

John Calvin is having a bad press just now, but a book so one-sided as Mr. Stefan Zweig's *The Right to Heresy* (Cassell, 10s. 6d.), translated as skilfully as usual by Eden and Cedar Paul, can only win sympathy for him. Anti-trinitarian heresy was for some mysterious reason the "blind spot" of Protestantism, even down to the 19th century. It is responsible for some of the most shocking and most humiliating events in the history of the Reformed Churches, of which the murder of Servetus is the best known example. Less well-known is the treatment of Castellio, with which this volume deals. Most readers of this journal will be on the side of Castellio against Calvin, of toleration against persecution, every time, but that is in large measure because we belong to the 20th century and Calvin did not. Mr. Zweig is a prosecuting counsel, prepared to go any length in abusing the other side. Even Calvin's face is made to suggest all manner of vices and faults in his character, while Castellio's, from an admittedly poor photograph, is a revelation of all the virtues! The book is as lively and vigorous as an address to the jury by Sir Edward Marshall-Hall.

The second volume of Dr. W. K. Jordan's *The Development of Religious Toleration in England* (Allen & Unwin, 21s.) covers the years 1603 to 1640. The fact that it extends to 500 pages will in itself indicate that Dr. Jordan has tackled his subject with considerable thoroughness. Indeed, we know of no book where the data Dr. Jordan gives us can be so easily obtained, and for making a mass of information readily accessible students will be grateful. There seems to be little in the printed books that Dr. Jordan has missed (evidently he had not heard of the reprint of *The Mistery of Iniquity*), but again we have the feeling that, excellent as the work is as far as it goes, it has not gone beneath the printed books to any extent. That impression may prove to be erroneous as we use the book in detail, but it would have helped if Dr. Jordan had given us a section on authorities used, and a bibliography. However, it would be ungracious to cavil when it is certain that Dr. Jordan has worked tremendously hard, and will certainly save us a great deal of time.

Jacques Bainville, French royalist, was in March, 1935, elected to the French Academy to fill the vacancy left by Poincaré's death. He himself died in February, 1936, leaving two works, *La Troisième République*, now translated by Mr. Hamish Miles, under the title *The French Republic,*

1870-1935 (Cape, 12s. 6d.) and *Les Dictateurs,* the translation of which is to come. One of the regular contributors of *L'Action Française,* founder and editor of the *Revue Universelle,* historian and biographer, Bainville was one of the outstanding figures of contemporary France. *The French Republic* exhibits the clarity of the French style, and also the direct forcefulness of one who writes history from a definite point of view. The last twenty years receive less attention than is their due, and at times the narrative must be taken with caution, but, that remembered, it is a valuable summary of the history of France in recent years.

It is always gratifying when a minister sets to work on research into the history of the church to which he ministers. The Rev. T. H. L. Jones has written *The Story of the Rev. Peter Ince* (Indep. Press, 1s. 6d.), a friend of Richard Baxter, who was minister at Birdbush from 1671 to 1705 (?), and of whose work it is good to be reminded.

The Rev. A. M. Coleman's *Six Liberal Thinkers* (Blackwell, 2s. 6d.) reprints from periodicals sketches of Clement of Alexandria, Erasmus, Baur, Strauss, Mark Pattison, and Edwin Hatch.

Poet and apologist for the Christian religion—and we hope readers took our advice and read *The Unknown God*—Mr. Alfred Noyes has now written a full-dress biography of *Voltaire* (Sheed & Ward, 12s. 6d.). The book is almost a panegyric: for over 600 pages Mr. Noyes belabours Carlyle and John Morley, and rebuts almost every accusation brought against his hero in the effort to prove that Voltaire was an *anima naturaliter Christiana.* That Voltaire was the sneering atheist he is often reputed to be Mr. Noyes indignantly denies; and we think he has proved his case. The words, "The fact that I wish to destroy the rats in my house does not mean that I do not believe it had an Architect" are significant and characteristic, though Mr. Noyes surely goes too far in saying they were perhaps the nearest the 18th century could get to "my father's house" and a "den of thieves". Frederick the Great's dictum was no doubt correct: Voltaire "always distinguished between religion and those who dishonour religion". Mr. Noyes's book is a commentary on that text, but he protests so much that he arouses suspicion. It is fortunate that he has a happy running style: otherwise readers would tire of a volume of this length. That our interest never flagged throughout speaks for itself: alike in his descriptions of scenes, summaries of plays, and in his argument, Mr. Noyes is consistently readable.

If Mme. du Deffand found Charles James Fox "beyond her powers of analysis", it is unlikely that we to-day shall be satisfied in our conclusions in regard to him. Mr. Edward Lascelles gives us competent help in *The Life of Charles James Fox* (Oxford Press, 15s.). Few politicians so brilliantly gifted as Fox have ever walked the stage of the House of Commons, but fortune, which he pursued with such reckless folly at the gaming table, frowned on his political career. Its slings and arrows might have been turned aside, however, had his talents been supported by stability of character, and he might have left as enduring an impression on the nation's history as his great rival Pitt. Perhaps more office and more work would have been his salvation. It has been pleasant to follow his career under Mr. Lascelles's guidance. The "Note on Authorities" is useful.

How fierce the light which beats upon a great man like Tolstoi. He could not even die away from the prying eyes of the world, nor could his domestic affairs be kept in decent privacy. For years the most intimate

details of his life have been proclaimed from the house-tops, and now, in *The Final Struggle* (Allen & Unwin, 12s. 6d.), we have his wife's diary and day-book for 1910, with the relevant entries from his own diaries. The manifestations of the Countess's mental instability—its fierce jealousy of Chertkóv, its preoccupation with sex and suicide, its quick changes from love to hate—will be familiar to psycho-therapists, but it is sad to think they have to be exposed to the world. The relationships between an old man of 82 and his wife for 48 years (she was 66) might surely have been allowed to be their own affair, even if the writings which were one of the bones of contention are a matter of public interest. The whole of the entries are a commentary on Tolstoi's words :

> I cannot accustom myself to regard her words as raving. All my troubles come from that. It is impossible to talk to her, for she is not bound either by logic or conscience or truth, or by what she herself has said. That is terrible. Not to speak of any love for me—of which there is not a trace—she does not even need my love. She only needs one thing—that people should think that I love her. That is what is so terrible.

Mr. Ivor Thomas's *Gladstone of Hawarden* (Murray, 7s. 6d.) is a biography of Mr. Gladstone's third son, Henry Neville. Henry went neither to Oxford nor into politics, but after some time at King's College, London, adopted a business career, and amassed a fortune in India. When in England he acted as his father's private secretary, and when abroad corresponded regularly with his brother Herbert : the story of his life, therefore, reflects much of the political history of the time and much of the activity of the remarkable family to which he belonged. The chapters dealing with jute, oil, and armaments have their lesson for to-day, while Welshmen and Gladstonians will learn with pleasure all the G.O.M.'s son did for the Principality, for Hawarden, and for the perpetuation and protection of his father's memory.

Ever since we read H. Festing Jones's *Life of Samuel Butler,* Butler has seemed about the most odious person in the history of English letters, with his biographer only a little less detestable. Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge's study of Butler, *The Earnest Atheist* (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 10s. 6d.), revives the old dislike, as did the correspondence with Miss Savage published a year or two ago. It was the fashion to give Butler the credit for eating away Victorian conventionality by the acid of his sneers : the true way of regarding him is rather that of Mr. Muggeridge :

> Butler's life was a tragedy of fear—fear implanted in him by his parents, nourished by them, waxing great as he grew older. Fear of poverty, disease, love, responsibility, of life itself, of being, buffeted him continually.

Only one man comes worse out of the story than Butler himself : Pauli was a rogue of the worst type; Butler, in his relationship with him, probably no more than a fool.

Mr. J. Lewis May's *John Lane and the Nineties* (Lane, 15s.) is a glittering procession of the notabilities—authors, poets, and others—who have emerged from the Bodley Head. Appropriately they carry the banners with which artists adorned the *Yellow Book* and other of Lane's publications. The Nineties seem a strange world to us to-day : certainly publishing is a very different business now from what it was when John Lane started his first voyage on its less-crowded seas. Mr. May has given us a clear picture of the fellow-Devonian for whom he worked for many years.

Many of the readers of these pages were brought up on J. S. Mackenzie's *Manual of Ethics,* and they will welcome *John Stuart Mackenzie* (Williams & Norgate, 5s.), an autobiography, or *biographia philosophica,* edited by his wife, Prof. Millicent Mackenzie. The book consists of the parts of the autobiography Mackenzie had written, together with additions by his wife, Dr. W. Tudor Jones, and Prof. J. H. Muirhead. The account of youth and training in Scotland, of teaching in South Wales, and of travel-lecture-tours since 1915, is full of interest.

Thomas Wright of Olney was, it is to be feared, almost the last of his kind. Without many educational advantages he was a bookman who did more for letters than many who have received all that Oxford or Cambridge could give them. Deeply religious, and with a great love for nature as well as for books, he made his little part of the world known all over the globe, and the Cowper Museum will ever be his memorial. His tastes were wide—Dickens, Defoe, Fitzgerald, and Blake as well as Cowper and others. His *Autobiography* (Jenkins, 15s.) is written in the style familiar to all who knew his writings. It is a pleasant account of a very useful life, filled with interesting glimpses of many bookmen.

Mr. Roger C. Wilson, the author of *Frank Lenwood* (S.C.M., 3s. 6d.), had no easy subject, and he is to be congratulated on his success, for all who knew Lenwood will recognize that he has painted a very good likeness. At first we feared we were to have panegyric rather than biography, but Mr. Wilson shows he is not blind to Lenwood's failings. He gives, too, an admirable synopsis of the theological views crystallized in *Jesus—Lord or Leader?,* though strangely enough there is no mention of the Congregational Theological Conferences and the part Lenwood played in them or of his impatience as he felt a constraining influence directed to orthodox conclusions. The "Greengate" chapter is very well done.

Lenwood at first attracted great admiration or violent antipathy. Thirty years ago he addressed a Christian Union meeting in Leeds University, and appeared so "Oxford" and patronizing that it was long before the Congregationalists there forgave him. In Oxford at a little later date men were found who regarded him as a sort of demigod, and aped his style and manner. From all this the next generation reacted, and it was only subsequently that they came to see Lenwood as an erratic lovable soul, with brilliant gifts and a spark of genius, and an intense sense of devotion. Perhaps his best epitaph is to be found in the words of one of the Greengate young men :

> When you're arguing with chaps about religion you've always got "Uncle Frank" to point to. He does the things they say are impossible.

Mrs. Lenwood has written the chapters on the Far East and India, and the Rev. Godfrey Phillips that on "The Missionary Administrator". There are some good photographs and two of Lenwood's paintings.

Imaginary Biographies (Allen & Unwin, 3s. 6d.) contains a series of broadcast talks by Mr. Arthur Bryant, Dr. T. R. Glover, Miss Helen Simpson, Mr. Hilaire Belloc, Mr. Michael Oakeshott, Mr. James Agate, and Mr. C. P. Snow in which they sketch persons made famous by a few minutes' appearance on the stage of history. Miss Simpson's sketch of the person from Porlock who interrupted *Kubla Khan* and Mr. Snow's "Original of *Mona Lisa*" are easily the best.

Those who associate Lord Ponsonby with the Union of Democratic Control or with diaries will probably have a shock when they open *Life*

Here and Now (Allen & Unwin, 10s. 6d.), though before the end both diaries and the folly of war are mentioned. The book is not easy to classify; it is a strange mixture of the philosophical and the practical, and incidentally an anthology, for the quotations are a feature. Lord Ponsonby, with much illustration, examines man's sixth sense—the sense of duration, and then goes on to urge that men should look after the hours; the years will look after themselves. "*Now* has been neglected", and the belief in immortality has tended to procrastination. He will have none of Browning's

". . . . . leave Now for dogs and apes!
Man has Forever;"

rather

> The abandonment of a belief in immortality and the other doctrines which lead up to it and from it, far from weakening our spiritual propensities, gives them proper direction and purpose and releases them from the fetters of superstition.

The final chapters range all over modern life in discussing "Here" and "Now". Lord Ponsonby, though he does not impress the reader as knowing too much about it, is very critical of the churches and "their pretence that the supernatural is spiritual". There is so much in both the spirit and the matter of these chapters with which we agree that we regret they should be spoilt by the references to the Christianity of the churches (though churchmen could profit by reading them). "Froude" has lost a letter on p. 186, and E. Belford Bax is incorrect.

Sir Arthur Newsholme has followed up his *Fifty Years in Public Health* by another volume, *The Last Thirty Years in Public Health* (Allen & Unwin, 15s.), which contains "Recollections and Reflections on My Official and Post-Official Life". Sir Arthur has touched Public Health at many points, and in regard to National Sickness Insurance, Tuberculosis, Venereal Diseases, Child Mortality, and Eugenics he is always very much on the spot. A large section of the volume is devoted to Public Health in America, Sir Arthur relating his visits there, sometimes with much too much detail. Part 3, on "The Increasing Socialisation of Medicine", includes a visit to Soviet Russia. There is a misprint on p. 390. We like the story of the American Senator who said, "I have no objection to legislation so long as it is not enforced".

We always reckon Dr. Alfred Hollins as one of the finest men we have met, and it was with special eagerness that we opened his autobiography, *A Blind Musician Looks Back* (Blackwood, 15s. 6d.). In it he tells that his last recital in London was at Clapton Park Congregational Church in 1929, the 21st of his recitals there. Year after year he would fill the church, people travelling many miles to hear him. Very simply he would talk to the audience about his programme; charming *naïveté* and wonderful skill united in him. His truly marvellous achievements had not spoilt him. I said to him once, "I wish you would teach me the secret; you can fill this church and I can't"; he replied, "Well, you know, I shouldn't if I were to try twice every Sunday". The sense of wonder with which one saw and heard Hollins play or listened—uncomprehendingly—to his description of organs on which he had recited in America, Australia, or South Africa—comes back as we read these pages. The story of his early days is very moving, and the account of his long years as organist at Free St. George's, Edinburgh, with its appreciation of Alexander Whyte, will interest many. The book is on a par with Dr. Hollins's life

—it is a *tour de force;* and one need not be a musician to read and appreciate.

Mr. Harold E. Gorst's *Much of Life is Laughter* (Allen & Unwin, 10s. 6d.) promised to be another musical autobiography. The author, the son of Sir John Gorst, was "allowed to leave" Eton because of his high spirits, and determined to follow a musical career. The account of his training in Germany and his attempts to make a living in London are racy, as is the whole book. Music having failed, he tried journalism, lecturing, the advocacy of Parliaments in Girls' Schools, politics, and the Army. The rolling stone has passed many interesting people on its journey, Sir Mark Sykes, Mr. Gorst's brother-in-law, being perhaps the most remarkable. Practical jokes seem to have been Mr. Gorst's foible; sometimes they are not very amusing, but they and sundry solecisms seem to have made a great impression upon him.

It would not have been surprising to his friends if Dr. G. Stanley Russell had anticipated Mr. Beverley Nichols and written his autobiography at 25. However, it has come at last, and it is safe to say that those who knew Stanley in his callow days will get a great deal of amusement from the early pages of *The Road Behind Me* (Macmillan, 15s.) just as they will learn a good deal from the description of Canadian church life in the later pages. Whether many of them will spend 15s. to read of all the important people Dr. Russell has met is another matter! Grimsby; Aberdeen University; the United College, Bradford; churches in Yorkshire, Lancashire, and London (with the Chair of the London Congregational Union), and then Deer Park, Toronto. Such is Dr. Russell's career, and Congregationalists here can rejoice in the success which has come to him in the Dominions: they will, however, deplore the way he speaks of his old College, and regret that the lack of consideration shown to predecessors and successors in the pastorate is allowed to survive on the printed page. The best things in the book are the frank way in which Dr. Russell admits his "war fever", and the description of the London hansom cab driver in the early morning hours.

We called Mr. Rom Landau's *God is My Adventure* "glorified journalism", and the bizarre format of his next book *Seven* (Nicholson & Watson, 10s. 6d.) gives the same impression. It is a weird hotch-potch, made up of three parts: (1) An autobiography, describing childhood in Poland, youth in Germany during the war, work as sculptor and author, and life and travel in many parts of the world; (2) an exposition of the theory that seven is the law of all human life: great events happen at intervals of seven years, *etc.* Any mortal thing could be proved in this way: it is on a par with British Israel and the pyramids; (3) an account of the place to which his spiritual pilgrimage has brought him. Mr. Landau has met a good many of the world's cranks, and there is an unpleasant undertone of sex in his chapters; he has, however, gifts of observation and description, and his comments on British women, and on the British attitude to life, are shrewd and penetrating. The illustrations are striking and unusual, the frontispiece horrible.

Mr. Arnold Lunn writes well if sometimes flippantly, and there are many acute observations in *Within that City* (Sheed & Ward, 7s. 6d.), though the book suffers from ranging over too wide a field. Mr. Lunn writes about himself, of course—remembering the spate of books the Lunn family pours on the world the chapter on reticence is amusing—and with all the enthusiasm of a convert, but it is useful to have this account of the

last steps of his spiritual pilgrimage. The concluding chapters deal with Antony Knebworth, Mr. Lunn suggesting, we wonder on what grounds, that he was representative of a great many on the threshold of the Roman Church. Mr. Lunn often exposes his flanks, and Dr. Coulton will enjoy himself if he cares to engage once again. How Mr. Lunn himself would have made merry a few years ago over the following :

> On my way to Orta I found myself with an hour to spare at a wayside town. I went along to the church to discover if I could make my Easter confession, and found an obliging priest. . . He concluded by an odd question. What penances was I accustomed to get in England? I answered, "Oh, trois *Ave Maria*", to which he replied, "Alors, un suffit". Charmed by this attractive specimen of the genial Catholicism of the south, I emerged into the April sunshine, and slept that night at Orta.

A Catholic Looks at the World (Centenary Press, 3s. 6d.) contains four papers by Dr. B. Iddings Bell, the American Anglo-Catholic. Dr. Bell is like some of the American Anglo-Catholics at Lausanne in 1927, much more Catholic than the Pope, all the time eager to show that there are no blemishes at all in his new religion (he was once an Evangelical). The best part of a volume of not very effective propaganda is written round a quotation from Mr. Maurice Reckitt on the way the Church is compromised by the love of money.

Two admirable little books published this quarter—Prof. John Laird's *Recent Philosophy* (Butterworth, 2s. 6d.) in the "Home University Library" and Sir Henry Slesser's *The Law* (Longmans, 3s. 6d.) in the "English Heritage Series"—are exceptionally useful as books of reference, especially to those who, like ourselves, have neither philosophy nor law.

The Rev. Eduardo Moreira's *Portuguese East Africa* (World Dominion Press, 2s. 6d.) is another volume of the indispensable "World Dominion Survey Series". It describes the work being done in an area of half a million square miles, where 115 missionaries have to cope with a population of 4,000,000. Altogether nineteen Societies are at work, and the Christian community consists of 37,000, of whom nearly 20,000 are communicants.

Mr. Basil Mathews has gathered round him an interesting team in *East and West* : *Conflict or Co-operation* (S.C.M., 3s. 6d.). The essays are uneven, with Dr. K. S. Latourette's "The Christian Mission in Asia" a brilliant first, and the contributions of Dr. Nicol Macnicol, Sir Frederick Whyte, and Prof. G. E. Taylor (which covers some of the same ground as Mr. Band's article in our own pages) also informing and important. The volume should be read by all interested in international questions as well as by those concerned with Christian missions.

Sir Hubert Murray, than whom nobody has better right to speak, calls the history of Christian Missions in Papua, told by the Rev. Cecil Northcott in *Guinea Gold* (Livingstone Press, 1s.), a stirring story. And so it is; with Chalmers and Riley and Holmes and Dauncey and Abel for its heroes how could it be otherwise? Nobody could read these pages without being moved; they enshrine some of the finest achievements in the L.M.S.'s long and notable story. Half the figures on the Contents Page are incorrect, and there is something queer about the Chronology; surely the martyrdom of Chalmers and Tomkins is more important than the visit of deputations !

Working journalists in particular will find Mr. J. A. Spender's *Great*

Britain : Empire and Commonwealth, 1881-1935 (Cassell, 10s. 6d.) of great service : it sets out in readable form the most important events in a crowded period. The reproach that so often historical studies in schools and Universities cease long before modern times can no longer be levied in many cases, and students are being amply supplied with volumes dealing with the last two generations. Mr. Spender has for long been on the inside of politics, and he has used his opportunities well. It is, of course, clear that he is a Liberal, and some will hold that he is unduly sympathetic to Liberal politicians and policies, but it is good to see Asquith getting a fair deal. The final "Commentary" is specially valuable, and not least so in its exposure of the belief that the age is an age of plenty, and its acceptance as a general proposition of the Brookings Institute's conclusion for the United States—that "it is far beyond the capacity of our economic system to-day" to bring the standard of living up to that which would permit a "liberal diet". The unsatisfactory section of the book is that dealing with religion : it is inadequate, superficial, and altogether unworthy of the remainder of the book and of its writer. A good many slips call for correction : *e.g.,* the figures of the House of Commons Divisions on the Prayer Book Revision have gone awry, the assistant editor of the *Communist Weekly* has been given the initials of Dr. R. J. Campbell, and there is a misprint on p. 480. But for a sound, dispassionate, readable account of these teeming years the volume would be hard to beat.

There is an extraordinary amount of good writing on the international situation. We only wish it could get across to the statesmen and peoples of the different nations. Probably Lord Davies, with his earnestness and his wealth, could easily "put across" the policy for which he has so long stood if only he understood publicity. His new book, *Nearing the Abyss* (Constable, 3s. 6d.), shows he is willing to learn; the 21s. first asked for *Force* showed how little its writer knew of propaganda. The present volume argues, in the light of the Ethiopian scandal, for an Equity Tribunal and an International (Air) Police Force.

Another fine piece of work is Mr. C. R. Buxton's *The Alternative to War* (Allen & Unwin, 4s. 6d.), which has as its sub-title "A Programme for Statesmen". Mr. Buxton argues that the *status quo* cannot endure and that the League itself makes no real provision for the revision of treaties. Economic barriers are the root of the trouble as he sees it, and the League's failure to deal with the cases of Japan, Italy, and Germany has been due to economic causes. These three are the vocal unsatisfied Powers, but there are others which are not heard because they are not "Great Powers". Mr. Buxton goes on to discuss such questions as the transfer of territory, the extension of the Mandate System, and the contribution the British Empire could make to peaceful change. His book deserves careful study, and with it should be read Sir Arthur Salter's Merttens Lecture, *Economic Policies and Peace,* published as one of the "Day to Day Pamphlets" (Hogarth Press, 1s.).

Apart from an ungracious and unworthy sneer at Calvinism and the Pilgrim Fathers on p. 102 and a few weak paragraphs denouncing Bolshevism in the last chapter, Mr. Christopher Hollis's *Foreigners Aren't Fools* (Longmans, 5s.) is a lively and timely contribution to the study of international politics. In it an Italian, a German, a Frenchman, a Russian, a Japanese, and an American expound and define the policies of their respective countries, and in the course of their remarks Englishmen are able to see themselves as others see them. Mr. Hollis does not mince

matters at all. Let us quote one paragraph from the American:

> If the Allies had not known that they could get America in, they would have fixed up a peace by negotiation in 1916 or 1917. And that would have been a good thing. It might have stopped the Russian Revolution, and in any event it would have given Europe a decent peace. There would have been a Wilsonian peace, if only Wilson had not come into the war. That is just a case in point. With American help you English felt secure. You must not be allowed to feel secure. It makes you intolerable. It does not make you brutal. That is not your way. It makes you self-righteous. You are bad enough in that respect, even when you are not secure. Look how crooked you were over the Abyssinian question, debates in Parliament and articles in the papers not even mentioning the Rickett affair from month's end to month's end. Boy, it's a grand country to be a politician in, if you can have a scandal of those dimensions and not even have to think up a lie to tell about it. But it's not good enough. American opinion was not pro-Mussolini, but it was not pro-you either. You will have to be a bit more careful another time and not lie so much.

It is a pity that Mr. Ramsay Muir, in his Preface to *The Record of the National Government* (Allen & Unwin, 5s.), denounces the Government as "the worst, the weakest, the most timorous, and the most incompetent . . . since the days of Lord North". His damning indictment would have been more effective if left to speak for itself; it is as vigorous and on the whole as cogent a piece of political propaganda as we have seen for a long time. It is readable, too, though we have the farmers "competing with the tropical sun" to grow sugar beet three times. Nothing more scandalous and more foolish than the sugar beet subsidy has been done by any Government, and Mr. Ramsay Muir is as searching on agriculture as on foreign policy. Quondam Free Traders would do well to read this book; far too easily have they let their case go by the board; Mr. Ramsay Muir shows that the claims made for the success of Protection are unwarranted, and that the effect of the Ottawa agreements has been disastrous all round.

Mr. John Strachey, a "British Marxist", can write forcibly and well. It is a pity that in his **Theory and Practice of Socialism* (Gollancz, 10s. 6d.) he has written so much. The undigested clumps of Marx and Engels, which all our Marxists piously introduce, and some of the historical sections, detract from the effectiveness of the first part of the book: Mr. Strachey is a preacher who undoes in his last twenty minutes what he has done in his first. He is, of course, very dogmatic:

> The greater part, even, have as yet no sense of the fact that the line of development of capitalism is downwards towards war and chaos, and not upwards, through ever increasing social reforms, to its own abolition in socialism. They have never been enabled to realize that from now on to the last day of its existence British capitalism must necessarily give the British people, not reforms, concessions and reliefs, but ever worsening conditions of life, punctuated by war.

The familiar words of Marx about force being the midwife of social progress are accepted; some readers will believe that "twilight sleep" may be possible. The chapter on religion is scrappy and inadequate—religious belief will disappear as social security is established; and it really will not do to use hearsay as evidence (*e.g., re* the Ford factories, 312n). Every-

thing is clear cut—"all talk . . . of the planning of production under capitalism is nonsense"—and no shades of opinion are allowed. Many who read these pages, remembering their own social enthusiasm, will resent the statement that the social services of 1906 to 1918 were merely the result of the alarm of the governing classes. With all this and much more that could be said in the way of criticism we strongly urge that Mr. Strachey ought to be read. He is absolutely right about the bankruptcy of capitalism, and the torturing paradox of poverty and plenty, and in claiming that the establishment of the Soviet system is the most important fact in our epoch. The easy acceptance of a permanent margin of unemployed in this country should cause humiliation and shame; and if revolution comes, as Mr. Strachey believes it must, the callous rich still wallowing in luxury will deserve no sympathy. While two-thirds of the population of this country have an average income of only 10s. a week the call is urgent.

Whether one agrees with Mr. Strachey or not one cannot but admire the ability with which he states his case. The same cannot be said about Mr. Henry Gibbs and *The Spectre of Communism* (Selwyn & Blount, 5s.). Mr. Gibbs, we suspect, wears a Black Shirt, and he tries to make us tremble: "If Britain is to live, Bolshevism must die!" he concludes. Mr. Gibbs seems neither up-to-date (Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb's *Soviet Communism* is not so much as mentioned) nor very accurate (he does not even spell names like Bevin and Attlee correctly); not by books of this kind will Bolshevism die!

Our Freedom and Its Results (Hogarth Press, 8s. 6d.) is a very useful sketch of the position of women in this country at the present day. It contains accounts of the changes which have come about in Public Life (Miss Rathbone), in Law (Dr. Erna Reiss), in Employment (Mrs. Ray Strachey, who edits the volume), in Sex Morality (Miss Alison Neilans), and in Social Life (Mrs. M. A. Hamilton). All the sketches are valuable, that of Dr. Reiss particularly so, with its conspectus of recent legislation concerning women. Some of Mrs. Hamilton's confident generalizations we could not accept without further evidence. We suspect "Haworth" for "Hanworth" on p. 92.

Messrs. M. L. Ernst and Alexander Lindey have written an informing and entertaining book in *Hold Your Tongue* (Methuen, 8s. 6d.). It is a study of the law of libel, and the limits of free comment, in the United States, and it would be well if Mr. A. P. Herbert, who writes an Introduction, would write a companion volume for this country: he would not lack material, any more than these authors do. Professional speakers, authors, and journalists never know when our mysterious libel laws will get them in their toils; we hope we are safe in saying there are misprints on pp. 189 and 243 of this book, and that the date of Prynne's *Histriomastix* is ten years out.

Next we have a number of books for teachers. Miss D. F. P. Hiley's *Pedagogue Pie* (Nicholson & Watson, 2s. 6d.) is one of the best books by a teacher which has come our way. Written by a headmistress primarily for headmistresses, it is full of wise counsel, presented in a vigorous and attractive way. Miss Hiley has personality, which gets into the printed pages: the girls of Newcastle Central High School must have been fortunate indeed. Miss Rose Macaulay's name is wrongly spelt.

Praise must again be given to the Adult School handbook, *Towards Community* (National Adult School Union, 2s. 6d. & 1s. 6d.), which seems

very much on the same lines as volumes of previous years. In *Aims and Ideals of Christian Living* (S.P.C.K., 3s. 6d. & 2s. 6d.), edited by the Rev. J. R. Lumb, a leaf seems to have been taken from the Adult School book. Here are 48 lessons for Bible Classes, *etc.* We wish all Institute and Senior School leaders and teachers would read the Bishop of Bradford's Introductory Essay.

Mr. E. H. Hayes now gives to Methodism what was meant for the world. We congratulate Methodism on capturing him, and also on the enterprise of its Sunday School work. In the preparation of *Notes* for Sunday School Lessons in 1937 Mr. Hayes has had the collaboration of leading Methodist Scholars—Drs. E. S. Waterhouse for the Beginners and Primary (2s. 6d. each), R. Newton Flew for the Juniors, and H. G. Meecham for the Intermediate (all 3s. 6d.) and the *Morning Notes* (2s. 6d.). The theme of the whole is "The Gospel Through the Ages". All the volumes are efficiently done, though it would have been worth while to pay more attention to the illustrations.

It is rather mystifying, but after the above had been written the same departmental volumes came from the National Sunday School Union as *Concise Guides* (3s. 6d.). The Union has also published *Pocket Notes on International Lessons* by Mr. W. D. Bavin (1s. 9d., 2s. 3d., 2s. 9d.), the Rev. H. W. Fox's *Tales from Babylon and Nazareth* (2s.), and Miss Theodora Horton's *Just the Thing,* "Recitations and Sketches for Children" (1s.). Mr. S. G. Hedges, who now has about forty books to his credit, has written *Indoor Games for All* (N.S.S.U., 1s.).

Teachers in all departments would do well to study *Methods of Teaching for Sunday Schools of To-day* (N.S.S.U., 1s. 6d.), in which Misses A. M. Pullen and D. Gill give very practical and sensible counsel.

Miss Elsa Barker's *Stories from the New Testament for Children* (Rich & Cowan, 7s. 6d.) tells the story of the life of Jesus from birth to the resurrection. The writer seems to have older children in mind; we like the letter-press better than the sculpture-reproductions.

The Rev. Archibald Black's *Opening Roads* (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.) is a volume of children's addresses from America. They are very similar to the addresses given on this side, though they cost more. Some of Mr. Black's addresses are Bible stories, some imaginative, and some based on incidents of ordinary life. They are of varying merit, but preachers will get ideas from them.

Of the making of anthologies there is no end: six lie before us on the table.

Miss Frances Comber deserves our thanks for her selection of *Spiritual Songs* (S.P.C.K., 7s. 6d.) from English MSS. of the 14th-16th Centuries. Written by simple believers to express their faith, and their joy in their faith, they will give pleasure to many who would have found it impossible to read them in their original form. There are some familiar names like Richard Rolle, John Audelay, and John Lydgate, and of these and less well-known writers Miss Comber gives adequate sketches.

We took *Inner Light* (Allen & Unwin, 5s. & 3s. 6d.), the second series of the devotional anthology under that title, on a train journey, and found it a very pleasant companion. The selection has been made by Mrs. Leyton Richards; the classification is interesting; the quotations under each head begin with the Bible and then cover a wide range down to modern periodical literature. The right sort of book to have by the bedside.

Dr. Inge's "Anthology of the Christian Life", *Freedom, Love and Truth* (Longmans, 12s. 6d.) will, it is safe to say, often be in our hands. Its classification is but a rough one, the divisions being The Necessity of Religion; God; Jesus Christ; The Fruits of the Spirit; The Inner Life; Life's Pilgrimage; The Journey's End; Worship. Naturally Dr. Inge relies a great deal on the mystics, the Cambridge Platonists and Jeremy Taylor being very prominent. Men of all ages and churches are included: we have William James, James Martineau, A. N. Whitehead, and a beautiful passage from Baron von Hügel. Each section contains poetry and prayers as well as prose. There is no standard of length: a quotation may be 8 or 10 pages, or only a paragraph. Special mention must be made of the Introduction, a suggestive sketch of the Christian life down the centuries.

When we saw that Mr. Hugh Kingsmill had compiled an anthology, *Parents and Children* (Cresset Press, 6s.), we wrote down the first five entries that occurred to us—Cromwell, the Brontës, Samuel Butler, Edmund Gosse, and J. M. Barrie. All these appear except the last; Mr. Kingsmill has thrown a wide net—from Ascham to Bramwell Booth and Charles Lister.

The Way of a Man with a Maid (Methuen, 8s. 6d.), the "Anthology of Courtship and Wooing" which Mr. Vernon Rendall has compiled, is an impossible book to review. After some comments and sentences, Mr. Rendall begins with Jacob and Rachel, then we have Catullus and Horace, and on through prose and poetry to Arnold Bennett, A. E. W. Mason, and P. G. Wodehouse—over 400 pages altogether.

"True poetry, by English poets": Miss Viola Meynell has found 440 pages of it for her "Nature Anthology", *The Poet's Walk* (Cape, 7s. 6d.). Her classification is "Nature and Man" (2 sections), Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, Morning, Evening and Night, the poems in each section being arranged not chronologically, but according to Miss Meynell's taste. Most of the poems we looked for are there: perhaps 12 poems by W. H. Davies might be expected, but scarcely 6 from Gerard Manley Hopkins, especially when Milton has only 3 and Spenser 2. Wordsworth and Herrick, of course, are plentiful, and William Blake and John Clare, but it is surprising to find so much of Charles Cotton and Andrew Young. A little more of Matthew Arnold would have been welcome.

Admirers of Rabindranath Tagore will be glad to have his *Collected Poems and Plays* (Macmillan, 12s. 6d.). Clearly it is not a complete edition, but the editor does not help us much, for he tells nothing about how the selection has been made or the reasons for omissions. Perhaps the best thing we can do for readers, therefore, is to state its contents: Gitanjali, The Crescent Moon, The Gardener Chitra, Fruit-gathering, The Post Office, Lover's Gift, Crossing, Stray Birds, The Cycle of Spring, The Fugitive and Other Poems, Sacrifice and Other Plays. We cull one sentence:

> I cast my own shadow upon my path, because I have a lamp that has not been lighted.

There is a note of distinction about all that the Rev. A. D. Martin writes, and his little book, *The Religion of Wordsworth* (Allen & Unwin, 3s. 6d.), is no exception. It is not surprising to find Mr. Martin a champion of Wordsworth, and a chapter like "The Religion of Gratitude" wins both approval and thanks. The same is not the case with some of the other

chapters : we are on the side of Prof. Harper when Mr. Martin breaks a lance with him, nor can we agree with the Hitler-like verdict on Browning's "The Lost Leader"—"admire it, forgive it, leave it". The acceptance of Prof. Hearnshaw as an authority on conservatism strikes us as particularly amusing.

To few men has it been given to contribute to the happiness of mortals as much as Mr. E. V. Lucas. The volumes of sketches which fall from his pen are like baskets full of mellow fruit—delightful in every way. *Only the Other Day* (Methuen, 6s.) is no exception, and in it every reader will find something to his taste—books, pictures, travel, humour, cricket—and people, for Mr. Lucas is always human, and in his humanity is a benefactor to the human race.

We feared when we opened Mr. S. P. B. Mais's *A Chronicle of English Literature* (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.) that it was another bit of bookmaking, and, though we carried out his injunctions in the Preface, we see no need to revise our opinion. Almost one of the first sentences (if so it can be called) we read was :

> A stronger book, dealing, as Conrad dealt with the need for courage in life, was *Fortitude*.

Too scrappy and incomplete to give any real idea of the output and style of the writers, the book may while away odd moments, but we cannot think it will even go so far as stimulating interest.

Those who know how boys have enjoyed previous volumes by "Bridges and Tiltman", especially the adventure volumes and *Master Minds of Modern Science,* will be glad to see *Further Heroes of Modern Adventure* (Harrap, 7s. 6d.), in which seventeen exploits—in the Himalayas, the Arctic, the jungle, and other places where adventures are to be found—are vividly described.

In *The Land I Love* (Nicholson & Watson, 5s.) Miss Annie S. Swan writes pleasantly of Scotland, its soil and its sea, its churches and schools, its agriculture and industry, its past and its present. Her method is to describe one phase of Scottish life, and then to illustrate it by short stories : we are inclined to prophesy that some readers will skip the description to get to the stories.

For some reason we cannot quite define we did not find Mr. Sydney A. Clark's *Holland on £10* as good as other volumes in the series (Nicholson & Watson, 5s.). There does not seem as much life about it, nor do the recommendations seem so precise. And we certainly have doubts about the £10 !

Congregational laymen have often written wisely and well, and we are glad to welcome Mr. J. W. Jessop's *From An Office Window* (Stockwell, 3s. 6d.), which contains the writer's observations on many social and political topics. Pleasantly written, they are full of pertinent comments and well worth reading.

Mrs. Isabel Cameron keeps alive the "Kailyard school", and right well she does it. The stories in *Angus our Precentor* (R.T.S., 1s.) give us the same catch in the throat as Ian Maclaren's stories used to do, and we anxiously look round to see if anyone has seen us "making fools of ourselves".

Dr. Lloyd C. Douglas, the American Congregationalist minister turned novelist, preaches another good sermon in *White Banners* (Lovat Dickson, 7s. 6d.). Its theme is that of *Green Light,* with a servant taking the part

of Dean Harcourt. It is not as good as the former book, and we thought in the middle the attempt to repeat a success would prove calamitous; but Dr. Douglas skilfully rallies his forces and the last pages carry the reader along. For Americans, however, some of the characters are amazingly stupid!

EDITOR.

The Christian Epic (Nicholson & Watson, 8s. 6d.) is "a study of the *N.T.* Literature" by Miss Mary Ely Lyman, who is a lecturer in English Bible at Union Seminary, New York. After outlining the story, the author surveys the earliest records (Q), the Pauline letters, the Gospels, *Acts,* the remaining Epistles, and the Apocalypse of John. *James* is described as "an early Christian sermon" and the Johannine Gospel and Epistles as "interpreting Christianity to the Graeco-Roman world". The title of the book is defended in a closing chapter. The work is a welcome contribution, on the popular side, to that interpretation of the *N.T.* which Prof. Dodd has declared to be the task of the present generation.

Mr. E. A. Gardiner pursues his honourable task of commenting on the *N.T.* for schools with his accustomed success. In *The Later Pauline Epistles* (S.P.C.K., 4s.) he deals with the captivity and the Pastoral Letters, summarizing the evidence of modern scholarship and keeping an open mind on still questionable points. The introductions and the notes alike are adequate for beginners and useful for more advanced students. On p. 39 Irenaeus is dated 60 years, Marcion and the Muratorian canon each perhaps 20 years, too early. The questions appended to each book enhance its utility.

In *The Way and the Faith* (Macmillan, 6s.) Mr. A. Bevil Browne, a missionary in Nyasaland, presents an alluring record of the history of the Church up to the Council of Chalcedon 451. The author seems to regard the decisions of this assembly as the last word in Faith, and there is a "churchy" flavour running through the whole narrative. But readers of the Congregational and other "ways" (despite their ostracism on p. 52) will find much to enlighten and interest them in this "Ecclesiastical History without tears", and it will fulfil its purpose if it leads all its readers on to more extensive and intensive study. Mr. Browne makes the men and women of the Early Church live, and not the least of his services is the way in which he indicates the parallels between the adolescent Church and the mission churches of the present day. A very vivid piece of work, and one that we hope will be followed up by similar studies of succeeding epochs.

Christian scholarship reaches its climax and bears its choicest fruit in the literature of devotion. Two books of outstanding merit bear witness to this. The one is Prof. Emery Barnes's *The Forgiveness of Jesus Christ* (S.P.C.K., 3s. 6d.), the other *The Veil of God* by Dr. Wheeler Robinson (Nisbet, 2s. 6d.). It is interesting to note that the introductory pages in each book speak of the duty of the instructed scribe to bring out of the treasures of Christian life "things new and old", a duty that has been amply fulfilled. There is a sense in which Dr. Barnes's book is the simpler, though there is more exegesis in it; it is "a study in the Gospels". Dr. Robinson's work is more philosophical, though no one need be alarmed by this description. The "veils" he deals with are those of Nature, History, Redemption, Scripture, the Inner Life, and Death. To those especially who do not feel that the older classics of devotion "find" them, these books may be confidently commended as affording "guidance and encouragement in the spiritual life".

ALEX. J. GRIEVE.

The Rev. Huw Edwards's *Jesus Christ, The Word of God* (Stockwell, 7s. 6d.) is interesting for its many sidelights on the Christian faith; and also as showing, in the presence of so much unsettlement of thought, an attitude of mind which combines reverence for the past with a willingness to see truth in new perspectives. The author takes a *via media,* coming in "mid-way between the extremes". But he plunges into the deep at once with an opening chapter on "Pre-existence". A valuable feature of Mr. Edwards's book is its wealth of quotations: these are well chosen from a wide field, and they are arranged with a good instinct for a point, and for carrying on his own thought. An index at the end would have been useful. This is not a book pretending to any novelty of treatment; but it has individuality in the sense that it does express the writer's own outlook, and for that reason it is a helpful book.

The Rev. W. J. Ferrar's **The Apocalypse Explained* (S.P.C.K., 3s. 6d.) is the kind of handbook it is a delight to have. It deals with the Apocalyptic background, the historical conditions, with the date, authorship, and modern theories of the composition; and combined with the text of the Revised Version are a reasonable number of notes. There is a final chapter on the permanent value of the Apocalypse. Here is scholarship up to date, and an interpretation which is sane and historically convincing. And, a thing to be grateful for, Mr. Ferrar writes clear and simple English.

The Rev. J. C. Mantripp's *The Great Good News* (Epworth Press, 3s. 6d.) contains twenty-nine Studies which form a running commentary on St. Mark's Gospel. Written with literary charm as well as homiletical skill, they give the reader a quickened feeling for the beauty of this Gospel, and bring its appeal home.

The Rev. J. P. Arendzen, of the Catholic Missionary Society, has published a further volume of sermons under the title *Reason and Religion* (Burns, Oates, 5s.). Dr. Arendzen is a distinguished apologist for the Christian faith, and these are in many respects model sermons of popular defence. They are plain, straightforward, and aimed at a mark. It is the kind of preaching we need more of in all our pulpits.

A. T. S. James.

Dr. Percy Dearmer was preparing *Man and His Maker* (S.C.M., 3s. 6d.) for the press when he died. It is thus the last fruit of his prolific pen and represents the result of many years of thought on the problem of theism. It is a clear and simple exposition and defence of Christian theism from one who accepts the findings of modern science about the constitution of the universe. It is the author's opinion that man "has been at his best when he has believed most sanely and simply in God", and he seeks to show the possibility of such sane and simple belief in the world as we know it.

In the first part of the book he deals with the great difficulties which confront the Christian thinker—the old problems of Imperfection, Pain, and Evil; in the second with the Purposive Nature of the Universe and the indications of design to be found in Beauty, Goodness, and the Doctrine of Values, and he concludes with a discussion of the Nature of God as thus revealed.

Dr. Dearmer writes for average people and seeks to make articulate that philosophy of religion which he believes underlies our thinking. His treatment of the findings of modern science and of their relation to the purposive view of things is remarkably clear and convincing, and his book can be thoroughly recommended as a very sound and reasonable contribution to Christian apologetics.

In the autumn of last year Prof. K. E. Kirk gave three lectures in the Chapel of Lady Margaret Hall, and they have now been published under the title, *The Crisis of Christian Rationalism* (Longmans, 3s. 6d.). Their subjects are The Revelation of God, The Malignity of Evil, and Freedom, Salvation and Duty, and they provide a very comprehensive and untechnical treatment of some of the big problems of Christian theology both theoretical and practical. Their main function is to show how rationalism in the sense of the old liberal anti-supernaturalism is played out and must give place to a more positive and even dogmatic re-statement of Christian truth. In Dr. Kirk's hands this thesis is well maintained and shrewdly argued, and the book as a whole is a quite interesting attempt to re-establish the orthodox position on grounds which are themselves rational in the best and most legitimate sense of the word.

Dr. T. Hywel Hughes's book, *The New Psychology and Christian Experience,* showed him to be a competent and sane guide in matters concerning psychology and religion. He has now followed it up with an admirable handbook, *Psychology and Religious Origins,* in the well-known Duckworth series (5s.). The book is really wider and more comprehensive than its title suggests. It is a psychology of religion in miniature and deals not only with the origin but with the nature of religion and its various forms of expression in ideas of God, Worship, Sacrifice, and the Belief in Immortality. Dr. Hughes certainly knows his subject and seems to have read practically everything bearing upon it. He steers his way carefully between the more extreme psychological schools. His criticisms of American behaviourists, on the one hand, and of the Vienna School, on the other, are very sound and just; the book as a whole forms an admirable introduction to a big subject and should be in the hands of every student of theology.

Dr. Orville A. Petty was minister of the Plymouth Congregational Church in New Haven, an Army Chaplain during the War, and is now a Professor in the Divinity School of Yale University. He is deeply interested in foreign missions, and, as he says himself, in "putting across" Christianity to the modern generation. He calls his *Common-sense and God* (New Haven; Author, $2.00) "a Critique of Naturalism", but it is the particular form of Naturalism represented by American humanists that he chiefly criticizes. Both in its language, outlook, and objective his book is distinctly American, and will interest British Christians mainly because of the light it throws on certain forms of American mentality. Dr. Petty agrees with Professor Buckham that the strength of humanism "lies in its re-affirmation of human values; its limitation lies in its failure to realize the full meaning and worth of these values in the light of the Divine". Dr. Petty has no difficulty in showing up the limitations of humanism as it is expounded by writers like Dewey and set forth in the humanist manifesto of 1933. He also works out a good case for theism and has some very shrewd discussion and appreciation of the stock theistic arguments. His own position may be described as a kind of intuitional experimentalism, and his attitude as a combination of the rational, the pragmatic, and the mystical. He appeals strongly to common sense both in himself and in his readers, and argues that a common-sense attitude to life leads straight to theistic idealism. Whether he will carry all his readers with him may be doubted, but it will not be for want of trying.

The teaching of the Bible to primitive peoples presents one of the biggest problems with which missionaries have to deal, and it is quite certain that

it can only be carried out successfully by those who have a thorough knowledge of primitive mentality and are able to think black. The Rev. E. W. Smith is convinced that in all attempts to teach Christianity to Africans "the starting point should be the African's experience, belief, and practice." He has written *African Beliefs and Christian Faith* (United Society for Christian Literature, 4s. 6d.) from that point of view and in order to help those who have to undertake such a task. The book certainly seems well adapted for its purpose. The writer's work in Africa has given him an intimate knowledge of the ideas and behaviour of Africans, and he makes excellent use of it in his presentation of Christianity to the African mind. The book should be immensely useful to those African students, evangelists, and pastors for whom it is intended.

W. B. Selbie.

NEW EDITIONS, REPRINTS, *ETC.*

The Riddle of the New Testament (Faber), by Sir Edwyn Hoskyns and the Rev. F. N. Davey, published in 1931, now appears in a new and revised edition, at 7s. 6d. In the "Religion and Life Books" (S.C.M., 1s. each) we now have Dr. J. E. McFadyen's *Studies in Psalms,* the Rev. Hugh Martin's *According to St. Luke,* and the Rev. Malcolm Spencer's *Vitality.* The Oxford Press has published an edition of Mark Rutherford in six volumes (3s. 6d. each). Mr. Sidney Dark's *The Jew To-day* has been added to "The Student's Library" (Nicholson & Watson, 4s. 6d.). Mr. D. C. Somervell's *The Reign of King George the Fifth,* first issued in 1935, is now published at 8s. 6d. (Faber).

LECTURES, PAMPHLETS, *ETC.*

The Dean of Wells's *The Apocrypha* (Oxford Press, 4s. 6d.) consists of lectures for popular consumption, following on the lectures on the *O.T.* published under the title, *The Inspiration of the Bible.* A very handy and useful summary, though rather dear. *N.T.* scholars should make a point of seeing Dr. B. S. Easton's *The Purpose of Acts* (S.P.C.K., 2s.) : whether they will all be so confident that the organization of the Apostolic Church was Presbyterian is doubtful. In *New Testament Principles and Modern Missions* (World Dominion Press, 6d.) a Missionary Secretary presses home the theory of the indigenous church. *The Communion of Saints* (Oxford Press, 2s. 6d.) shows Prof. C. H. Dodd in a new rôle—as Ingersoll Lecturer on Immortality. The Rev. W. G. Peck's *The Catholic Faith and Social Order* (C.L.A., 1s.) is a discussion at the Church Union School of Sociology on the subject "God, Man, and the World". Those who desire to know recent decisions on the Canon Law will be interested in Fr. Henry Davis's *Pastoral Theology* (Sheed & Ward, 1s. 6d.) and in his *Moral and Pastoral Theology* (Sheed & Ward, 1s.), which is a supplement to the first edition. Dr. Bronislaw Malinowski's Riddell Memorial Lectures, *The Foundations of Faith and Morals* (Oxford Press, 2s. 6d.), consist of "An anthropological analysis of primitive beliefs and conduct with special reference to the fundamental problems of religion and ethics". No. 35 of the "Day to Day Pamphlets" (Hogarth Press, 1s.) is Mr. H. G. Wells's *The Idea of a World Encyclopædia.*

ALSO RECEIVED

R. G. Parsons. *The Sacrament of Sacrifice.* Longmans. 2s. Part of the Bishop of Southwark's Visitation Charge.

Clara G. Cole. *The Objectors to Conscription and War.* Workers' Northern Publishing Society. 1s.

The Friendship Calendar. Livingstone Press. 1s.

S. J. Ford. *The Wakefields.* Rankin. 3s. 6d. A story of the 17th century Baptists in novel form. We scarcely think the attempt to combine history with fiction is successful, though young people may learn something from it.
Egerton Clarke, *St. Peter;* Wilkinson Sherren, *Pope Pius XI.* Burns, Oates. 1s. each. Nos. 4 & 5 of a Series of "Lives" for Children.
E. E. Enock, *Twelve Marvellous Men;* E. H. Farrance, *Twelve Wonderful Women;* H. E. Anderson, *The King's Palace.* Pickering. 1s. each.
H. Pickering. *Through the Eye to the Heart.* Pickering. 2s.
D. Donald. *The Conversations of Padan Aram.* R.T.S. 1s.
Robert Hartman. *The Buffin Books.* Barker. 4 vols. 2s. each. Parents wanting illustrated books for little children should look at these.
C. E. Roberts. *Vagabond Wong.* Livingstone Press. 1s. 6d.
Agnes Blundell. *They Met Robin Hood.* Burns, Oates. 3s. 6d. A children's story of the days of the Lion Heart.
M. Ibertay. *Radio Nick.* Burns, Oates. 2s. 6d.
L. A. Barter Snow. *What Maurice Found.* Pickering. 1s. 6d.
The Livingstone Press sends us Nos. 89-92 of the "Torch Adventure Library", and from Messrs. Pickering & Inglis we have received a selection of their diaries and calendars, ranging from 1s. to 6s. 6d.
The China Christian Year Book, 1934-5. Livingstone Press. 7s. 6d. A valuable compendium.
The Keswick Convention, 1936. Pickering. 4s. & 2s. 6d.
Victory. Livingstone Press. 1s. Four missionary stories by different writers about girls in India, Africa, China, and Iran.
D. H. Southgate. *Great Things God has Done.* Livingstone Press. 1s. Five vivid stories of Indian life.
Raoul Plus. *Radiating Christ.* Burns, Oates. 2s. 6d.
W. B. Riley. *The Only Hope of Church or World.* Pickering. 2s.
C. Urquhart. *The Bible Triumphant.* Pickering. 2s. 6d.
George Goodman. *The Gospel We Preach;* Herbert Lockyer, *The Heritage of Saints;* R. J. Smithson, *Night Tragedies of Scripture.* Pickering. 1s. each.
Robert W. Gold. *A Layman's Vision of God;* J. H. Mackenzie, *Our Heritage and Our Opportunity;* James W. Slack, *Doors and Doers,* Addresses to young People. Stockwell. 2s. 6d. each.
John Kearney. *The Meaning of the Mass.* Burns, Oates. 5s. Materials for meditation on the Holy Sacrifice and Its Relation to our Spiritual Life.
Wilkinson Sherren. *St. Thomas More for Children.* Burns, Oates. 1s. No. 3 of a series of "Lives" for children.
Henry Williamson. *An Anthology of Modern Nature Writing.* Nelson. 3s. 6d.
E. H. Melling. *Voice Production for Elocution and Singing.* Reeves. 1s. 6d.
Everyman's Medicine Chest. Daniel. 1s. Homœopathic.
M. P. Neill. *Secrets at Sidleigh.* Pickering. 2s.

PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS.

The London Quarterly and Holborn Review (October). The most valuable articles are Canon F. E. Hutchinson's "John Wesley and George Herbert", Dr. W. F. Howard's "The Parables of Our Lord", and the Rev. S. G. Dimond's "Humanism and the Art of Living", and there is also a characteristic article by Dr. H. B. Workman on "The Political Issues of the Reformation". We are glad to note the Editorial Comments, with their tribute to the Rev. John Telford.

The Hibbert Journal (October). The editor discusses the parallel between the work of Alexander Hamilton and the needed reform of the League of Nations, with the recent happenings in Abyssinia in mind. Prof. R. B. Mowat asks "Is This a Moral World?" Sir S. Radhakrishnan explains the Hindu view of the supreme spiritual ideal. Prof. J. W. Scott writes on the late A. A. Bowman, Prof. J. Wright Buckham on "Selves", Mr. A. H. Eyre, a native of Battersea, vigorously, on the life there, and Mr. Horace Thorogood on "Hope in the Slums". These two latter articles help to balance the weighty contribution by Prof. W. G. de Burgh on "Philosophy and History".

The Baptist Quarterly (October). Dr. F. Cawley writes on "The Revival of the Spirit of Spurgeon in the Theology and Life of To-day", and the Rev. E. J. Roberts on "W. H. Hudson, Naturalist and Author". An article of special interest to historians is the Rev. J. S. Hardman's "Caleb Ashworth of Cloughfold", Ashworth being Doddridge's successor in the Academy.

The Baptist Layman (October). The value of this number is in its account of Baptists in places other than England, especially in Sweden, Jamaica, and the Orient.

The Modern Churchman (August-November). The number covering August to November contains the papers read at the Twenty-third Annual Conference. The subject was "What to Believe", and the introductory paper on "Reason and Religion" was read by the Dean of St. Paul's. The remaining papers are as follows:—"From Fact to Faith" (Rev. G. L. H. Harvey), "What to Believe about Man" (Rev. J. C. Hardwick), "What to Believe about God" (Rev. T. F. Royds), "The Historic Jesus" (Rev. J. R. C. Webb), "The Significance of Jesus for Faith" (Rev. R. D .Richardson), "The Spirit of God" (Rev. M. T. Dunlop), "The Church in which we believe" (Rev. H. P. Kingdon), "What to Believe about the Bible" (Dr. A. C. Bouquet), "Sin and Forgiveness" (Rev. Roy McKay), "Prayer" (Dr. Inge), "Immortality" (Rev. G. F. Woods), "Why Formulate our Beliefs?" (Rev. Gamaliel Milner). Canon Major read the concluding paper on

"How to Believe". In the November number the Editor has some outspoken remarks about the Coronation Service, and there is an important article by Canon C. H. Norton on "Women Deacons in the Early Church".

The Church Quarterly Review (October). The Rev. Hugh Martin and the Bishop of Gloucester state different points of view on the question of Church and State. Dr. A. Lukyn Williams writes on "The Epistle of St. James and the Jewish-Christians of his Time". There are articles on "Eternal Life" (unsigned), "Tyndale the Translator," by the Rev. R. S. T. Haslehurst, and "The Popes and the Jews" (Mr. Cecil Roth). A valuable contribution is Mr. J. C. Pringle's "The 13th Centenary of the English Parishes", which shows the differences made to the parochial system by recent legislation and the place the parish could play in the life of the community at present.

The Christian Quarterly (October). The three main articles are the Editor's "The Word of God and the Apostolicity of the Church", Mr. James Gray's "Freedom and Tradition in the Church", and Mr. W. J. Clague's "Strength and Weakness of Churches of Christ".

The Common Room (December). A bright number with three admirable papers read at the 15th Annual Conference of the Educational Settlements Association—Miss Margery Fry's "Simple Citizens and Social Reform", Mr. D. J. James's "Adult Education", and Prof. A. V. Murray's "The Education of the Emotions".

Social Service Review (September-November). The main articles are the Archbishop of York's "The Preservation of English Country Life" and Sir Richard Livingstone's "The Future in Education". Shorter articles deal with important matters like factory conditions and vocational guidance in schools.

Religion in Education (October). The Rev. S. L. Caiger's "Geography and the Scripture Lesson" is very pertinent, and also timely is the Headmaster of Christ's Hospital's description of the comments of Sixth Form boys on the Broadcast Scripture lessons of Canon Anthony Deane. The late Dr. Dearmer's "Must the teaching of Science support Materialism?" and Miss Margaret Avery's "Suggestions for Lesson Notes on the Old Testament" are practical.

The Expository Times (October-December). Prof. Raven and Dr. Garvie discuss "The Teaching of Theology", and Prof. Karl Heim "The Present Situation of Theology in Germany". Useful book lists are Dr. F. J. Rae's "The Best Books on Religious Education", Dr. J. A. Robertson's "The Best Books on the Life of Christ", and Dr. W. D. Niven's "The Best Books on St. Paul's Life and Letters". Dr. A. Herbert Gray deals with the Seventh Commandment (very good indeed), Dr. Garvie with the Eighth, and Dr. James Moffatt with the Ninth. Prof. J. H. Riddell has an appreciation of H. R. Mackintosh.

The International Review of Missions (October). Dr. A. K. Reischauer writes on "Relations between Mission and Church in Japan", Mr. S. C. van Randwijck on "The Need for a More Highly Trained Pastorship in the Netherlands Indies", and there is a long article by Dr. B. Malinowski discussing "Native Education and Culture Contact". Herr Appenzeller tells of "The Present Situation of the German Evangelical Missions at the Home Base", and another interesting article is Dr. G. T. Scott's "Upbuilding the Church in Asia".

World Dominion (October). The Editor writes on "Facing the World To-day", Sir Montagu Beauchamp on "Half-a-Century's changes in China", and Dr. Thomas Gillison on "Medical Progress in China". The Rev. Andrew MacBeath's "A Pentecost in Congo" tells how revival came when judgment began in the house of God. Other articles deal with Burma, Mexico, the Argentine, the West Indies, and Formosa. Altogether a most informing number.

The Evangelical Quarterly (October). The main articles are Prin. T. C. Hammond's "Butler's *Analogy*, 1736-1936", Prof. E. K. Simpson's "The Doctrine of Reconciliation", Dr. W. C. Robinson's "The Theology of Jesus and the Theology of Paul", Pastor Jean de Saussure's "Christ and the Church", and Dr. W. T. Rivière's "The Word and Some Notions of To-day".

The Rationalist Annual (1937). We cannot imagine anybody being converted from Christianity to "Rationalism" by reading this annual. It contains some interesting articles, notably Mr. S. K. Ratcliffe's "Why Not an English Bible?", which makes great play with the bibliolatry of people like Dean Burgon, and Mr. Llewelyn Powys's "How I Became and Why I Remain a Rationalist". Mr. Ernest Thurtle's "Democracy and Liberty" is worth reading, but it was easy to anticipate the contents of Dr. C. E. M. Joad's "On Pain, Death, and the Goodness of God".

Religion in Life (Autumn). Another very readable number. Dr. F. J. McConnell opens with a sketch of Parkes Cadman, and of the other articles the most valuable are Dr. E. P. Dickie's "God in History", Dr. S. M. Cavert's "The Younger Theologians", and Dr. F. C. Grant's "Further Thought on Form Criticism". Prof. McCown's "Recent Palestinian Archæology" is informing, and many will read Dr. G. Glenn Atkins's "Washington Gladden—And After" with appreciation. Dr. Albert Hyma in "The Reformation and Present Problems" refutes some common fallacies about Calvinism.

The Review and Expositor (October). The tone of this review is indicated by the title of the main article, Prof. J. M. Adams's "The Integrity of the Scriptures in Historical Details". Among other articles are Dr. H. C. Goerner's "The Question of Primitive Religion" and Dr. Ryland Knight's "The Historic Baptist Principle in Race Relations."

The Yale Review (Autumn). Mr. Walter Millis discusses the Presidential Election. An important article is Prof. T. R. Powell's "Constitutional Overtones in 1936", which examines the decisions and position of the Supreme Court. Mr. Max Eastman has a lively article on "Wit and Nonsense: Freud's Mistake", and Mr. Leo Wolman in "Social Security" discusses the establishment of unemployment insurance.

The Harvard Theological Review (October). Apart from a few notes on "The Chester Beatty Papyrus and the Cæsarean Text of *Luke*" this number is occupied by an article of over 100 pages on "The Cultus of St. Gregory Thaumaturgus" by Mr. W. Telfer.

The Anglican Theological Review (October). Half the journal is occupied by reviews, and the rest taken up by three articles, Miss M. G. Ballard's "Ramon Lull—Doctor Illuminatus, 1235-1315", Mr. D. W. Riddle's "Textual Criticism as a Historical Discipline", and Mr. E. L. Pennington's "*Essays and Reviews*—A Bogey of the Past Century".

The Review of Religion (November). The first issue of a new journal published by the Columbia University Press. Four numbers are to appear each year, the subscription being $2 a year. The articles in this number are "Christianity and Islam: Past and Present" by Carl H. Becker, formerly Prussian Minister of Education; Dr. Nicol Macnicol's "Religious Values of Contemporary Indian Nationalism"; and Prof. Percy Hughes's "Churches". A section is devoted to "Communications", and more than half the journal to book reviews.